

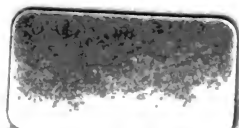
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LONDON

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE & JAMES FINE, 15, N. B. ST.

JANUARY, 1859.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

J. WELLS,

THE CELEBRATED JOCKEY.

ENGRAVED BY J. B. HUNT, FROM A PAINTING BY HARRY HALL.

AND

WHAT BECAME OF THE MAIL.

ENGRAVED BY W. BACKSHELL, FROM A PAINTING BY H. ALKEN.

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B

DIARY FOR JANUARY, 1859.

New Moon, 4th day, at 27 min. past 5 morning.
 First Quar., 12th day, at 23 min. past 7 morning.
 Full Moon, 18th day, at 49 min. past 11 afternoon.
 Last Quar., 25th day, at 45 min. past 8 afternoon.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.	Sun			Moon			HIGH WATER London Bridge			
			rises	sets.	and sets.	rises & sets.	sets.	morn.	aftern.	h.	m.	h.
1	S	Manchester Steeple Chases.	r	8	8 27	h. m. d.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
2	S	Second Sunday aft. Christmas.	s	4	1 28	sets.	sets.	sets.	No tide	0	18	
3	M	Southam Fair.	r	8	8 29	sets.	sets.	sets.	1	32	1	54
4	T	Ashbourne Fair.	s	4	3 N	sets.	sets.	sets.	2	15	2	34
5	W	Dividends due.	r	8	8 1	sets.	sets.	sets.	2	52	3	9
6	T	Twelfth Day.	s	4	5 2	sets.	sets.	sets.	3	26	3	42
7	F		r	8	7 3	sets.	sets.	sets.	3	59	4	16
8	S	Warwick Fair.	s	4	8 4	sets.	sets.	sets.	4	32	4	47
9	S	First Sunday after Epiphany.	r	8	6 5	sets.	sets.	sets.	5	3	5	20
10	M	Plough Monday.	s	4	11 6	sets.	sets.	sets.	5	38	5	56
11	T	Hilary Term begins.	r	8	5 7	sets.	sets.	sets.	Morning.	6	14	6 34
12	W	Bryn-y-Pys Coursing Meeting.	s	4	14 8	sets.	sets.	sets.	6	55	7	16
13	T	Cambridge Lent Term begins.	r	8	3 9	sets.	sets.	sets.	7	40	8	7
14	F	Oxford Lent Term begins.	s	4	17 10	sets.	sets.	sets.	8	38	9	14
15	S		r	8	2 11	sets.	sets.	sets.	9	52	10	33
16	S	Second Sunday aft. Epiphany.	s	4	20 12	sets.	sets.	sets.	11	14	11	53
17	M	Amicable Club Coursing Meeting.	r	8	0 13	sets.	sets.	sets.	7	No tide	0	28
18	T		s	4	23 F	sets.	sets.	sets.	1	0	1	28
19	W	Altcar Club Coursing Meeting.	r	7	58 15	sets.	sets.	sets.	Morning.	5	10	5 27
20	T	Wrexham Fair.	s	4	26 16	sets.	sets.	sets.	6	45	2	49
21	F	Aylesbury Fair.	r	7	56 17	sets.	sets.	sets.	8	14	3	37
22	S		s	4	30 18	sets.	sets.	sets.	9	39	4	23
23	S	Third Sunday after Epiphany.	r	7	54 19	sets.	sets.	sets.	11	0	5	7
24	M		s	4	33 20	sets.	sets.	sets.	Morning.	5	46	6 7
25	T	Longford Coursing Meeting.	r	7	52 21	sets.	sets.	sets.	0	21	6	28
26	W	Southport Coursing Meeting.	s	4	36 22	sets.	sets.	sets.	1	39	7	10
27	T	Cothelestone Coursing Meeting.	r	7	50 23	sets.	sets.	sets.	2	56	7	57
28	F		s	4	40 24	sets.	sets.	sets.	4	9	3	41
29	S		r	7	47 25	sets.	sets.	sets.	5	15	10	22
30	S	Fourth Sunday aft. Epiphany.	s	4	44 26	sets.	sets.	sets.	6	9	11	47
31	M	Hilary Term ends.	r	7	43 27	sets.	sets.	sets.	6	50	0	24

COURSING MEETINGS IN JANUARY.

Kearntown (Meath)	5	Altcar Club	19, 20
Crosby (Liverpool)	3	Limerick Club	19, 20
Spelthorne Club	5, 6	Longford (Derby)	25, 26
Sudbury (Open)	6, 7	Southport (Open)	26, &c.
Bryn-y-Pys	12	Diauer (Meath)	26, 27
Wooton, Latham (Open)	13, 14	Cothelestone (Somerset)	27, 28
Amicable Club	17, 18		

T H E O M N I B U S .

"There he sat, and, as I thought, expounding the law and the prophets, until on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse."—BRACEBRIDGE HALL.

Hunting Mems.—Lady Wilton's Death—Runs in Leicestershire and Gloucestershire—Lord H. Bentinck's Hound Book—"Sport and its Pleasures, Physical and Gastronomical"—Coursing of the Month—Yearling Prices, &c.—Racing Gossip—Weatherby—Foal List—Christenings—Mr. Rarey.

"Dear old December," as the huntsmen term it, has been sadly dull this year. "Tom Ball and the Baron" gave the hunting men something to talk about at the beginning of it; but with the racing men there has been a dreary blank. Even at Tattersall's there has been nothing in the stables that we have cared to look at, save and except the renowned chesnut, Merrylegs; but his fearfully whited face and legs go far to destroy the illusion, even when you have seen him step out. Many Derby horses have been immensely backed by their owners; but still there is nothing in which the public feel confidence. "Up to one's neck in mud" is the universal cry that reaches us from nearly every hunting country. John Walker has had a capital day on the 8th from Carden, killing his fox at five at night; but Col. Boates, of Rosehill, an old Waterloo officer, dropped dead in a lane on his return, the result of a concussion of the brain, which he received from falling in a grip shortly before. The Cheshire get on pretty well; but Earl Grosvenor is too quiet in the field, and they need the powerful voice and presence of Captain White to let into "Pickles" and Co., who will come out from Manchester and Liverpool, and ride over everybody and everything, thereby making the Cheshire squires gasp again at their audacity. Mr. Percival, of Wansford, is actively engaged with Tom Sebright's subscription list. Never has any man been so weighed down in his old age by family money troubles; but still such was his fine manly simplicity, that he merely wished that the present subscription should be confined to the tenant farmers of his own hunt. Of course such a thing was not to be heard of, and the list is to be a universal one, and a bumper too, or we are much mistaken in our estimate of English hunting men.

Melton had not been so full for many a day. The moment its "king" arrived they flocked in, and we counted some fifteen red coats coming into it from a run with the Duke's alone; and then Mr. Gilmour and Mr. Lloyd were not among them, the one having gone to Lord Southampton's, and the other to shoot with Lord Stamford. One of the covers alone in the Quorn Hunt has shown twenty, if not twenty-two, foxes, when the hounds were thrown in; but there is a mystery about Goodricke's Gorse, and there must be a potent reason why it does not hold; albeit, a litter of foxes were known to be in it this season.

A sad gloom has, however, fallen on all, just as the "little metropolis" began to look itself again. Lady Wilton's death was, in fact,

so unexpected, that although she had been ill for a week, it was not until some twenty minutes before her death, when her husband and family were hastily summoned to her bedside at one in the morning, that any danger was apprehended. Another is thus taken away from those who formed that Melton circle of 1839, which Grant's pencil has so immortalized. Lord Suffield, Sir David Baird, Sir Frederick Johnstone, old George Marriott, and now her ladyship, who saw the end of so many runs with her pair of grey ponies, have all gone. In fact, only two out of the whole throng, Earl Wilton and Mr. Gilmour, can be said to be Meltonians, so to speak, now. Poor old Dick Christian, owing to his walking about with one hand in his pocket, had a sad tumble in the frost, and was confined to the house for nearly a month. We feel sure, however, that the poor old fellow will never be allowed to want, now that he has returned to end his days in the spot he loved best.

Will Goodall has had some good things, but alas! they lacked the head. Their best run of the season was on Friday, the 17th, positively flying for two hours; but to ground again. The ploughs, as well as the earths, have also saved many a Leicestershire fox, as they were never seen to carry so much, and the scent so very bad over them. Fox after fox has thus walked away, leaving the pack quite disgusted with their own noses.

Friday, Nov. 26.—Lord Stamford's. Found at Cossington Gorse; ran for 15 min. very fast to ground; trotted to Shoby Scholes; found immediately; made his point for Hoby; turned to the left, bearing away for Saxelby; on to Asfordby; by the canal to Sysonby; crossed the river Eye for Kirby, and made his point for Cream Gorse; first part of this run very fast.

Monday, Nov. 29.—Lord Stamford's at Loseby Hall; a very large field, not less than 300 well mounted horsemen. Found at John O'Gaunt three brace of foxes; ran a ring of 10 min. and killed in covert; whilst breaking him up, another bolted; made his point for Tilton, leaving it to the left; ran straight for Billesdon Coplow, leaving that to the right; back to Tilton, where he ran into a stable; bagged him and took him a mile away and turned him up, and had a pretty 10 min. and killed him. Proceeded on to Billesdon Coplow; found immediately; went away at a rattling pace up to Houghton-on-the-Hill, leaving it to the right; on to Rushby Plantation, where he went to ground—time 20 min.; a regular flyer over the stiffest part of Leicestershire. Lord Wilton, Mr. Atkinson, Colonel Forester, Mr. Gilmour, Mr. Naylor, and Mr. Reid on his favourite grey, showed prominently in this clipping run. Lord and Lady Stamford and Mr. Crawford were forward. Trotted to Scraptoft Spinneys; found immediately; ran by the Hall, making a good point for Barkby Spinneys; he changed his mind at the brook, and turned for Humberstone, leaving it to the right; and over the Uppingham Turnpike into Thursby Lordship, within two miles of Leicester—time, up to this, 20 min.; very fast. He was headed short to Scraptoft; very slow hunting—the hounds tired, and were whipped off. A more satisfactory day, thus early, has not been known for many years.

Mr. Tailby's Hounds (Nov. 30) met at Leisthorpe with a stormy morning. Found immediately; Wheat Hills, Little Dalby; ran a ring by Leisthorpe Hall into covert again, by Dalby's Gardens, to the

Punch Bowl; made a straight point for Somerby, leaving it to the left; over the hill for Burrow, leaving it to the right; down to the valley, for Thorpe Satchville; making his point for the Trussells; here the scent failed—time 35 min.; very fast, and over a *very* stiff country. Trotted off to Owston Wood. Found several foxes; running hard all the time, until dusk; a satisfactory day. Mr. Gilmour, on "Lord Grey," Lord Wilton, Captain Lloyd, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Naylor, and two brothers (Mr. Calthorpes) were forward.

On Wednesday, Dec. 1, the Duke's met at Stonesby Village, from whence they went direct to New Covert, at Thorpe Arnold, belonging to that rare rider and sportsman, Mr. Burbidge, where they found and went away directly to Lord Harboro's, and got beat. The Duke, on his grey, was the only one who charged the rails—nine yards wide with the rails—but, alighting in a cross drain, his horse was cast on him, and there they lay, till Will Goodall came back and extricated his noble master, who, in spite of a severe bruise to the ankle, got on once more, and rode through the run. In consequence of this delay, Will could not get to his hounds at a check, and they lost their fox. They then went to Freeby Wood and found directly; gave him one ring round the wood, and killed him. Found again in Waltham Pasture; got away close at his brush, as hard as they could scream, through the East corner of Newman's Gorse, streaming away up the long grass meadow for the Spinney, which they left close on the left; away over Garthorpe Moor, as straight as he could set his head for Colston Covert, which he reached after a splitting burst of 25 minutes. A check of a minute, and then through the covert, and away to Woodell Head, leaving to the left, to ground under the road near to Gunby Gorse, after a tremendous run of 40 minutes. At this time there was a holloa forward to a fox that had been gone a quarter of an hour, which they could do no good with. This fox had come from Colston Covert, and had been running parallel with the other, on the left, all the way from Colston Covert. It was a sunny morning, with a good deal of gossamer hanging about; a south-west wind, and a falling glass; a horrid scent with the first fox; but very good with the last. The horses were dreadfully distressed, and half the field never came to Colston Covert. In this rare run, the noble Duke, Lord Wilton, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Hardy, of Grantham, a stranger in pink, and Mr. Gilmour, on his horse Castor, which he bought from Sir Watkin Wynne, had all the best of it, with Will. The Duke was, however, confined to his bed for nearly ten days afterwards, as gout fell into his hand and leg. *Lexicon*, by Mr. Drake's Lucifer, and *Furious*, by Mr. Foljambe's Finder, made some fine hits.

On Tuesday, Dec. 7, there was a tremendous field at Wartnaby Stone Pits, but not much sport. Leicestershire would ride over the hounds in spite of Treadwell's entreaties.

On Dec. 8 a large field met the Duke's at Goadby; drew Old Hills blank; went on to Melton Spinney, where they soon found a leash of foxes; went away with one very fast up to Brentingby Spinney, and soon had three or four foxes on foot (the old fox slipping back), which the hounds ran hard in cover for a quarter of an hour, when they were holloaed away to a fox, which had gone a quarter of an hour, and could do nothing with him. From there to Newman's Gorse, and found

immediately, and went away as hard as they could scream, leaving Stonesby on the left; and straight away over Croxton Park, through Lawn Hollow, and so to ground, after a good twenty minutes, near Croxton. From there to Bescoby Oaks; soon found again after a ring or two in covert; they went away very fast by Bescoby over the Park, leaving Croxton Lings on the right; on nearly to Braunston, when he bore up the hill again; and back to Bescoby Oaks, where they gave him two or three rings; on again nearly to Saltby, where he was headed to the left by some drainers, to Swallow Hole. Here the hounds set to in good earnest, racing him away close by Croxton Village, which he left on his right; and away again for Braunston; but here his heart failed him, and he turned once more for home; and into Croxton Park, where he was run into and killed after a very satisfactory hour and twenty minutes. Lexicon made three or four great hits, and a bitch killed him by herself. Nearly all the Melton gentlemen left; and two strangers and Lord George Manners were the only ones up when they killed.

Lord Stamford's, Dec. 13, Barkby.—Found at the Holt; went away at the top end for Beeby; but, owing to the hard riding of some of the fast young men, the noble Master very properly whipped off his hounds—another fox having been seen to go away from the same covert, which the hounds got away with on good terms. He made his point straight for Gaddesby, over the South Croxton brook, where several good men came to grief; he then bore away, leaving the village to the right, and Barkby to the left, up to Baggrave, where they checked for some time; cold hunting on to Ashby and gave him up—pace very good up to Baggrave. We then drew the Pasture, and found immediately; rallied him well round the covert, and broke away at the bottom end, leaving Thorpe Trussells to the right, on to Great Dalby Windmill; he then made a straight point for Burrow Hills, leaving them to the left, and the village to the right, on to Owston village, leaving it to the right, and straight for the Wood; then on to Launde big wood, when it was dark, and the hounds were stopped. In this magnificent run over the very finest hunting country in the world, done in one hour and ten minutes, Lord and Lady Stamford, with her sister, Captain Lloyd, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Gilmour and young Mr. Hope Grant, Lord Grey de Wilton, Mr. Egerton, and Mr. F. Grant, were among the foremost; and in the black-coated division, Messrs. Burbidge and Oakley.

Dec. 14.—Mr. Tailby's, Coles Lodge. Drew Martinthorpe Gorse; found a good fox, but the run was spoilt by hard riding. Trotted on to Prior's Coppice; ran across two fields to ground. Went to Loddington Reddish, where, alas! we found yesterday's gallant fox, and the scent being breast high, this regretted animal gave up his life in twenty minutes to Mr. Tailby's fast bitches.

Mr. Tailby's, Tuesday, Dec. 28th, Launde Abbey: A capital field drew the Park Wood blank; trotted to Owston Wood; found immediately. Several foxes were quickly on foot, which caused the hounds to divide; scent breast high for twenty minutes in the wood, and pressing him hard he was obliged to fly for his life, making his point for Launde, which he left to the left, over the hill to Tilton, where he went to ground in a stone-pit. Time, fifteen minutes; leaving him every horseman—even Goddard and Jack—both steeple-

chase-men in their day. When drawing the hounds away, sly reynard bolted down the valley to Skeffington Wood; the hounds close to his brush rallied him through it and Tilton Wood out of the top end by Lord Berners' farm, running him in view up to Tilton village. In crossing the road the hounds lost scent for a minute; Goddard, being in his place, soon righted them, and forced him to Halstead; turned to the left by John o'Gaunt straight for the windmill, where he went to ground in Large's plantation; but for this he must have died in five minutes. The second part of this splendid burster, which Frank Holyoake would have revelled in, was accomplished in twenty minutes. There has been nothing seen like it for years, for speed.

Mr. Tailby's, on Monday, December 27th, at Gumley: A capital thirty-five minutes, killing an old dog fox, and ran two others to ground; but we have no further particulars.

Wednesday, December 29th: The Noble Duke out riding, with his arm in a sling, as plucky as ever. Drew Sproxton Thorns blank; trotted to Coston Cover; found immediately; made a good point for Woodwell Head, over heavy plough; through it on to Market Overton, making for Barrow Gorse, where they checked. Will tried every means to hit him off, but in vain; he gave him up. Trotting along for Teigh, up jumped the run fox, out of a load of thorns. Will, down, was on him instanter; ran him through the village down to Edmanthorpe Park, turning to the left nearly to Garthorpe, leaving it to the left, back to Coston village; leaving it to the left, up to the covert. Time, one hour and twenty-five minutes. Here I had to cry, "Enough!" But I hear he was forced out, and ran for fifteen minutes, positively flying; and I hope the good hounds were rewarded with blood, but of this I am not sure.

You will be sorry to hear that George Pickard, Lord Stamford's very promising second whip, had his leg broken whilst drawing a cover in the Forest last week.

We have been favoured with the following crack runs in the Badminton country, two of which were just too late for last month, but still none the worse for keeping:—

Tuesday, Nov. 9.—Met at Swallett's Gate. Found at Great Wood, and soon had several foxes on foot. After some woodland hunting, they had a slow hunting ring of forty minutes over the open, back to the wood. The cover being much foiled and very little scent, we drew the hounds away. At five minutes past three o'clock found a fox in a small cover near the Great Western Railway. He was away directly, with the hounds close at him, going towards Vastern. He now headed to the left, and put his head down wind, going through Great Wood, and over the open to Christian Malford. From Great Wood to this, slow hunting. The hounds now getting nearer to their fox, and, turning his head to the wind, they sent him along at a good hunting pace, going between Dodford and the river Avon, just skirting Dauntsey. They ran from scent to "view," and pulled him down at the end of one hour and twenty-five minutes, near Col. Miles's Gorse.

On the following day, the "meet" was at Newton Lodge. Found at Borobridge Brake; ran a short ring to Newton Gorse; passing over the earths, he came away directly, with his head up wind—hounds

going a merry pace. They ran him by Trouble House, Tidcomb's Gorse, and Cherrington, to Telbury's Upton; here they checked at the end of a quick brush of twenty-two minutes. Hit him off again, and ran hard for ten minutes more. Our fox having now left a grass for a plough country, and, turning his head down wind, brought us to hunting. Hunted up to him at the end of forty minutes more, and killed him at Park Bottom.

Lord Henry Bentinck's kennel, which is once more under its old guardian Dick Burton, numbers $61\frac{1}{2}$ couples of old, and 21 couples of young hounds, for six days a week. Four Contests are among the eight-year-old seniors; and there are $4\frac{1}{2}$ couple more. The Duke of Rutland's Chaser, Comus, Guider, Lucifer, and Clinker, are all represented; and so is the Duke of Beaufort's Rufus. There is a three-year-old litter of six, by Sir Richard Sutton's Potentate out of Courtley; and Grove and Brocklesby have plenty to throw tongue for them. There is only one by Mr. Morrell's Hercules, and that is a bitch out of Purity, bought at the Quorn sale. The entries are by their own Comrade, Challenger, Render, Ranter, and Champion; the Duke of Rutland's Sailor, Chaser, and Lucifer; Mr. Drake's Lucifer; Mr. Foljambe's Racer, and Clasher; and Sir R. Sutton's Rambler.

We have looked in vain at all the printsellers' along our route for some new thing. Sunbeam has not yet shone athwart our wintry gloom, and the next hunting print is to be the celebrated Dorsetshire one of Mr. Farquharson, by Grant. No new sporting books have come out with Christmas, save one—an enticing little half-crown orange-backed volume yeapt “SPORT AND ITS PLEASURES, PHYSICAL AND GASTRONOMICAL” (*Chapman and Hall*). It is in fact a pleasant mixture of shooting and cookery. The hare, the partridge, the pheasant, the woodcock, the wild-duck, the snipe, the ortolan (which is included in the *Macedoine of Game*), and so on, are all treated in turn, and in a very neat and crisp style. So well does the author understand his subject, and all its little Doric elegances, that it is well for him there are no very high feeding monasteries in England, or he would be infallibly kidnapped, and made “ye cook superior” in one of them. Let him have a care, or even the monks of St. Bernard may yet be roused into a revival of the “coal-black jack” gories of yore, and chain him by the leg to the kitchen range of that convent on Charnwood Forest, (right round which the Quorn ran that smart thing in view last year), and take him out in custody at intervals to shoot for them.

The coursing of the month has been specially marked by the success of the Barrator and Riot litter, which seems likely to take rank with the War Eagle and Bedlamite ones. Rebel and Rioter (out of it) both won at Ashdown, where Lady Elizabeth Craven, whose Cousin S. was put out at his third course, carried off the Compton Bottom Stakes, with The Cure by Lopez, whose brother, Baron Ockenden, ran up to Rebel. Subtle Act's first course was given to him against the general voice, and he had the luck to get two byes, and then Rebel settled him. At Tattenhall, two Bedlamites and a Ranter were in the ascendant; and Sackcloth was represented by two winners at Hordley, to wit, Omega and Boxer. Five of Mr. Borron's got through their first courses at Ardrossan, but none of them won a third. The Bedlamites were great at Newmarket; Rebel won the Sefton Stakes at Altcar against Temple

Bar, one of Mr. Thompson's Titmouse blood. Java by Judge was second to Bridal Tour for the Croxteth, and Nosegay by Sackcloth the Altcar Stakes. Bit of Law by Judge had the best of it at Bredwardine; and at Wolverhampton Harkaway won the Pattingham, and was beat in her turn by Racketty Hop-picker by Larriston, the winner of the Patshall, when the two came together according to custom. This bitch ought to take all the beating they can give her, if she goes for the Waterloo. The Barrator litter was heard of once more at this meeting, as Regan carried off the Wolverhampton Stakes, and Reckless ran up to Harkaway.

The *Courser's Record* has been made a still better shilling's worth, by the addition of a list of judges and slippers; and we are happy to announce that we have in preparation (along with a very distinguished fox-hound stallion) a portrait of Captain Spencer and his crack red, Sunbeam.

The return of yearling prices shows a slight improvement over last year. In 1854-56 an average of 204 were sold, at 120 guineas each. In 1857 the average sank down to 219, at 97½ gs.; and this year it has risen to 265, at rather more than 100½ gs. Loupgarou heads the list with his royal sale filly, at 780 gs.; The Dutchman is second with 700 gs., Old Melbourne, third (with another royalist) at 610 gs., Orlando fourth with 560 gs. and 550 gs., and Stockwell (twice over), Voltigeur, Orlando (twice over) and Andover (bracketed fifth) with 500 gs. Among the other high prices we also observe Orlando 410 gs., 360 gs., and 300 gs., Alarm 440 gs., Rataplan 345 gs., West Australian 300 gs. and 310 gs., Kingston 300 gs., Teddington 300 gs. and 160 gs., The Dutchman 300 gs., 260 gs. (twice over), and 235 gs., Newminster 300 gs. (twice over) and 235 gs., Cossack 235 gs. and 150 gs. (out of old Catherina), Touchstone 230 gs., Bay Middleton 200 gs., Sir Tatton Sykes 175 gs., and Slane 140 gs. Fifty-six brood mares have been sold (it must be understood that we merely adopt Tattersall's calculations) at 52 gs. each, on the average. Many of them, such as Dinah 310 gs., Coquette 200 gs., Cyrene 165 gs., and Camphine 155 gs., have sold well, and the highest foal price has been 86 gs. for one by The Cure. The stallions have numbered fourteen, at an average of 143 gs.; and Oakball 800 gs., and Poodle 610 gs., have been at the head of the list. The highest private price for a racer has been 3,000 gs. for Merryman, and 2,400 gs. and half the Duke Michael for Toxophilite, while the two-year-old Rowena colt 410 gs., and Zuyder Zee 1,000 gs., are, we believe, the highest hammer prices.

Racing gossip from all parts is very slender. Melbourne has been or is to be shot directly, as Mr. Robinson thinks that none of the three mares he covered last year are in foal, and he is sadly infirm to boot. Canute has been sold, we are told, to a tenant of Lord Londesboro's, near Scarborough, for £400, and Mr. Spence will, therefore, we conclude, forfeit his Chester local prize. Mr. Simpson has hired Védette for £400, Lord Zetland's own man going with him. The failure of one eye was the cause of Lord Londesboro' not taking him. Some say it is a cataract, and others the effects of a crush. Fandango has, we hear, been let to Mr. Cookson for the same sum, and it will say very little for the owners of mares, if they do not perpetuate such a barrel, back-ribs, and hips as he has to give away. Captain Barlow has hired Middlesex from

Baron Rothschild to go to Suffolk, and Mr. Pishey Snaith has done wisely, after making such a hit with the Emilius blood, through Theon, to dip still deeper into it by the purchase of Pompey. The late Mr. Baxter gave Lord Eglinton £400 for him, and when Nancy won, refused £1,500 for him, and £2,000 for him and Hawise coupled. Hawise is barren this year, and her two-year-old Tom Grasby promises well, but is only fourteen hands. Pompey is a neat horse, with plenty of quality to give back, as small horses from a large stock (for at two strides he gets back through Emilius to Orville, both fine slashing horses) invariably do. We hear that John Scott has about forty yearlings up, and that the two-year-old Lark, whose hocks have been a source of no little anxiety, is promising well among his other young friends. John Osborne has tried his yearlings, and it is said that two Wild Dayrells were first and second. The North seems to be in said doubt and disquietude as to whether they should back Viking or Ralpho for the Derby, and his Lordship has bought Harry by Voltigeur for £150 to lead gallops. His Sequidille is also fancied not a little for the Oaks. Richmond is, however, very fond of their other Derby colt Cavendish, and it is said that her owner stands to win £30,000 or £40,000 upon him.

The yearling Predictor by Augur has been doing a good thing in his stable, but we can hardly see what the Rawcliffe farm want with two Birdcatchers at their place. One beauty of Augur is, that if his stock fail to race, they have all the substance of fourteen-stone hunters, a very rare quality indeed in these days of Dutchman weeds. There is a good report of a colt by Fernhill out of Mimosa's dam in Robinson's stable at Beverley. Barnton has been hired for £300 for the season, and £1,000 is, we believe, the price set on his head, and not dear either for a horse, who can get good-sized stock out of mean little mares. The Sheffield Lane Paddocks people were after him, but thought the figure too much. They have thirty-four mares at this establishment, with Charles XII., Launcelot, and Fazzoletto as their esquires, and the foals out of Terrona, Fair Helen, Rowena, and Marion are again the dons and donnas. Annandale has gone to Dumfriesshire, to Mr. J. Johnstone's, who has, we hear, a couple of partners in this concern. Although Barbatus the loinless weaver, and the high-bred Clarissa cripple have left Middleham, there are still some relics of Lord Glasgow there, in San Francisco and two other broken-downs under Mr. Fryer's care. John Osborne has sold one or two mares to the foreigners, while Tom Dawson is so full ex-racers, that it will soon take the produce of half Wensleydale to keep them in oats. Joe Dawson has given 1,200 guineas for Blackthorn, for one of his masters, and Oates has taken Joe Dawson's old stables at Middleham. There is a rumour that several of the mares which were put to a very first-class sire (delicacy and the libel laws forbid one's breathing his name) last season are barren; and it is said that Admiral Harcourt has decided to keep Ellerdale alone of all his stud, and sell her produce as yearlings. She certainly deserves well of him. Papageno is to stand by the side of Weatherbit at Easby Abbey next season, where thirteen mares (three of them Fanfaronade, Lizzie, and Curse Royal, all maidens) and three yearlings are for sale. Sister to Aphrodite was covered by Weatherbit, Longbow, and Teddington—a trio of distinguished lovers, worthy of her name. Charles Peck

has been very ill, but is coming round again. Mrs. Marson, who had left Middleham with her family for Scotland soon after poor Job's death, was buried a few weeks ago, in the same grave with him at Spennithorne. We believe that four of their children are still living.

Weatherby is here once more to seal up another year, and tell the fate of the young sires. Chanticleer and the Dutchman have each twenty-five winners; but take out Sunbeam, Rainbow, and Meg Merrilies from the one, and Raspberry and Ignoramus from the other, and they are a sad weak lot. Orlando has thirty-one, with Cantine, Eurydice, Eclipse, Fitzroland, Wrestler, and Zuyder Zee among them. Kingston has five two-year-old winners; Daniel O'Rourke, four; Newminster, nine; Stockwell, two; Teddington, seven (six of them fillies); and West Australian, eight. Weatherbit keeps on his even quiet way, with the winner of the Derby among the three's, and Stockham among the two's. They do say, however, that Gaspard gave the latter a rare lump of weight last year. Touchstone had the honour of winning the Chester Cup with Vanity; and Prelude was his only two-year-old of promise. Voltigeur has hardly "gone on," as there are only nine winners out by him this year; Védette, Hepatica, Cavendish, and Zitella the best. Still, Sunbeam would have shown but poorly, if Sir Charles had put his mare in the St. Leger. Hobbie has one winner out of three foals, but that was sold for 3000gs.; and Heron stands alone with Fisherman, but twenty-one races are the score. Newminster's list is very good for a young sire, with Ariadne, Gracchus, Musjid, Rosabel, and the ugly-looking Nucleus, &c. The latter is, however, in the hands of Mr. Parr now, and, gaunt as she is, will be heard of again. Newby, one of the best and most Cup-like yearlings out, is one of her relatives; and it is only a pity that the Rawcliffe Company did not put their horse boldly at 40gs. at once. Mr. Philips has let Pyrrhus the First for two years to Baron Nexon, of Nexon, in the South of France, and he left on Friday week. He has given £1,000 for Vandermeulin, to replace him, and he is now at the Willesden paddocks with Ellington. Gemma da Vergy is for sale at the same price. The Dutchman bids England good bye after New Year's-day. They asked six, and would have taken five thousand for him in the summer, and Mr. Phillips bid them four. The French Government have been after him ever since, and on receiving Mr. Field's certificate, they consented to give the latter sum. It seems dreadfully dear for a horse who has neither got his stock as a general thing, with size, substance, or backs. Had Mr. Phillips bought him, we believe that nearly a dozen of the Royal mares would have visited him; but we think that the Cure is a better speculation.

The foal list is an unusually large one, and comprises 703 colts, and 675 fillies; while 512 mares are barren, or have slipped their foals. Last year there were 514 in the same plight; while the colts reached 634, and the fillies 629. Strange that the numbers should run so near, and that the rule of a predominance of the female gender should be twice reversed. Out of the 1,378 foals, 97 are since dead; but the twins are in great luck. Mr. Gratwicke has lost both his; but Lord Glasgow has one alive by Barbatus, and Mr. F. A. Peel one by Teddington; while Sir Tatton's couplet, by Rifleman, one a bay colt, and the other a chestnut filly, are both alive to delight the heart of Snarry.

Her Majesty's foals number 19 in the returns; Sir Tatton's 62; Mr. Greville's 13; and the Rawcliffe Stud 44. Melbourne is out of the list he has graced so long. Among the other sires, Augur (26), Barn-ton (21), Birdcatcher (21), the Cure (25), the Dutchman (25), (the Company's not included), Newminster (16) do., Kingston (20), (Mr. Blenkiron's not included), Rataplan (24), Stockwell (37), Teddington (19), (Mr Hargreave's not included), Touchstone (17), Voltigeur (24), Weatherbit (19), and West Australian (29), have made good seasons. Among the leading foals are brothers to Sunbeam, Teddington, and Ellerdale; and sisters to Ignoramus, and Védette. Barbelle bears the only blood foal to Pottinger: the Attack filly is dead; and Pocahontas has a bay colt to Knight of St. George. Stockwell and Mendicant have a brown daughter; and Sweetmeat and Alice Hawthorn a brown son. West Australian has colts out of Aphrodite, Clarissa, and Lady Evelyn; and Mr. Cookson expects to play his trump card next year with his chesnut colt by Rataplan out of Hybla. Some of the christenings are very odd: Col. B. Vyse has rushed to the Greek; but the country "true and correct" presses will soon convince him that he must present them with a fount of Greek letter, if he takes to running his "b. or br. c. Βάββιρον out of Melody". There is also another unmeaning name—Mu out of Beta. Why not say Omicron at once, and make the alphabet give forth a letter worth having? Vergiss-mein-acht is also another dislocator for the Ring; and we wonder that Mr. Bowes is not tired of the ill-luck of his Cock-a-doodle-doo, Græculus, Esuriens, &c. Who can win a Derby with such names? Look down the three "ribbon" lists, and there is not a weak title in it. Beadsman and Sunbeam are sound and solid. "May Gosling" has no less than four Oswaldkirk fathers. Mr. F. T. Popham, with keen Rugeley recollections, has christened his Nettle filly, La Borgia. Some too uxorious husband also gets a sly hit, as a certain filly is called "Martha-love." Lovers or spouses should really coo out of ear-shot. Ding Dong and Reveillée are good names; and so are Dressing Case out of Trousseau, and Parasite out of Mistletoe; while, for elegance, we have Tressilian out of Amy Robsart, and Sweet Briar out of Eglantine. There is quite a struggle for the parentage of Mr. Rarey: Chanticleer and Fairthorn first claim him as their own, and then the ironical Mr. Arrow-smith has him as a "br. c. by Flateatcher out of Jane Eyre!" The real Simon Pure is still in town, but hopes, it is said, to leave in a few days for St. Petersburg and Brussels. In the latter city he has had a large subscription-list paid up for months. In London he has given one or two interesting private performances of late, and taken patients in the country. He has also at last purchased Cruiser from Lord Dorchester, and lent him to his countrymen at the Alhambra Circus during his absence; and then, when he has done with Europe and Asia, he hopes to take him over to end his days with him near Grove Port, Ohio. There is no doubt, however, that his English mission will be very incomplete indeed if he does not open groom classes all over the country next summer; and the plan has been so much pressed upon him by several gentlemen, that he is pretty certain to adopt it.

QUAIL SHOOTING.

BY AUCEPS.

This bird, which is the smallest of the *gallina* family recognized in this country, is by no means common in the list of our sporting *fauna*. Indeed, I may safely venture to affirm that few persons occupied in the ordinary pursuit of British game have proved so fortunate, after a long and continued course of field experience, as to have alighted upon a bevy of quail; and when such have for the first time had occasion to notice them, they have been somewhat puzzled to determine the difference interexisting between these birds and "partridge chicks," to which, both in regard to their plumage and flight, they bear a very close resemblance.

The Coturnix is comparatively scarce throughout Great Britain, although in the South of France and in some of the provinces of Spain it is common enough. In Syria, Egypt, and throughout the East Indies it abounds.

I well remember, some thirty-eight years ago, when I was beating over an extensive area of wild ground situated on a farm bordering on the New Forest in Hampshire, my first stumbling over a bevy of those minute birds. They rose up one after another, to the number of ten or twelve. It was in the early part of September, during dry weather, and under a fierce burning sun. So ignorant was I of the character of my newly formed acquaintances, that I looked upon them as young partridges, belonging to a lately hatched brood, and only dignity, as a legitimate sportsman, restrained me from the notion of raising my gun to my shoulder, with a view to furnish my pockets with such puny urehins. Suddenly, a conjecture flashed across my mind, that I had been deceived in my previous conceit, and that, instead of being partridge chicks, I had in reality trodden up a bevy of quail. Never having witnessed a bird of this description on the wing, on any former occasion, I resolved to bring down the first object of the kind that might present itself to my notice. I had not proceeded more than forty yards, when my old staunch dog Sancho made a dead stand in a patch of heath. His well-directed nose was almost perpendicular to the spot where the object of his scent lay, and advancing towards the spot, up started a hare, which I speedily turned over, and at the report of my gun, one of these pigmy birds rose hard by, which I marked down amid some gorse, a short distance off the place where I was standing. Having disposed of "puss," I reloaded my projectile, and went in pursuit of the ambiguous feature of my curiosity. Checking the dog and keeping him behind me, I proceeded to the gorse, and after treading the rough jungle for some time, I eventually succeeded in raising the "little unknown," which I found no difficulty in bringing down. My anxiety was not a little excited by the event, as I was yet fearful I might have created a mistake in my judgment, and, after all, killed a poor imbecile and helpless partridge poul, for what I had mistaken for a quail. However, my

doubts upon the subject were very soon set at rest ; for upon picking up my trophy, I was satisfied that it was "a quail, and nothing but a quail," and my reader may fancy the triumphant feeling I entertained at the event of my having established my reputation, in having pocketed a novel order of game, to which more than one-half the sporting gentry of my country were entirely strangers.

The dog, shortly succeeding the feat which I had achieved, made several separate points in some long grass, intermixed with dwarf black-thorn and briar, adjunct to a clover field. Every point was correct and true: indeed, to Sancho's praise (if a dog can admit of praise) he was very seldom out of his calculation in matters connected with his duties. The birds lay very close ; indeed, it was with difficulty they could be made to take wing ; and this fact convinced me that a person, accompanied by a staunch pointer, might succeed, if he were anything like a shot, in securing every single quail out of a bevy, in the course of a very short space of time. As it happened, I contrived to drop eight of these interesting little birds ; and I seemed to think that I ought to rank, after this signal accomplishment, in Class A, No. 1, among the most noted fraternity of the trigger. The samples I obtained were exceedingly well feathered and plump in condition, and had not, I should consider, been disturbed on any previous occasion, as the ground under view was seldom shot over, and there was abundance of good cover, affording agreeable shelter to these birds, which appear to suffer sensibly when exposed to wet and rain. The arable land around was also in a suitable state to furnish them with the scattered grain, that invariably detaches itself from the shocks of corn at the season of the year I have previously adverted to.

Although I traversed daily, for some weeks afterwards, over the same beaten track, yet I never proved fortunate enough to meet with a single quail. Whether the bevy I had recently disturbed and destroyed had been bred in the immediate vicinage of their haunts, or whether they had immigrated into this part of the country from a foreign shore, it would be speculative to conjecture ; be the case as it might, they were fat and in excellent order, and repaid me most satisfactorily for the powder and shot that I had bestowed upon them.

And in this place it may not be irrelevant to remark, that it has been long disputed by many eminent naturalists, whether the quail is indigenous to this country or contrariwise. Two distinct points here offer themselves for our consideration :

First, it is only in the early course of the season, when the climate is genial to this class of game, that they are to be met with. At this crisis, they may be heard during early morning and towards evening, piping in a plaintive note, as if assembling themselves together in little companies, to repair to their feeding haunts. Oft have I noticed them in the month of August, in the lands about Alton, Alresford, and Winchester, fly out of the greensward by the roadsides, into the fields adjacent to such thoroughfares, just topping the hedges, and alighting upon the opposite side, whilst their piping whistle might be distinguished in various parts of the district around ; but in no one instance do I recollect having met with quail after the October frosts had well set in—about the time that the woodcock (*Scelopax rusticola*) visits our temperate latitudes. This leads me, and it has induced others, to believe

that the quail is migratory, visiting us from some more genial climate at a fitting season of the year, suitable to its opportunities to carry on the duties of nidification and incubation, and that after that parental task has been accomplished, they abandon our territory, against the approach of winter, and return to countries less obnoxious to their modes and habits of life.

Second, this latter assumption can hardly be supported, when we consider that the flight of the above little bird is attended with much labour, increased in proportion to the vibration of its wings, when brought into volitant operation; and one can hardly be brought to believe that its arduous mode of flight, which requires much and long-continued energy on the wing, would suffer it to journey a distance of twenty miles over seas, which is supposed to be the nearest maritime pass between the continent and this country. What, then, becomes of this bird during the rigorous months of winter?

But, whilst dwelling upon this particular point, in justification of the probability of its emigration, let us turn our attention to the land-rail, or corn-crake (*Rallus crex*). This delicate foundling of our corn fields, which visits us in May and retires about the end of September or beginning of October, is, in the structure of its frame, as ill able to sustain a long and arduous flight, as the quail; and this fact has given rise to a conjecture, among some very eminent ornithologists, to the effect that the land-rail, actually stays the winter through with us, but changes its plumage and the general complexion of its character, on the approach of Autumn, so as to render its identity exceedingly doubtful in the estimation of well skilled and competent judges in ornithological pursuits. Then again, what grounds or portion of country does it affect, throughout our Siberian winters, if, in reality, it spends those seasons with us, and dwells with us, uniformly, all the year round? It is never to be met with at such unsuitable intervals, and therefore we must be left to conclude that it must emigrate to warmer climates, in quest of food of that description which Nature has adapted to its wants, and which is denied to it in this country as soon as the frosts appear. That the quail breeds in this, our territory, I have been unequivocally assured by several sporting farmers residing in the West of England, who have disturbed the hen birds off their nests, whilst sitting on eggs; it would therefore appear that these migratory visitants arrive here in groups, as do the woodcocks in their season, and drop on the first points of land they meet with, exhausted by their long and tedious flights. It is not improbable that as soon as they recover their strength, they penetrate gradually into the interior of the country, and distribute themselves in various directions, till the season of incubation arrives, when young colonies spring up from old pairs.

But in treating of quail shooting, the same cannot be classed in a general light, when compared with the pursuit of the pheasant and the partridge. A sportsman may traverse many miles of ground, during the course of the season, and meet with admirably good sport in relation to the latter order of game, and yet never once alight upon a single quail. It is this circumstance that renders this bird so little known to the generality of British sportsmen.

In following up the sport afforded by quail, it is usual for such persons as may be acquainted with the note of this bird to perambulate

the farm grounds towards evening, when he will be sure to detect the piping call of the brethren of the bevy, and if he continues to persevere in this practice throughout July and August, he will not fail to recognize the spots where the birds will be found when the month of September arrives, when the fowling-piece is brought into active operation. Shepherd's boys are, some of them, quite apt at the detection of the presence of quail by recognizing their piping note; and in the neighbourhood of Andover, the young aspirants for pecuniary favours have oftentimes picked up a shilling by means of imparting a knowledge of "quail ground," to the gentlemen in the vicinity.

But whilst speaking of these birds, perhaps there is no part of the world where they so largely abound as in the East Indies. I remember, upon one occasion, whilst walking with a friend over some *paddees* (rice) stubbles, at Jellasure, in Bengal—it was towards evening—we trod up quail at every step we took, in advance of our journey homewards. The fields literally swarmed with them. There must have been hundreds in one field of from four to five acres. *Whirrh, whirrh, whirrh*, arrested our ears' attention in all directions; and I feel quite certain that, had a net been stalled and passed over the surface of the fields we passed through, during the night, the capture of these creatures would have amounted to thousands.

We have, in the above country, the *whole* quail, such as we occasionally notice in the London poultry shops, and a smaller kind, known as the *button* quail. Their habits and haunts are precisely the same, and during the day they are found chiefly amid brakes abutting on the rice fields; but when the indigo crops are standing, they take umbrage in the above sheltering plantations. So numerous are these birds in Lower Egypt, that the sacred writer of the Psalms informs us the Israelites were fed with them, during their pilgrimage in the desert. Nor are they less so in other parts of the globe, where they constitute a constant course of quarry for hawks and a host of the *accipitres* family.

I, last summer, was induced to ask a West-end poulterer what he might charge for a couple of quail. He with much *sang froid* replied, "Six shillings," adding at the same time, "Scarce bird, very scarce bird." "Well," thought I, "at that rate the eight birds I bagged on *Dodd's Wild Grounds* thirty-eight years ago, must have been well worth retrieving.

Four years ago, I was informed by a particular friend living in the neighbourhood, that he has had occasion to notice, every succurrent year, a bevy of quail at a place known as *Bulford Lea*, not far from the town of Amesbury in Wiltshire. I have myself fallen upon them at *Shipton* and *Kimpton* near the former spot. The country, all around these parts, is open and champaign, and prolific in the growth of barley; the soil being composed of a chalk substratum, coated with a slender superstratum of mould; and I fancy that quail choose this particular character of country in preference to forest and other sylvan localities, as I have, in whatever parts I may have met with them, both at home and abroad, invariably alighted upon them in dwarf brushwood, verging on agrarian enclosures, in close proximity to their accustomed feeding haunts.



Henry and William

J. B. Davis

*Portrait of a young man
in equestrian attire*

London: Published by Agnew & Sons, 15, Strand, 1848.

J. W E L L S,

THE CELEBRATED JOCKEY.

ENGRAVED BY J. B. HUNT, FROM A PAINTING BY HARRY HALL.

BY CASTOR.

What a pace Time does travel at! Talk of the T.Y.C., or the Straight Mile; they are nothing to him. And then old Tempus edax is such a sticker too. He does not "compound," or "cry Peccavi," or "come back to you;" but on he still goes at a terrific bat, slipping you at the turns, and half-way round again before you think he is well clear of the Chair.

It was but the other day we were all wondering over the successes of that boy Wells—the infant prodigy—"Tiny" as they called him—who, able to ride the veriest feather, was winning races at all sorts of weights, and finishing like a man and a jockey. And now behold Tiny is a man, with a wife and a house in Newmarket town, and with such recollections of his Derbys and St. Legers and Two Thousands, that one really begins to doubt whether the clockmaker must not have gone clean away from us.

And yet it is not such a very long time ago, either, that Johnny Wells was only a little boy. He was born at the village of Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire, no longer back than the Christmas Day of eighteen hundred and thirty-three, so that we have him now just on the completion of his twenty-fifth year. He left home early in life for Flintoff's stable at Hednesford, a spot rather famous for the rearing of young jockeys. Although with nothing very particular just then in his hands, Flintoff had always a good string of horses, and consequently the chance for a clever lad was not wanting. The late Mr. Fowler, the owner of Heron and other fairish nags well known about Wolverhampton and the hardware districts, was the first to bring Wells out. But little more than ten years ago, at Northampton, in the Spring of 'forty-eight, "Wills," as the Calendar wrote him, got his leg-up for a public race. He rode a filly of Mr. Fowler's called Ribaldry for the Trial Stakes, and finished second, out of four starters. In the Autumn of the same year he improved upon this, and won his maiden race on her—the Birmingham Stakes at Walsall. Ribaldry, indeed, for once in the way, was a very useful thing for a young man, and, although always one of the civilest lads alive, fairly brought Wells into notice. In the following season he won the County Stakes with her, at Warwick, beating a very good field, and thence went boldly on to Newmarket. The country filly, with the little country boy on her, started first favourite for the Cambridgeshire, and finished a good third. Her jockey never abused the introduction thus afforded him, and from that time the great Autumn Handicaps have rarely been run without his having a mount in them. Another of his early loves was May Day, on which he won three or four plates in this, his second year out. The following saw him fairly under weigh.

Able to go to scale at some pounds under five stone, the list of his employers quickly increased, and Alderman Copeland, Mr. Merry, Mr. Pedley, and other influential men, had him up. We find him "on" in the two leading handicaps, the Chester Cup, and the Cesarewitch; and he won the Newton Cup with Duxbury, and the Borough Cup at the same meeting with Achyranthes; while Mr. Fowler's and Flintoff's string still found him in turn with something to do.

The promise he had thus made was signally confirmed during the two next seasons. To be sure, he had plenty of scope, and began early in 'fifty-one so far north as Doncaster, and went on, here and there, right through the year. Then, again, he was famously backed. In addition to those we have already named, he had the countenance of Lord Strathmore, Lord Chesterfield, Lord John Scott, and Lord Eglinton. For the last-named of these noble lords he landed, in the tartan, the Ascot Stake on Lucio. In "the next degree" there were other equally good judges who had their eye on him, that very keen one, Mr. Parr, amongst them. And so, when the cast-off Weathergaze was telegraphed for the Goodwood Stakes, Wells' name was associated with him. In the two seasons he had the wonderfully good fortune to win three of the great events in which the light weights have a chance of distinguishing themselves. The Hednesford people fancied Truth was a good thing for the Cambridgeshire, and, in the face of the adage as to a prophet in his own country, entrusted its keeping to "Tiny." Then Weathergaze won the Cesarewitch, even after disclosing his form in Sussex, with Wells still in the shirt-sleeve-looking, puce and white jacket. He improved, too, on acquaintance with the worthy alderman, for whom he realized the Epsom Autumn Handicap on Candlewick. He was equally fortunate in a similar stake at Manchester, and had his share of the little fish at Newmarket, as well as all over the provinces. Amongst other notable things in the country, he rode Goldfinder for the notorious Palmer in the Cleveland, at Shrewsbury, which he won.

'Fifty-three produced a yet more favourable feature in the life of our jockey. It brought him the connection with "Mr. Howard," and there are even now no colours he is so strongly associated with as the black and orange cap. This new service found him his first ride for the Derby on Rataplan, when he reached the fourth place; one, by the way, he has ever since been improving on. He was third for the St. Leger, also his first time of asking, on the same horse, and won the Ascot Vase with him. Little Harry and the Leamington Stake made his introduction to this "party" yet more agreeable; Mr. Parr found him another useful nag in Defiance; and he secured the City and Suburban for Stevens, after a dead heat, on Ethelbert. This Berkshire stable has always fancied him, and during the past season he was had, whenever available, for Ardour and The Artist. Wells now began to show signs of the coming man, and sprung eight or ten pounds on his weight, feeling more comfortable at six stone than the five he had once owned to.

The next in succession, and his last with Flintoff, is memorable as "the Virago year," when he sat still, and ran away with all kinds of fine things—the Metropolitan, and City and Suburban; the two Spring Handicaps at York; the Thousand Guineas Stakes; the Goodwood and Doncaster Cups; and so on. Then he had Oulston, Seythian, Gretna, and Little Harry also in force for Mr. Howard; and as second

horseman for the Danebury stable, he claimed third for the Derby on The Hermit. He won, in all, eighty-two races this season, and led off the list.

Still crescendo in weight as well as honours—for he is by this a seven stone man—another revolving year saw him registered as a winner of one of three great races. With forty to one against him, he landed the plater Saucebox for the St. Leger; and sure never were there two more “lucky gentlemen,” as the gipsies call them, than the owner and rider of this moderate race-horse. As is well known, he had been going all the summer for anything “added,” and gradually culminated under the practice of that principle in the demonstration of which Mr. Parr is so peculiarly famous—that a horse is not kept to be looked at. Wells, however, did not neglect his other friends. He spoilt, indeed, a very nice pot of the Wantage people at Chester, where on Scythian he beat Fordham and Mortimer a head for the Cup. For Mr. Howard he also brought off the Port on Virago, the July on Spindle, the Ascot Vase on Oulston, and a good stake at Doncaster on that promising young one, The Coroner. Queen’s Head was another clipper from the same school; while amongst other good things in the handicap way, he again won the City and Suburban, Mr. Harry Hill giving him the mount on Ireland’s Eys.

The last three years come too near to our own times to need any special record. Lengthened out into a lathy, powerful-looking young man, Wells has had all the riding his weight—approaching to eight stone—will allow. Ere his separation from Mr. Padwick he got rather out of his usually good fortune with that “ulli secundus” Yellow Jack, with whom he was second for the Derby, as well as making a dead heat for second in the Leger the same year on Bonnie Scotland. Fourth on Rataplan, third next time on The Hermit, and second on Yellow Jack, he really thought he had won the Derby in ‘fifty-seven with that neat nag, Adamas. However, there *was* no mistake about it the next year, although it must have been nervous work sitting in the scale waiting for Beadsman’s bridle, and thinking what Sir Joseph might say about it. At the worst the world could only have put it that Fortune for once with her proverbial fickleness had forsaken her favourite; for a jockey of higher character for honesty never took his orders, nor struggled more resolutely “home.” The faintest whisper has never been breathed against Wells’ fame, and those three guardian graces Ability, Integrity, and Good Fortune would seem to twine their arms over him. Surely, a jockey could have no other such Guardian Angels!

In 1857 Wells was lucky enough to find another Virago in Fisherman, on whom he won upwards of twenty races, riding him in fact for everything but that at Chantilly. He had been on him occasionally the year previous, although he had little handling of the good old horse this season, except for the Ascot Cup. But what clever hands Mr. Parr does engage to do his work! Wells and Weathergaze, “Nat” and Rataplan, and lastly Sam Rogers and Fisherman, are grand illustrations of what a horse and jockey can do, when they are properly coupled. If, however, Wells does less for his former friends, it is only because the turn can seldom be had. Sir Joseph Hawley is now his first master, and we fancied at one time, when Fitz-Roland was looking so well for it, that we should have

to place him opposite our St. Leger winner in November. Then comes Mr. Crawford with Zuyder Zee and so on; and Mr. Merry with Saunterer, Sunbeam, and Rainbow always ready for him. Count Batsilyany is also amongst his registered masters; and we shall never forget his ride for the Count on Olympus, towards the end of that long and strong thunder-storm in the last July Meeting. We have a pair of very "horsey" Newmarket-built trousers yet by us, as a memento of the day—bought by the boots at "The White Hart," and treasured as travellers do relics from Pompeii, arbutus from Killarney, or pork pies from Grantham.

Wells rode Bastion the same day—rather a fancy of the Newmarket people for the Chesterfield—and since Hughes' accident has had the best of Baron Rothschild's business. He won the Criterion on North Lincoln, and was also on him in that terrible "floorer" at Goodwood. Lord Glasgow and John Scott have also taken to the fortunate youth. In short, no jockey has ever had more opportunity, and none have certainly made more of it. Saving only the Oaks, he has already won almost all the great races—the Derby and St. Leger; the Chester, Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster Cups; the Two Thousand and Thousand Guineas Stakes; the Metropolitan, Cambridgeshire, Cesarewitch, Goodwood, Ascot, Leamington, and other great handicaps. Even at the difference of weights, Fordham beats him no great way for the best of the year. In 1858 the latter was a winner of ninety-one races, and Wells of seventy-nine. The two are still far ahead of their contemporaries, while Fordham's *great* deeds cannot compare with those of his opponent in so many an encounter.

Wells is rather a showy horseman, with a certain "style" in his appearance that marks him as somebody—not as the amateur who always looked like a jockey, but like a *bad* jockey. He has an upright, cheerful, but not quite perfect seat, and his set-to is more remarkable for resolution than thorough neatness of finish. However, he has now wisely settled at Newmarket, where he will no doubt complete his education with the fine touches to be learnt alone in that great school for horsemen. He lives in the house where Frank Butler spent his best days, and has been married for some little time to a daughter of Taylor, Lord Chesterfield's trainer. A careful man, he has by no means abused the gifts of Fortune; and it must be added, to his credit, that he has already provided for his parents, who have a cottage of their own in his native place.

HUNTING IN HUNGARY AND EASTERN EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DIGBY GRAND."

We pride ourselves in England, and with some justice, on our proficiency in all matters connected with the chase. We are familiar with the theory and practice of all field sports, and consider ourselves essentially the very doctors and professors of the science of fox-hunting.

Antiquarians love to trace this predilection to our Norman ancestors; to that channel, through which we, their descendants, lay claim to a

strain of the wild adventurous blood which coursed through the veins of those northern giants, who periodically over-ran the more civilized portions of Europe—to something of that half-savage exultation in danger, not unmixed with bloodshed, which Mr. Kingsley has so well described in his Gothic heroes of Hypatia—something of the stirring enthusiasm, which he puts into the mouth of Wulf, the brawny son of Odin, who sings in his rich deep voice, of the sport he loves so well; how—

“ An elk came out of the pine forest ;
He snuffed up east, he snuffed down west
Stealthy and still.

His mane and his horns were heavy with snow ;
I laid my arrow across my bow
Stealthy and still.

The bow it rattled ; the arrow flew ;
It smote his blade-bones through and through.
Hurrah !

I sprang at his throat like a wolf of the wood ;
And I warmed my hands in the smoking blood !
Hurrah !”

Any sportsman, who has ever shot a moose in the primeval forests of North America, will recognise the fidelity of Mr. Kingsley's description: any man, with a man's heart in his body, will feel it stir within him at the dash and fire of these rude simple lines; and, though learning and civilization have considerably modified the destructive tendency in our natures, and we neither spring at our quarry's throat, like “the wolf of the wood,” nor long to dip our well-gloved hands in the smoking stream; yet must all our sports and pastimes partake, more or less, of toil and danger, if they would find favour in the eyes of the indomitable Anglo-Saxon race. Nothing of this do we inherit from our Roman conquerors. It is strange with how little of their spirit the high-crested legionaries have imbued either our manners, our character, or our institutions. The masters of the world were no sportsmen. Horace, indeed—who, by the way, seems destined to become once more as fashionable as during the Augustan era—talks of the huntsman remaining *sub Jove frigido*, which sounds like a “bitter hard frost,” regardless of the soft eyes that would gladly shine a welcome for him at home; but, alas! the spoils of this negligent husband seem to have been but the easily-captured crane, for whose long legs he disdained not to set crafty nooses, or the timid hare trapped in her silent transit through the snow. Some bolder spirits, indeed, were found to rouse the wild boar from his tangled brake, and force him cheerily, *multa cane*, with many a hound, *not* across the open, but into the strong nets disposed for his capture, where he was despatched, we fear, with but small regard to any decent observances, save such as should secure from injury his brawn and hams, and, formidable as may sound in poetry

“ The great wild boar that had his den
Amid the reeds by Cosa's fen;
And wasted fields and slaughtered men
Along Albinia's shore.”

cannot but confess to ourselves that some twenty Roman rustics,

pork-fed, and breathing war and garlic, with all their accessories of spears, dogs, and meshes, were heavy odds for a pig!

No; we must look to other sources for our sporting predilections. We must pass over the well-disciplined followers of Cæsar, as the aboriginal and skin-clad inhabitants whom they conquered; and whose devotion to the chase, like that of the Red Indian, was a necessity, not a science. We look for it in vain amongst our Saxon forefathers, brawny, large, and lazy-grown to huge meals of animal food, and addicted to mighty potations of strong ale and wine; but we recognise its origin at once in the restless and predatory Dane—the ancestor of the Norman; the sea robber, and spoiler of the shore; the conqueror wherever he set his foot; discoverer of America, centuries before Columbus, who moored his galleys on the hot African coast, as amongst the breakers surging round the rude Northumbrian cliffs; whose children founded a kingdom in the heart of smiling France, and laid lance in rest for the Cross, under the walls of Jerusalem.

Lineally descended from the Norman, we inherit his passion for the chase; and, in the form of fox-hunting, this epidemic rages annually in England to an extent with which no other country is familiar—no other country, save one.

It is singular enough that in Eastern Europe there exists a powerful nation, whose characteristics, especially among the upper classes, remind us forcibly of our own. Although over the boundless plains of Hungary are scattered several distinct races, gathered under one Imperial power, and owning allegiance to the Cæsar who is enthroned at the Austrian capital, it is with the dominant race, the high-blooded and high-spirited *Magyar*, that we have to do. He is the *Hungarian par excellence*. It was his mail-clad ancestor who drove the Turk back from the very gates of Vienna. He is himself the brightest jewel in the Austrian diadem. His loyalty requires but a little encouragement to rise into enthusiasm: his devotion to his country amounts to the purest patriotism. He is brave, romantic, and chivalrous; essentially a soldier, as he has proved during the last twenty years in almost every army in Europe; and, after much suffering and much tribulation, to enter upon which would involve deep political discussions, out of place here, he is rapidly becoming a prosperous and thriving agriculturist, well worthy of his smiling climate and his fertile soil.

Hungary is a large word. Looking on the map of Europe, we see a country bounded by the Carpathians and the Danube, two-thirds the size of France, of which, tourists though we be, and acquainted with every petty Duchy on the Rhine, we know wondrous little. The travelled Englishman seldom goes eastward of Vienna; and yet ten more hours of a railway, rapid and commodious as the Great Western itself, would bear him into one of the most agreeable towns and picturesque spots on the whole of the Continent. He would travel through a smiling vine-clad country, by the banks of the rolling Danube, breaking into wooded hills and pleasant valleys, and gradually flattening itself out, till, as he approached Pesth, he found himself in the heart of a free boundless plain, dotted with acacias, glowing in the light and shade of a bright pure atmosphere, provocator of galloping, offering abundant promise of fertility, and, above all, carrying a capital scent!

It is singular enough that, although the general character of the soil

around the capital of Hungary, and, indeed, for many a score of level miles along the northern bank of the Danube, including the wide flat district called *the Banat*, is of a light sandy nature, affording excellent footing for a horse, it should be found a good scenting surface, and one which presents fewer difficulties than common, to the huntsman whose primary object is to kill his fox. One great advantage, which every man who studies the nature of hunting will fully appreciate, is the absence of stock. These roomy plains are but thinly populated, as may easily be imagined when the same proprietor owns hundreds of thousands of acres; and, save here and there a herd of half-wild swine, you may ride many a mile without seeing sheep or oxen or any living creature of which the *effluvia* can load the atmosphere or taint the soil.

A certain hard-riding nobleman used laughingly to say of High Leicestershire, "What a country it would, be if a fever would kill *half* the people, and a murrain destroy *all* the sheep!" And no sportsman can have hunted a season without observing how inimical to his pleasure is the constant presence of various descriptions of stock. Not only does the process of lifting and casting hounds, necessitated by the stained nature of the ground, consume much valuable time, but it has also the tendency to make them wilder, more careless, and less self-reliant, afterwards. Every one must have remarked with what determination they run when they have themselves puzzled out a difficulty without assistance; and we appeal to masters of hounds, huntsmen, middle-aged gentlemen on half-bred horses, and such votaries of the chase as go out to *hunt* rather than to *ride*, whether, with all its advantages and all its delights, hounds kill as many foxes, *cæteris paribus*, in a grass, as they do in a plough country. Over the plains of Hungary they run as if they were tied to their fox; and the attention of those who are watching them need not be distracted by any other considerations than those of *pace*. Save an occasional and very rare ditch, there is hardly a fence to be met with, in the whole country; and you may ride for forty miles on a stretch without jumping! Happy land! *Oh fortunate ninium!* those who can thus speed confidently along, holding a thorough-bred one hard by the head, and watching every turn of the racing pack shooting like a meteor across the plain.

In most of our English hunting countries you can seldom spare more than half an eye for the hounds: the other one and a-half have enough, and more than enough to do, in looking for gaps and gates, and practicable places, when jumping is unavoidable; to say nothing of such extraneous subjects as your friends' mishaps, and the performances of the farmer's horse you are disposed to buy; but here in the land of the Magyar you have nothing to do but to sit still and go along.

In the district around Pesth, which may be termed the "Melton" of Hungary, foxes are sufficiently plentiful, and generally prove themselves of a stout and straight-running sort. They are chiefly to be found in small morasses covering from one to ten or twenty acres, and at considerable distances apart, where they subsist upon the ducks and other wild-fowl which somewhat sparingly frequent their resorts. Nature has disposed these marshes, called in German *Sumph*, much as gorse-coverts and woodlands are scattered about more artificial districts. Foxes, compelled by "short commons" to travel from one to the other, become familiar with a great extent of country: and one of the best

runs the writer of this article ever had the good fortune to see with hounds was five-and-forty minutes without a check, up wind, from a small patch of reeds scarcely bigger than a lady's drawing-room. As a Hungarian nobleman observed, dismounting from a thorough-bred English horse that he had ridden to a stand-still, with an enthusiasm worthy of Mr. Jorrocks, and a poetical feeling inherent in his nation—"They were five-and-forty of the golden sands in the hour-glass of life."

And with all these advantages and capabilities for the chase, what is our idea of a foreign pack of hounds; of a field of foreigners; of a run over a foreign country? Do we gather our experiences from a neighbouring *chasse* of Imperial splendour at Compiègne? a *chasse* to which, alas! the rains of last November, that we were pining for here in vain, put an untimely end? Do we picture to ourselves a sumptuous *déjeuner*; an afternoon gathering; a band of French horns; a *meute* of heavy blood-hounds in couples, and attended by men on foot; a good deal of display in dress and embroidery; a good deal of velvet and patent leather; military trappings adorning the horse, and *couteaux de chasse* rendering formidable the rider; barouches full of charming women thronging the alleys, and brilliant Amazons with laugh and jest making gay the woodlands; something between a picnic at Richmond and a scene in the Circus; music, luncheon, flirtation, and a return home by torchlight? Nothing of the kind. Let us imagine ourselves issuing, on a fine morning in November, from the principal hotel at Pesth, called after our own gracious Sovereign, "The Queen of England," with the intention of enjoying a day's fox-hunting, and we might fancy ourselves at Melton.

We are fond of tracing affinities in the characteristics of different nations; of going back to the parent stock, and referring to that the similarities we so constantly find in kindred races: but we honestly confess that upon no principle of genealogy can we account for the English qualities, nay, even for the English appearance of the Hungarian nobility.

They are especially proud of the purity of their descent; they love to boast of the stainless *Magyar* blood, which owns its origin from no other nation, but plumes itself on having been *Magyar*, and nothing but *Magyar*, since the Flood. Like the Welsh gentleman, they would seem all to have had yachts of their own during that catastrophe. And ethnologists affirm that the original Hungarians are, without doubt, a race *per se*. So no claim of cousinship will account for their similarity to ourselves; that similarity, however, cannot fail to strike the most casual observer. The Hungarian nobleman has all the tastes of the refined English gentleman: he loves the same athletic sports; he owns the same frank countenance, and large well-developed frame: he is almost invariably an excellent horseman, and an unerring shot. He even affects English hours, and has his tea for breakfast, and his dinner at six or seven o'clock. He usually speaks English in addition to his many accomplishments; and prefers to spend his fine fortune (for the estates of these magnates are princely in extent) on his own land, and amongst his own people, rather than in the dissipations of Paris, and the alternations of the *Trente et Quarante* at Hamburg or Baden Baden. He is never seen to such advantage as on his own hospitable threshold—surrounded by his retainers in their gaudy hussar uniforms;

himself clad, it may be, in a scarlet coat that might have been made by Poole; with boots and breeches such as should please even the critical eye that passes in review the neatest *habitué* of the Quorn or the Cottesmore Hounds.

But we are riding out of Pesth on a fine hunting morning, after such a cup of coffee as can only be had when we approach the Orient—a legacy left by the Turk when his thwarted legions ebbed back towards the Bosphorons. We have been cordially saluted by a polyglot waiter under the title of an “honourable cavalier,” who, after trying us in many languages, has mustered enough English, to inform us what we know already, that “*we go hout* ;” also what he cannot possibly substantiate—that “*there ees mock scent*.” And with a good cigar in our mouth (for everybody smokes here all day long), we have mounted a likely looking-animal, the property of a German-Jew, boasting sire and dam in our English stud-book, and consequently, although born and nurtured all this distance from Newmarket, as thorough-bred as Eclipse; also, thanks to the troubles in which the Teutonic Israelite has been recently involved, tolerably fit to go. As we thread the clean well-paved streets of Pesth, with its fine buildings and large gay shops, we seem to create neither curiosity nor interest: our costume for the chase, our boots and spurs, and long-thonged hunting-whip seem as natural to the inhabitants as the clean white uniform of that Austrian lieutenant, who looks kindly at us, and half salutes while we pass; as the well-chosen toilette of that graceful woman, with her stately walk and her white teeth, and her flashing Hungarian eyes, who passes our general appearance in review without the slightest diffidence, and, somewhat to our discomfiture, turns with complete indifference from the same. We should create a greater sensation in a country town in England: and no wonder, for emerging through the streaked and painted barrier, on the soft soil of the open country, behold a couple of red coats glancing through the trees that line the road, just as they would at home! Behold a dark-coated gentleman, in boots and breeches, pacing steadily along on a faultless bay horse just in front of us. Behold a light Hungarian waggon with a team of hardy little country horses gaining upon us rapidly, and containing a *quartette* of sportsmen, whose scarlet collars peep knowingly above their water-proofs, and who look wistfully at the heavens whilst they are discussing in English—actually in *English*—the probabilities of the day’s sport. It smacks of home to hear such phrases as “scent,” and “country,” and “pace,” and a “good fox,” although the intermediate words may be French and German: it smacks of home to see the pipe-clayed hunting whips between their knees, and the very hat-cord fastened strictly according to regulation, with a fox’s tusk. These are Austrian officers of rank—Hungarians by birth perhaps, and high in the service of the Emperor. This is the only occasion on which they permit themselves to appear out of uniform; and, indeed, they dress the character to perfection. When a fox is found they will show that their sportsmanlike qualities are not confined to their costume.

Our ride takes us through one or two picturesque villages, with their white houses, their eternal acacias, of which the light feathery foliage suits so well the somewhat oriental character of the buildings, and the flocks of geese which are the unfailing denizens of every village in

Eastern Europe. We meet a knowing-looking stableman, on a young horse, and, mustering that little German we possess, ask him a question as to our road. In his reply we discover at once that he is an Englishman, also that he is slightly inebriated, though the day is yet young. Alas for our countrymen, that they should be so fond of testifying to prosperity by the abuse of strong drink! He informs us, however, that "the Count's hounds had a capital run the day before yesterday," and that "we had best push on a bit, for the Count was mortal punctual, and no mistake!"

Still keeping the red-coats in sight, we "pushed on" accordingly, and, threading a hollow wood, through which the November sun, far more powerful here than at home, throws a pleasing variety of light and shade, we emerge upon an open space not unlike a North American clearing, and behold once more a pack of hounds at their place of meeting.

We cannot believe that we are abroad, so thoroughly in keeping and so thoroughly English are all the appliances and accessories of the scene. The English huntsman, with his neat lathy figure, his well-made cap, his unmistakable boots, and his quiet air of self-reliance, characteristic of his nation and his profession; the two whips, Hungarians though they be, even more English-looking than their chief, with their rosy close-shaved faces, their irreproachable coats and neck-cloths, and their well-cleaned leathers—for, like Her Majesty's, this establishment always turns out in leathers—the round-faced boy on the huntsman's second horse, and the dark-coated grooms walking the master's re-mounts carefully to and fro: all these individuals are as natural and as characteristic as if they had stepped out of one of Alken's pictures. And then the horses—each of them exactly such an animal as a thirteen-stone man would wish to ride over Leicestershire, save and except that powerful bay, "Driver" by name, who is about to bear "the Count" himself, and whose weight-carrying appearance, added to his hunting-like shape, gives all the promise of the three hundred guineas' worth that he is; saddles and bridles of indubitable London materials and London make; nay, the very hunting-flask, sloping on the off-shoulder to imitate a horn, and to be drained as scrupulously, we may be sure, in the heart of Hungary as by the side of Barkby Holt or Waterloo Gorse.

We are early, and the Count has not yet arrived, so we have time to examine the hounds. They are a good-looking and particularly *level* lot; possessing, moreover, in their individual frames, that indescribable appearance, less perhaps the result of actual symmetry than of good blood, which we can only define by the expression that "they look like going," a quality that shows itself in hounds as well as in horses, without reference to make and shape. Examining them, however, more minutely, we find an aggregate of capital legs and feet, deep briskets, strong frames, of which "the timbers," as huntsmen say, are calculated to stand any amount of wear and tear, and solemnn hunting-looking heads, such as even amongst *the ladies* denote the grave determined sagacity of the fox-hound, and their standard is perhaps a trifle above the average; but they certainly do not look like a large pack, and although they are hunted dogs and bitches together, their general appearance is pleasingly uniform and regular.

In this open country, sixteen couple is an abundant sufficiency to kill a fox ; and perhaps another sixteen or eighteen couple in the kennel may complete the whole of Count Karolzi's establishment. Amongst the rest, a considerable sprinkling of clean eager heads and lasting-looking frames denote a large draft from the Pytchley ; and Charles Payne's judgment and kennel management are as well known and appreciated here in these wild Hungarian plains, as his quickness, science, and fine riding are, in the merry pastures of middle England.

When we consider that in this, as in all other countries, with the exception of our own, the foxhound too surely degenerates in, at most, two generations, it may seem surprising that so efficient a pack can be produced in a climate which undoubtedly has a prejudicial effect on the canine species ; and, indeed, great care must be taken, and no expense must be spared, in constantly refreshing the drooping aggregate with large infusions of new blood. To breed in-and-in would here be destruction, and once in every two years at least, a large draft, selected from some of the best kennels in England, finds itself steaming down the Danube on its way to its destination at Föth. When thus hunting under difficulties, the value of the animal is, of course, enormous—considerably greater in such a horse-breeding country than that of a hunter ; and woe be to the ill-advised sportsman who shall ride over a hound. He will hear himself addressed in such terms, aye, and in plain English, as will make him, if a Briton, fancy, or at least *wish* himself at home. Otherwise, all is civility, kindness, and good fellowship. Hills, the huntsman, nearly related to our own "Jem Hills" of sporting celebrity, is a peculiarly well-spoken and intelligent personage. On his qualifications in his profession we shall presently have to enlarge ; but in the meantime we gather from him a few interesting facts concerning the origin and progress of foxhunting in Hungary.

The pack of hounds, of which so shapely a lot is now gathered about his horse's feet, has been established, indeed, for more years than many a corresponding one in our own country. Considerably more than twenty years ago they were kept by the well-known Prince Paul Esterhazy—a petty sovereign at home ; a diplomatist, a statesman, a polished and universally popular gentleman abroad. His son, connected by marriage with one of our own noblest English families, took a keen interest in the sport of fox-hunting, which he had pursued to its greatest advantage in the best English countries, and spared no pains to make his father's hounds as efficient a pack as the models he had studied at Quorn, Cottesmore, or Belvoir. Ever and anon some stray Hungarian nobleman made his appearance at Melton, the locality generally selected by foreigners as the very focus of the whole thing ; and while he distinguished himself over the grassy uplands and formidable fences of Leicestershire, admiring Quornites little knew that he had served a long apprenticeship to their own peculiar profession at home ; that he had acquired in a far-away land, by the shores of the mighty Danube, that "eye to hounds" and real enthusiasm for the chase, without which no amount of pluck and horsemanship ever carries a man through a run. Amongst the mighty Nimrods of our own recollections—many of whom, alas ! have now passed away, side by side with Maxse and Mus-

grave, and Plymouth, and Alvanley, and indomitable Baird, and game old Valentine Maker—rode the reckless Count Sandor, celebrated for his extraordinary daring and his hair-breadth 'scares. To this day there are prints extant representing the Count's romantic adventures in the hunting field—of which the celebrated leap, in which he is said to have cleared a couple of stiles, a foot-board, a flock of sheep, and, for aught we know, a shepherd and shepherdess into the bargain, is amongst the least remarkable; and not a horse-dealer in Austria but possesses, either in colour or plaster, a likeness of the famous Count Sandor. Since then the names of Esterhazy, Kinsky, Karolzi, Wenghessia, Batthyany, and Liechtenstein (the latter, though of Austrian lineage, is a Hungarian *sportsman*), have been familiar enough to our English ears; and these gentlemen, one and all, seem to look back upon the pleasant days they spent in the metropolis of fox-hunting as the sunniest spots in the chequered pilgrimage of life. With such support, the Esterhazy Hounds had no cause to fear want of attention, or lack of that material which forms the sinews of hunting, as of war. Year after year the pack was drafted, improved, enlarged, and, when purchased by Count Karolzi soon after "the troubles" had ceased, was as efficient and slightly an establishment as one would wish to behold. Since then the Count, who, in addition to his high talents and varied accomplishments, is a thorough sportsman, has turned his attention greatly to the subject of breeding hounds, and, with the assistance of his son-in-law, Count Palfy, whose knowledge of hunting is superior to that of most professionals, has got together as clever a lot as even Goosey in his best day could have wished to cheer in a woodland, or follow over a vale: It is scarcely three years since an excellent draft from the Pytchley, furnished by the kind courtesy of the then noble master, delighted the hearts of these Hungarian sportsmen; and this timely infusion, we have reason to believe, has produced all the results that their highest hopes could have anticipated. One more look at the hounds before proceeding to business will satisfy us of the care with which they have been selected. There is not what swell huntsmen term a "vulgar" looking animal amongst them; and even the preponderance of any one colour, such as lemon or white, is avoided; thus demonstrating that, notwithstanding the difficulties under which he labours, and the distance from which hounds have to be procured, the Count is determined to arrive as near perfection as possible.

But there is a stir amongst the servants, and the hounds themselves, with eager eyes, and ears erect, seem to recognise the familiar sound of wheels; while an open barouche with four horses, driven by a most orthodox-looking coachman, all but his moustaches, and preceded by two outriders, rolls up to the meet, and the Count with his party alights from the carriage, and proceeds in the first instance with the eye of a master to scrutinize the hounds. Though no longer a young man, and one moreover who has borne and never shrunk from the troubles of life, Count Karolzi is still a bold and active horseman when hounds really mean running—still a determined and judicious rider. Although the absence of fences is very much against a man of his weight, the pace being thus proportionately increased, and his horse deprived of the many pulls and advantages which a perfect hunter obtains in a close country, it will take a very severe burst to shake off the hospitable

veteran, who, even if unable to show *quite* in the first flight, will be equally well pleased to see his friends in that distinguished position, and enraptured to mark his hounds in the distance, streaming away far a-head of them all.

By this time the field has pretty nearly cast up. There are not perhaps more than six or seven red-coats altogether; one or two more in dark-green who have come by railway from a long distance, and perhaps a young Austrian officer in uniform! The latter costume as connected with fox-hunting certainly has a strange appearance to the English eye. The Count salutes his friends, and indeed his guests; for to all who wear boots and breeches his hospitable halls are ever open with frank courtesy: and, with a nod to Hills, the cavalcade moves on to a locality, which, amidst the confusion of French, German, and Hungarian phrases, we hear described in native English as "a sure find!"

(*To be continued.*)

MORNING RAMBLES IN THE FENS.

BY HOARY FROST.

"But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there herselfe did hide from his hard tyranny."
SPENSER'S *Faërie Queene*.

To turn out of bed before daybreak on a bleak winter's morning, for the purpose of taking a walk with dog and gun through dreary fens and moors; abounding with bogs, fogs, and swamps; will appear to the indolent and self-indulgent sportsman, as the identical means of making toil and misery of pleasure, to incur the risk of colds, coughs, and influenzas, and to sow the seeds of rapid consumption. Let such men think as they please; and in those consoling but erroneous opinions, spend the sweetest hours of day upon their pillows,

"So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will."

The most satisfactory hours of my life have been spent in early morn; and this whether in a sporting capacity or otherwise. To those hours I owe a hale and robust constitution, as well as many other enjoyments of life. My most unsatisfactory hours are those when, against my inclination, I have deprived myself of morning air and exercise. But beyond these personal, though cardinal considerations, there are others concerning sporting adventures in the fens, which demand our present attention; though I have always felt deeply impressed that a regard to health, comfort, and enjoyment is and ought to be, of the first and highest consideration to the English sportsman.

A man accustomed to country life, and wishing to continue in good health, never need fear taking colds or coughs from exercise in the open air early in the morning; though he should chance to ramble through morasses and over bleak plains of marsh and moorland. It is not probable he would go out with dog and gun when it rained fast; but at other times there is no fear of injury to his constitution through excursions of the kind, provided he keeps his feet dry, and encases the whole body in flannel or woollen garments; and this is the secret of protection from constitutional disorder arising from exposure to fogs and dampness. A pair of easy-fitting *leather* water boots, drawn over thick woollen hose, and reaching well above the knee, are the proper, and only truly serviceable, articles of wearing apparel for the fens. If the boots fit the foot tightly, they cannot long be thoroughly waterproof; for when they become well soaked through much walking in wet grounds, they give way and admit the water, which is not so with a well-made and easy-fitting boot. India-rubber boots are bad, because they are not of a porous nature: when the feet become warm, the India-rubber boot becomes damp inside; and on the wearer standing about, they strike coldly to the feet, and are therefore highly injurious. It is a mistake to wrap up the throat and neck with extra handkerchiefs, on taking morning rambles in the fens; the sportsman is much less liable to take cold by proceeding without any extra covering about the throat and neck, than such as he is in the habit of wearing during other parts of the day.

There are not very many foggy and dreary days during winter, compared with the numbers of bright, refreshing, and cheerful mornings, which will more frequently greet the early-rising sportsman: and then with what invigorating benefit, delight, and satisfaction does he follow up his interesting and manly diversion! for it is in the "fastnesses" of these very fens, that the wild duck, the teal, snipe, plover, and many other highly esteemed water-fowl and fen birds, are to be found; and *early morning* for this sport as far transcends noon-day, as does the pursuit of sport in the desert, compared with that of cultivated fields. Wild fowl resort to the fens by night: and soon after daybreak they leave those places and betake themselves to open waters near the sea, or in quiet lakes and ponds not far away from their midnight resorts; but frequently numbers of wild fowl linger in the fens long after daybreak. It must therefore be obvious to all, that to hope for a shot at these attractive birds, demands the attention of the sportsman at an early hour. And it is not by an occasional walk, that the best sport is to be found; perseverance must attend the sportsman; and by constantly and energetically pursuing it, he will frequently be well rewarded, and then he will congratulate himself on his good resolution. It is a vulgar proverb, but nevertheless a truthful one, that "the early birds get the worms." So with fen-bird shooting, the early sportsman gets the cream of the sport; for, like the worms, which retire into their holes as soon as the sun is up, the wild fowl retire to another and more inaccessible resort.

There are many fens remaining in this country, where the draining-pipe has not found its way, and where the wild-fowl shooter may meet with abundant sport; and the beauty of fen shooting is, the variety with which it abounds. The sportsman sallies forth equipped

for every emergency ; one barrel of his gun loaded with small shot, the other with large ; so that whether snipe or wild fowl spring from the swamp, he is prepared for either. It is of the greatest importance to be accompanied by a well-broken retriever ; and, indeed, little can be done without one : the sportsman will lose many a winged and wounded bird, unless so attended. There are two opinions as to making use of a pointer for this sport. Many insist that no other dog than a retriever is wanted for snipe and fen bird shooting ; whilst others affirm that to really enjoy snipe-shooting, the sportsman must be accompanied by a pointer. But, again, it is asserted that it is not every pointer that will stand at snipes, which is perfectly true ; but it is not difficult to train a pointer to the habit, and more especially a young dog. For my own part I much prefer the aid of a pointer for snipe-shooting ; but a steady dog only, will do for the work ; a wild or unruly animal is nearly useless, and will annoy the sportsman too frequently by running up many a snipe which another and steadier dog would find and stand to. Let those who have been accustomed to find their snipes without a dog, try the sport with a good old pointer accustomed to the fens, and he will duly appreciate the additional enjoyment which such assistance assures him.

But, in opposition to this assertion, there is in Colonel Hutchinson's excellent work on dog-breaking, the following amusing anecdote of an eccentric but skilful snipe shot, who never permitted a dog to accompany him on his excursions in pursuit of snipes :—" Years ago, when I was in County Wexford, I knew by sight a capital snipe-shot, *though he constantly wore spectacles*, who loathed the idea of letting a dog accompany him. This he would not have done had he known to what perfection the animal could be brought ; but certainly our spectacled friend had less occasion for canine assistance than any man I ever saw. He knew every rushy spot for miles around. If there was a snipe in a field, he would point to within a few feet where it was lying. He walked very fast ; was indefatigable ; without waiting for loading, picked up every bird the moment it was knocked over ; kept relays of ammunition at several farm-houses ; and nearly always came home with his capacious pockets (for he carried no bag) well filled. I heard an anecdote of him, more in praise of the correctness of his eye than the make of his leg, that on one occasion after he had stuffed his pockets full of snipe he proceeded actually to cram more birds into the tops of his boots."

Here, then, was a man who had sport to his heart's content without the aid of a dog of any kind ; but there is this peculiarity about his beat—as indeed there is in many other snipe-walks : it was only in certain well-known spots that snipes were to be found. The sportsman consequently approached those places cautiously, and as well prepared for a shot as if a pointer were standing on the brink of the spot, to warn his master of the presence of a bird. Such, then, is an exception to the rule ; and where the sportsman's beat extends through a country abounding with little swamps and beds of rushes, which may be the constant resort of snipes, to the exclusion of other and more extensive grounds ; then the services of a pointer may be dispensed with ; as it may also when the sportsman is specially in pursuit of larger birds, as wild duck and teal, which are more likely to be found in swamps and rushy grounds than elsewhere on the moor. But for the general pur-

poses of snipe-shooting in a strange neighbourhood, or where the birds lie more in grass lands, the assistance of a pointer is highly desirable; especially in finding and flushing those apparently lifeless and simple little jack snipes, which must be fairly trodden up to before they will rise. No fen birds lie so closely and seem so simple as jack snipes; and, when they take wing, the duration and extent of their flight is so short, that they drop again frequently within a hundred yards of the spot from whence they rose. But they afford most excellent practice to the tyro sportsman: no bird he can pursue will so soon make him skilful in handling his gun; for he may frequently follow up a single jack snipe, and have as many as six or eight distinct shots at it, before he can drive it so far away as to be unable to mark where it pitches. And these little birds do puzzle young sportsmen more than anything, though the reason of missing them so frequently is, because of firing too soon: they rise directly from the sportsman's feet, therefore he need never be in a hurry, but should always wait fair time, and let the bird get into steady flight; he may then bring it down without difficulty, and with ease and satisfaction to himself.

Among many young adventurers whom I have seen in the fens, wasting powder and shot without effect on jack snipes, was a tyro, whom I met one day, when on a morning stroll in search of snipes and plovers. I had been pretty successful on the occasion alluded to, when I chanced to meet a young chemist, equipped as a sportsman, of the Cockney tribe, and with much more regard to appearances than the generality of sportsmen aspire to. This young exquisite I had often previously observed in the fens when on my mornings' excursions. I had also frequently seen him blazing away, right and left, but never once saw a bird fall to his beautifully-polished and apparently valuable gun. But on the morning in question, he greeted me more cheerfully than usual; and after boldly asking me, "What sport?" I told him I had killed three couple of snipes and a moorhen.

"Ah! then you beat me," said my young friend.

"Do I?" was the inquiring reply.

"Yes, you do *this morning*," said he. "But then probably you have been on the moor an hour or two longer than I have?"

I replied I had certainly been there ever since daylight.

"Ah! that's just it," replied my friend. "I was not here till an hour later than you."

From these observations I naturally concluded my young friend had at least two couple of snipes, or something equivalent. I therefore inquired the extent of his sport.

"One couple of snipes; that's all," said the young sportsman, with much satisfaction and delight beaming in his countenance, as he took the birds from his pocket and held them up to my inspection.

"*Snipes*, man!" said I; "call you those *snipes*? they are ox-birds. See here! these are snipes," said I, drawing a couple from my pocket.

The countenance of the young chemist, at this awkward discovery, was the picture of surprise: he really thought he had killed a couple of snipe; and, that having done so, he was at last a *real* sportsman; because he used often to remark that none but good shots could kill snipe.

I then told him I supposed he had shot those two out of a flight of some twenty or thirty, as it was seldom single ox-birds were to be found.

"Oh!" replied he, "there were more than that. I should think there were two or three hundred in the flock!"

My only reply was a smile; and as I did not wish to discourage him, I wished him a good morning.

Not very long after this, I met the same young sportsman, on the same moor, on a subsequent morning; and after the customary salutations, I saw by his countenance he had something pleasing to relate; and on asking what sport, he promptly replied—

"Oh very bad, very bad indeed this morning. I have been walking these marshes the last three hours, and shot but one teal."

"A teal, have you?" I replied; "well, that is better than nothing."

My friend then produced his game by way of confirming his statement. I took it in my hand, and remarked that it was a nice bird, and very cleanly shot.

"Ah! yes! very clean indeed. Hit in the head, I believe."

"It has been hit somewhere," I replied, "or it would not have found its way into your pocket. But why do you put a string through its nostril till you get home?" I inquired, observing a small loop, by which it appeared the bird had been hung in some larder. "You surely do not suspend it from a hook in your pocket?"

"Oh no," said my friend, with evident confusion; "I put the string through just to get it *ready* for hanging up."

"You must have shot it early this morning," I added, "for it is stiff and cold?"

"Yes," he replied, returning the bird to his pocket, "about two hours ago."

And here we parted again. On my way home I had to pass near a decoyman's cottage, in the fens, and wanting to speak to the occupant, I looked in. Before leaving, however, I asked if he had taken any fowl at the decoy lately. He replied he had taken a few teal, and sold the last bird to a gentleman an hour or so since. From the description the decoyman gave of the gentleman, I knew it to be my young friend the chemist. I then told the man I had seen the young gentleman on the moor, who had told me he had *shot* the teal.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the decoyman, "he shoots with silver shot, as many other gentlemen of his stamp do, who give me a call occasionally when returning home with empty pockets."

I could not help laughing heartily with the decoyman at the young sportsman and the silver shot, which, I have no doubt, is but too true a picture of the manner in which many a bad shot at the present day fills his pockets; silver shot being invariably successful wherever it goes.

After this, I certainly never expected to hear of the young sportsman exhibiting the teal to any one else, as the result of his unerring aim: but to my astonishment, *two days* afterwards he brought the same bird out with him on his morning excursion; and though he had not the audacity to exhibit it a second time to me, he did so to another person (a farmer), as the result of another morning's sport; and how many days afterwards he continued to carry about this unmistakable trophy of his skill as a sportsman I cannot tell, but probably as long as the teal continued free from putrescent matter, and did not offend the nasal organs of the aspiring chemist, and those to whom he had the delight to exhibit it.

The indefatigable sportsman, who continues to pursue his diversion in the fens in winter, will frequently return with duck and mallard in his pocket : and he is the more likely to find them in open weather than during hard frost ; because, when the fresh-water dykes and swamps are frozen, the wild-duck finds no food nor dabbings in those her favourite haunts ; and she then changes her quarters to tidal rivers and rapid streams, upon which the frost has less effect.

The sportsman who would not object to travelling to a foreign land, in order to pursue his diversion with greater success, and wider range of country ; will find splendid wild-fowl shooting in the valley of the Rhine, where are innumerable small islands, swamps, and impenetrable morasses, which are visited annually by thousands of waterfowl of almost every species. This beautiful valley is of immense extent, in breadth varying from 20 to 30 miles, intersected by the Rhine throughout a distance of nearly 240 miles, and is delightfully shut in on both sides by rugged mountains, the Vosges on the one side, and the Black Forest of Germany on the other. This valley seems to offer at once to the feathered emigrants of the North Sea a rich, safe, and immense retreat on their flight from cold to warmer regions—the Rhine being the identical line of course which wild-fowl would take, in their passage to the Swiss lakes, the Adriatic, and the Mediterranean. In this, then, the great highway of large flights of wild-fowl, the sportsman will find abundant and varied sport with dog and gun. The same habits mark the wild-fowl there, as in this country—the same hours of morning and evening flight are observed in their movements ; and the sportsman who cunningly contrives to place himself in a concealed position, at twilight, in the customary track of the birds, will assuredly find ample use for his gun ; whilst his morning excursions in the fens, will seldom be without abundant opportunities of sport. During the day, the birds are to be found on the banks and shallows of the Rhine ; and when the hour of evening flight arrives, they depart to the fens and grass lands, which lie some few miles farther from its banks ; and some of these are yet so wild and natural, that they would seem to defy the attempted improvements which are being made in various parts of the valley, for bringing such lands into cultivation. The coarse-looking moor-grass, rushes, and weeds which grow luxuriantly and abundantly in those reilhs, as they are termed, offer admirable and close resort to the innumerable species of fen birds and wild-fowl which abound there. Wild-fowl which are shot in those parts are, generally, remarkably fine-flavoured, being fat and well fed on the richness of the soil ; and therefore doubly worthy the attention of sportsmen. There is no difficulty in obtaining permission ; and thus sport may be amply indulged in, among scenery as magnificent, varied, and picturesque as any in the world : and, as neither distance nor expense, in these days, seems to deter the English sportsman in his pursuits, he may take a hint from these suggestions, and he will not be disappointed if he makes an excursion to the valley of the Rhine.

Here, then, are sporting quarters redundant with attractions and pleasing varieties, such as would seem to be within easy access of this country ; and when we look at the great distances many sportsmen travel in pursuit of their favourite diversions, it is rather surprising that the extensive country of the valley of the Rhine is not more frequently resorted to by English sportsmen. We have numbers of tra-

velling sportsmen who go much farther for far less and inferior sport.

In addition to wild-fowl and fen-bird shooting, the country abounds with game of the wildest and most varied description : roe-deer, hares, pheasants, woodcocks, and other attractive species may be found in plenty : and the gentleman-sportsman will meet with no obstacle in obtaining a "tire royal" authorising him to indulge freely, and to his heart's content, in his favourite recreations ; and on many of the best and most extensively stocked moors in the valley.

THE ALPENSTOCK ;

OR, GLACIAL TOILS AND SUNNY RAMBLES.

BY CAPTAIN J. W. CLAYTON,

(Late of the 13th Light Dragoons: Author of "Ubique," and "Letters from the Nile.")

[COMMUNICATED TO, AND EDITED BY, LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.]

CHAPTER XI.

We travelled from Como to Milan by rail, in company with a quiet and gentle lady, who spoke little, sighed frequently, and always looked straight before her, seeming in her general aspect very washed-out and insipid, as if she had been exhaled to heaven in a sunbeam and come back again in a shower. She was accompanied by a dirty, ferocious husband, who cast lightning glances around in all directions, muttered, and frowned ; his hat was pulled fiercely over his brows, and it was all but certain his moustaches were fixed into his nostrils with steel springs. Passing the town of Monza, now almost a suburb of Milan, we soon afterwards arrived at the Lombard capital itself. Away we rattled in the sofa-like omnibus through the paved, gaily-lit streets, and slept at the *Hotel de la Ville*.

To see alone the far-famed cathedral church of Milan would well repay a pilgrimage from the uttermost parts of the earth. Coming suddenly from the end of a narrow street, on to a wide piazza, there bursts upon the eye of the traveller that bright and glorious structure, shining perhaps in the dazzling moonlight in all its wondrous majesty and beauty. Inside and outside, from tower to floor, surrounded by its ten thousand statues, stands the brightly brilliant carved and marble pile, sending up into the purple skies a shower of lacelike pinnacles and spires ; whilst the golden image of the Saviour is looking down and gleaming upon all, from the central marble turret above, tapering higher and still more whitely to the heavens. The spectator, awed, with steps arrested, and gaze enchanted, is rooted to the spot, and feels his soul leap within him, transported with the enthusiasm and delight inspired by so rare a spectacle ; it seems, indeed, an object worthy to be dedicated to the supreme Architect of the universe, and scarcely the work of mortals. Upon lifting the heavy curtain that veils the principal

entrance, one instinctively bows in reverence; for such a sublime and holy effect as the dark colossal and gloomy grandeur of the interior descending suddenly upon the senses, after the unclouded blaze of the Italian day, can hardly be surpassed. To stand alone and silent within the cathedral church of Milan is an episode of a life. The sacred atmosphere which breathes around; the dim religious light gemmed with thousands of starlike and votive lamps; the magnificent stained-glass of the eastern windows blazing in myriad colours, their brilliancy heightened by the intervention of the heavy masses of the bronze pulpits and outlines of innumerable statues; the coloured sunbeams streaming through them, and scintillating in beautiful variety upon the marble walls and over those stupendous columns, whose different and beautiful capitals support a roof of most elaborate and exquisite elegance—all seem an eternity of enchantment passed into one hasty moment of pure ecstasy; while loudly roils the organ's deep diapason, blending with the holy ascending song of the young choristers, uttered in all the liquid luxury of the Italian tongue, passing slowly upwards with the incense clouds, and through the lofty aisles and sculptured marble galleries; whilst through the yellow glass above, and spreading downwards on the sacred floor, stream floods of amber light, as if 'twere the halo itself of the God who watches over all. Strange and cold indeed must be the heart that is moved not by such an influence. Flights of steps lead upwards through traceried pinnacles and marble towers to the terraced roofs of the building, where, from between a white forest of carved and filigree columns, spires, and statues, the whole wide plain of Lombardy is visible, stretching mistily away, sparkling with innumerable cities and towns, and covered with a bright carpet of intense green, laced by running streams, from which spring the slender campaniles shining in the sun, till the horizon is bounded by the mighty walls of nature—the chain of the wild Alps, stupendously confused in mighty summits, ridges, clouds, sunshine, and snow; also are seen the mountains which encircle the lakes of Como, Varese, and Lugano, with the white peaks of St. Gotthard beyond. Farther west are the rose-tinted summit of Monte Rosa and Monte Viso's sharp pyramid, sleeping in their eternal snows. Lodi Cremona, and the vast plain of the Po bounded by the rugged Appennines, close the view. This church contains a statue of St. Bartholomew flayed alive, with his skin hanging over his shoulders, a work of marvellous execution, and esteemed by the Milanese as worth its weight in gold. On the pedestal is engraved the following line:

“ Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus finxit Agrati.”*

Also enclosed in a crystal casket is preserved the dried, withering, brown, and ghastly-looking body of the patron saint, Carlo Borromeo, dressed in episcopal robes, and bedecked with diamonds, rubies, and other precious jewels. There, in the midst of show, dress, gold, and bedizenment, lies wrapped and grinning in death that lump of human earth of shrunken mortality, all that once moved, acted, and thought, in the person of San Carlo Borromeo. The works of charity and munificence executed by him were such as to render his memory blessed

* Lest at the sculptor *doubtfully* you guess,
'Tis Marc Agrati, *not* Praxiteles.

amongst his countrymen. He was but twenty-two years of age when he was chosen archbishop of Milan, and forty-six at his death, having performed the proper amount of miracles required of all those who attain to such dignity, as it is supposed a saint may be imitated by any hypocrite in all other particulars.

In the refectory of the old convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie we found, mouldering rapidly away, the far-famed Cenacolo—more familiarly known as the "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci—and right through which the estimable friars have cut a passage to expedite their operations during dinner. The figures, notwithstanding their being much defaced by time, damp, dirt, and the daubing of idiotic painters hired for the renovation of the picture, still retain the most graceful combination of attitudes, forms, and colours; notwithstanding that not one face or feature bears a trace of the original brush in its expression or design, yet the wonderful harmony of the whole, the touching simplicity of its beautiful arrangement and composition, are admirable: still there hovers over it—still there beams from that crazy and decaying plaster a most thrilling impress of the great master genius from which the picture sprang. We religiously did all the remaining lions of Milan, including the spacious, magnificent, dirty, and dark theatre of La Scala, the citadel, the circus, Napoleon's arch, and the sacred drops of water enclosed in a piece of crystal, supposed to be tears that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and which were mopped up by an angel, who, preserving them in a crystal vial, made them a present to Mary Magdalene!

Half-a-day's journey brought us by rail to quaint and picturesque old Verona, with its stern fortifications and fantastic collection of buildings, resting gracefully at the base of lofty mountains. Our time was well occupied in wandering through the echoing galleries of its fine old palaces and villas, whose terraces and balconies looked out upon the delicious country around them—in visiting its Roman-gates and magnificent amphitheatre, coeval with the Colosseum, seeming like melancholy spectres of the old Roman power still unwilling to leave the spots of earth which had witnessed their greatness and their fall. We walked through the fair old streets, once echoing to the tramp of Capulets and Montagues; lingered on the fanciful bridge spanning the rushing river; enjoyed the green, fertile, vine-clad, and sparkling fields of the distant country, with its bowers, villas, and sunlit campaniles; looked with reverential eye upon the tombs of Gran Cane, and the the Scaligi, the mediæval lords of Verona; rested by the tomb of Juliet (now a washing tub for the lusty nymphs of Verona), and trod the ground sacred to the love of Romeo—not omitting in our passage the everlasting *domo*, which, to the traveller in all Italian towns, is an architectural black dose to be got over and done with as soon as possible. There was being celebrated, however, at the time, a *festa* on account of the Virgin. The organ played one tune; the choristers sang another; and the people, who were sprawling in heaps all over the floor, playing a sort of quiet religious leap-frog, howled whatever air they could most conveniently pitch upon at the moment. The dark aisles and noble arches rose dimly up into the thick night air, whose sable bosom was radiant with ten-thousand lights. The gaunt crucified figures, the tin-crowned virgins, and marble statues seemed moving and endowed with an unnatural life. The

incense steamed; large bright eyes of damsels flashed through the flowing veils; the gaudy priest groaned the monotonous chant, and went through the usual athletic exercises and gymnastic evolutions required by the service; and the whole terminated by a brilliant *morceau* on the organ from Bellini's opera of the "Il Puritani," a grand display of squibs and catherine wheels in the piazza outside, all of which must have been particularly gratifying to the soul of the Virgin. We also went to the Teatro Ristori, most elegantly fitted up, where we found two sisters who played wonderfully on the fiddle, a representation of Bonaparte's last days at St. Helena (the English being of course held up as everything that was most disgraceful in conduct and hideous in person), lots of beautiful women, and some very bad smells. So having paid a most ingenious and alarming hotel bill, we departed from Verona, after having been made satisfactorily aware, by conscientious and diligent classical study, that it had been the birth-place of Catullus and the elder Pliny (which latter party, by the same classical researches, we have found was born also at Como); that once upon a time it was an important town in Gallia Cisalpina, on the river Athesis, and the capital of the Enganei, who were subsequently and unsatisfactorily kicked out by the Cenomani, and, of course naturally and eventually belonging to the Romans, who gave it the surname of Augusta; whilst under the empire it was one of the largest and most flourishing towns in the North of Italy. And so farewell, Verona!

Onwards we fly past the old palace town of Vicenza and Padua, celebrated for its university and pickpockets, on by the lovely shores of the Lago di Garda, with the horizon bounded by the snowy summits of the Tyrol, and then Venice—the fairy city of the waters—the old and gorgeous Venice, that, "sitting in state throned upon her clustering islets," once swayed over the destinies of a hundred subject lands; and though a thousand years are gone since its glory dawned and smiled, the "city of the heart"—the city of imagination, romance, love, vengeance, mystery, dazzling splendour, and judicial murder, of conquest, conspiracy, and changing fate—still rises like enchantment from the Adriatic waves. Where shall we begin? where shall we end? Its associations are numberless, and hallowed by the genius of our own Shakespeare. How can we describe thee, Venice? No, we cannot profane thee with what the world will condemn as conventional jargon—yet all have a right to see, to think, and to admire; and having so often glided through the dream-like scenes of thy resistless beauty, whilst languidly reclining and lost in wonderment, the black gondola gently urged past the floating silence of thy stately buildings and wondrous water-clusters of churches, palaces, and prisons, we record that which we saw—if not for the public benefit, yet still as bright pinnacles and charmed scenes which will rise ever from the wastes of existence, upon whose glowing surfaces the sunset of life may cast a mellow glow; and lest its vision and the sweetness of its remembrance become vague and dim, midst the roar, the struggle, the battle of life, and after clouding years. For we leave to the wiser historian and more practical writer the task of again and again illuminating the world, as to how "the first inhabitants of the north-west side of the Adriatic were the Venetes and Henetes, who, flying in 452 A. D. before the Huns, and in 568 A. D. before the Longobards, established themselves amidst the Lagunes, and

soon there formed a sure and commodious asylum ; then, stone, marble, and granite took the place of the mud with which the primitive huts of the natives were built, and the young colony settled itself around a church called San Jacopo, and founded a town of the name of Rivoalto, in a district which, at present, immediately surrounds the Rialto ; or, to trace the ascending steps to the pinnacle of its greatness, through the mazy rule of its 120 doges ; the wicked old "*Consiglio dei dieci*," and relentless Inquisition, to the hour when the victorious cannon of Napoleon, or the later Austrian, proclaimed a changing destiny ; for all know well that long flown are the days when Venice, powerful, redoubtable, rich and intoxicated with glory, the terror of the land, the pride of the sea, sent half her sons to conquer with the sword, while she retained the rest to rival the world in the arts of civilization and refinement, to conquer with the chisel, the brush, and the measure. Venice is living Venice no more, yet still beautiful—still, in downfall and decay, the treasured darling of the jealous waves, and the radiant bride of a balmy clime ; *éclat*, wealth, power—all are nearly vanished, and it is Trieste which seems to have inherited, in point of population, industry, and commerce, the importance of the ancient Republic. Well, there, reader, rest with us, for a moment, before the magnificent gate of the Ducal Palace (built in 1440 by Giovanni and Bartholomew Buono), called the "*porta della carta*," where formerly the public announcements were affixed, and note the four superb statues adorning it, which indicate the separate pulsations once beating in the heart of the old Venetian people—Bravery, Wisdom, Love, and Hope. And now let us admire the *façade* of the marvellous edifice itself, looking on the mole : truly now, as the broad and bright moon showers down its silver flood upon it, casting athwart the marble pavements, and over the Piazzetta's flags, the long tapering shadows of elegant arcades, pillars, and statues, while all the windows seem illuminated by a blaze of spirit light, the prison dark and dread, with its stern conductor the "Bridge of Sighs," are looming awful through the air of the solemn night, while far and tranquil beyond, heaves the breast of the glittering sea. Again, on the left, the famous Campanile is towering high over the magnificent and mosque-like domes of St. Mark's mysterious basilica, the two dark columns of the old Republic ; and still further, rising dimly grand from out the wreathing mists of the night-wrapt ocean, the majestic cupola and golden angel of the church of Santa Maria della Salute ; whilst cold and gray in the moonbeam's spectral light, is palely receding the fairy-like architecture of the floating streets, the crowded shipping, the dark gliding gondola, the guitar, the casement, and the eternal kiss. Truly 'tis a magic spectacle, far beyond the poet's wildest dream—all language is chill and powerless to describe it : still, oh ! still the heart can feel, the mind can ever grasp, and yet the tongue be dumb.

The interior of the Palazzo Ducale is a series of magnificent apartments, grand, uncomfortable, rich, and melancholy ; the walls glow with the finest efforts of Tintoretto and Paul Veronese ; and there is, of course, a perpetual system of paying, at each turn, the ignorant harpies, who dodge the every footstep, and forestall the every thought, as one turns to a well-known picture or historical subject, with their parrotty lecture ; for, how willingly would we pay them for the luxury of silence and rest, where, around us, rise the walls of the "Hall of the

Council of Ten," laughing amidst the sports of jolly gods and amorous goddesses—beautiful Juno and the double masked Janus.* The infirm old man and the fresh and lovely virgin seated closely side by side.† Mars, Neptune, and Mercury; while, as a contrast strange and cold, the sorrowful scenes, once passing on the same spot, fall on the smiling brain like an icicle on a rose. During the stormy night of the 15th of April, 1355, Marino Faliero received his sentence: his head fell two days afterwards. A hundred years before, to the General Carmagnola alike was pronounced the condemnation and the penalty of a traitor to his country. After having traversed gaudy saloons, noble passages, giant's stairs, and the once terribly denouncing lions' mouths (now harmless), balconies, and council chambers, we were piloted through light into damp and loathsome darkness; guilty-looking stealing steps brought the explorers to iron-plated doors, screaming on their hinges like the wail of a fiend, startling the dreary echoes in the black depths beyond; dire stone cells, in two ranges, dark, below the flowing water, with the dripping slime on the unwholesome walls streaming in the red torch's glare: these were the dungeons of Venetian Inquisition—awful, dismal, horrible! Here had thrilled the unavailing groans of innumerable victims. We stood in a cold murky cell, where, at midnight, cruelty spoke its last word, and the condemned prisoner was strangled, and, noiselessly through the further and lowering porch, was dragged the heavy corpse; and then, sullenly splashed the deep *Lagune*. Onwards through a low black door—grim Murder's herald, and Hope's extinguisher—and we stood on the Bridge of Sighs; while through the barred grate, down from the deep blue sky, came the rich sunshine gambolling with the stream beneath, and the sea-girt towers beyond; as in centuries long gone by, it had so often mocked and dazzled the passing wretch, with its gaudy beams warming the paling cheek with a last and momentary kiss. Although the beggars of Venice are not nearly so numerous as in other towns of Italy, we however become acquainted with one of the most peculiar of its professional phases. As we were one day gliding lazily in our gondola, along the grand canal, we were rather startled by the sudden arrival of a person most respectably dressed in black cloth coat, white trowsers, and straw hat, propelling his gondola himself, seemingly for the sake of diversion or exercise, who, having overtaken us, was still moving himself alongside. Being totally unacquainted with the gentleman, we stiffly returned his salutation, and bow worthy of a Brummel, demanding, at the same time, to what circumstances we owed the honour of his visit; nevertheless, thinking it might be on the cards that he would ask us to dinner. But alas! he was but a professional gentleman—only a swell beggar in a boat of his own. And then to individuals of a sensitive organic construction, Venice, with its eternal and intolerable swarms of mosquitoes, the energetic manner in which the church bells are perpetually ringing all together, in all keys and at all times—whether for the bell-ringers' particular gratification, or for anyone else, it is impossible to discover—together with the most horrible smells in every direction, must be a sort of terrestrial, or rather marine Purgatory, where, though still alive, they are nearly stung, stunned, and stunk to

* Zelotti.

† Paolo Veronese.

death. At the east end of the Piazza do St. Marco, rears the marvellous, yet fantastic, pile of its Basilica as a barrier to its splendid length. The Piazza itself, of which Petrarch writes—“*Platea illa cui nescio an terrarum, orbis parem habeat,*” is the central point of public life at Venice—the rendezvous of every stranger, the general promenade, the concert hall, and the exchange! Towards it the newly-arrived traveller naturally directs firstly the prow of his gondola; and where he finds all that renders Venice so novel, so bright, so magnificent, so venerable, so proud, so fanciful, and so beautiful.

RACING PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY ARGUS.

No. XX.—MR. DAVIS.

Mr. Davis, or The Leviathan, as he is more familiarly designated by the newspapers, is one of those persons whom the Turf brings out at long periods, to dazzle the world by a display of what may be achieved by a calculating brain, and a common lead pencil. Like Crockford, who was in some way his prototype, Mr. Davis sprung from the ranks of the people, and for many years was employed at the factory of Messrs. Cubitt as a carpenter and joiner, little dreaming of the gifts which Fortune had in store for him, the notoriety he was destined to enjoy, or the influence which he would have over all grades of society, from the peer to the peasant. The first bet which he is reported to have made was on the Newmarket Handicap in Kesheng's year; when happening to be employed in building the Subscription-room at Newmarket he made a small book in half-crowns with his fellow-workmen, and having missed the winner, he was induced to persevere with his new vocation, but still only on the same limited scale. Success, however, pursued him, and having been fortunate also in winning his money over Sir Tatton Sykes for the Two Thousand, his operations took a wider range, although his existence was only known to the outsiders, and the small bettors at the sporting-houses at the West-end, where his punctuality in meeting his engagements brought him plenty of customers. It was in this year the idea first came across him of starting a list, in order to save himself the trouble of replying to the hundreds of questions that were put to him about prices for the different races which were in the market. These lists he put up at the Durham Arms in Serle-street, in the Strand, and a better *locale* could not have been fixed upon. To the landlady the selection was worth any money, from the connection it brought to the house; and it is not surprising she should have retired with a fortune within a few years afterwards. At Barr's, in Long-acre, his prices were also posted; and his customers were quite as numerous as in the Strand. How Mr. Davis could bet such sums, and meet the demands upon him with such regularity, was

the surprise of that portion of the world who don't know how the other half live, and they are a very large portion of the community. But the secret in reality was a very simple one, as his having so many lists up at the same time, was nothing more than having so many tills to go to; and as the deposits of the public never ceased to flow, so there was an inexhaustible fund to draw upon, fresh lists being put up as the old ones were taken down: and as he received the money of the people, so he paid it back to them. So high was his position with the million, that a ticket of his was like a Bank of England note; and his ledger, before which he stood, booking his bets, was quite as large as any used in that establishment. In his prices he was inflexible; and he was, moreover, most particular in not giving tickets to boys, in order that he should not be accused of encouraging them to rob their parents or employers. One of his singular customs was, when he fancied an animal for a particular race he always put him at a longer price than anybody else; but then he would only lay the odds to a pound. Considering the number of years he was betting, he was very unfortunate on the Derby in having to come in contact with three such cracks as The Flying Dutchman, Teddington, and West Australian; and it was, perhaps, excusable, having sustained such severe lists by them, he should have changed his tactics, and become a mere fancy bettor. But had he nerve enough to have stood to his old principle, and played the strength of the game, he would have recovered all his losses, and have been a far richer man. His knowledge of human character was very good, his book-keeping perfect, and his recollection of old claims wonderful: let a man be absent for five or six years, and come back, changed ever so much by climate or illness, and come across Davis in an enclosure, and owe him a fiver, he would be as sure to be reminded of it, and told the race upon which he lost it, as he would be to be asked for his name when he was married, and a prompt settlement would be requisite, if he wished to keep peace with him. That Davis was frequently arbitrary with his debtors has often been asserted; but then the provocation he received has never been stated. Never giving a winner any trouble, he expected similar treatment from those who lost to him. Evasion of any sort he detested and resented; but let a poor man come to him, and show him he had been unavoidably unable to pay him, and no one would more readily give him time to get round. Another charge has been urged against him, viz., his refusal to take large cheques on the Derby day. Now, against this accusation I think it may be said with great fairness, that it was quite as easy for the drawer of the cheques to get the money for them themselves, as to put him to the trouble of passing them through his bankers', and depriving him at the most critical period of the settlement of their value, when claims of all sorts and descriptions were being made upon him. On other days he never manifested the slightest objection to a cheque, but it was only right on the Ascot, Epsom, Chester, and Doncaster settlements, that his convenience should be consulted, as much as that of his debtors'. It would be curious to ascertain the exact amount that Davis paid over his counter upon these lists, as it would give the uninitiated some idea of the extent of capital invested in horse-racing. But such a circumstance is never likely to occur, as Davis was always reserved on these points, and although he appeared flattered to read in the newspaper, the announcement of Messrs. Ruff and Feist, that the Leviathan on

the morning after a certain Derby handed the owner of the winner a crossed cheque for twenty, thirty, or forty thousand, as the case might be, the stern reality of the fact proved too much for the feelings of self-esteem, and he drew in his horns accordingly. That his lists were a great convenience cannot be denied, but at the same time they led to the establishment of a vast number of fictitious ones, whose sole object was plunder; for at that period such was the passion of the public for speculating on racing, that they would bet with anybody, and most amusing are the instances recorded of the manner in which they were victimised. Then a smooth-faced, white-chokered, greasy-haired fellow, fresh from Whitecross-street, had but to give ten shillings a-week for a room in a thoroughfare, and lay out a trifle in the purchase of the coloured print of the dead-heat between Charles XII. and Euclid for the St. Leger, and with half a yard of green-baise, he was certain of at least five pounds a-week, which during the winter would certainly keep the wolf from the door. But the public "tumbled" at last, and gradually gave the preference to the short odds of Davis over the more liberal ones of the British Bank class. On his retirement Davis made handsome acknowledgments to those who had been associated with him, and gave his clerk Mr. Dowson, a present of £500 to start with as a betting agent, in which capacity he is as likely to serve his present employers as faithfully and honestly as he did his old master, and a better recommendation than private secretary to Davis he need not require. Of his own party Davis was always the life and soul, ready for any amusement that was proposed after the races, and although an undeniably good trencherman, after the attack that was made upon him one evening on his return home to his house in Grays Inn, and which affected him more than he chose to avow, he drank nothing stronger, than water. To the grape merchant of the Ring he was a constant customer; so that it may be said if he did not taste the juice of the grape in one shape, he did in another. And it would have been better for him perhaps if he had attended more to his diet than he did, with a constitution so tried by hard work and excitement. As a bettor no man ever came up to Davis. Nor is it likely that we shall ever see his like, for no one will possess to the same extent the confidence of the British public; and, to his honour be it said, he fully recognised their feelings, as he steadily and repeatedly refused to "milk horses" for the owner, although offered to have the money deposited beforehand with him, observing the public were his customers, and he had no right to turn round upon them. Of treble and double events he was especially fond; and, generally speaking, he had the best of them: although sometimes, from the first and second having come off against him, the third must have made him rather nervous. But his spirits until latterly never failed him; and the cheerfulness with which he would hand over his large Derby cheques to the winners before the regular settling day, and ask the parties whether they had anything to back for Ascot, has never had a parallel at Tattersall's. On the Derby he rarely, if ever, won; although running second on two occasions, viz., in Flying Dutchman and Daniel O'Rourke's year, for upwards of a hundred thousand pounds. The Dutchman, Teddington, and West Australian were the worst horses he ever encountered; and the former very nearly broke his bank—so much so, that he grew nervous about the money he had laid

against Essedarius for the Liverpool Cup, and, having drunk some beer which disagreed with him, he was taken suddenly ill on the morning of the Cup. "Mr. Mellish," however, who was his most intimate friend, and in whose judgment he had the most implicit reliance, brought him to himself, by assuring him that Essedarius could not move on the hard ground, and that Bon Mot would win to a certainty; and he often admits to Mr. M. since, "that his little Irish outsider" saved him. But what he lost on the three great Epsom flyers he recovered afterwards in one year on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, when Mr. Taft and Truth won, on which occasion he cleared upwards of a hundred thousand pounds. Strong and muscular as was the frame of Davis, and abstemious as were his habits in regard to his mode of living, he seemed like an oak destined to stand against all time. But, although successful in his struggle with men, when he came to defy nature itself, he, as may be imagined, had the worst of the encounter; and the effects of daily railway travelling, daily rubbers of whist, and daily betting of thousands, soon told its tale. By degrees that manly figure grew more attenuated; that closely-fitting great coat, with its multifarious secret pockets, out of which hundred pound notes came like postage stamps, grew very loose about him; and, although restless as ever, his step became less active, his voice he seemed to have bequeathed to Steel of Sheffield, and the hollow cheek and sunken eye could no longer disguise the fact that, unless the Leviathan was put under thorough repair, and laid up in ordinary for a time, she would be stranded altogether. And finding himself unequal to the struggle in which he was engaged, he laid down his book and pencil on the Friday in the Houghton Meeting of 1857, and took his final leave of Newmarket, more regretted perhaps than any man was before, under similar circumstances. On his retirement from the Turf he established himself at Brighton; where he put himself under the care of a well-known surgeon, in the hopes that his efforts would restore the paralytic state to which he had been reduced. For a time the exertions of the gentleman in question were successful; and the Leviathan was enabled to offer the hospitality of his hotel (the King and Queen) to the ring, who had a *carte blanche* there, and were treated with extraordinary liberality by him—a carriage even being placed at their disposal during their sojourn, in the same way as distinguished foreigners are, when the guest of the Queen, at Buckingham Palace. But even this exertion proved too much for him; and, having taken unto himself a partner for life, upon whom he settled the whole of his money, after reserving a life-interest for his father, he removed to a spacious house in Gloucester Terrace, which he had magnificently furnished for him by that well-known upholsterer to the Ring—Mr. Thomas Swindells. And bidding adieu to his former companions, this Wellington of the Turf sought, by quiet repose and adherence to medical treatment, to regain that state of health which he formerly enjoyed; and that he may succeed, I need hardly add, is my cordial wish, as well as that of thousands of his admirers in the racing world.

NO. XXI.—MR. WARRINGTON.

MR. WARRINGTON, although not many years on the Turf, is a betting man of some standing—understands his business thoroughly, and is the

commissioner of the first nobleman on the Turf; which would not be the case if he did not go straight. A licensed victualler by business, he began, like many others, with a list; but, when he saw that their day was over, he wisely gave up, and stuck to his book at Tattersall's; and if perseverance, honesty, a sound pair of lungs, with a quiet demeanour, can ensure success in the betting ring, John Warrington will achieve it. Mr. W. has allied himself to the Morris division, and won a good stake over Knight of St. George for the St. Leger; and stood a wrecker on Artillery for the Derby. He has since, however, quitted the north for the south, and trained first with Drewe, at Ilsley, who has won for him several races with Speed the Plough, Flyaway, &c., and now is with Warrener at the same place; he has been equally successful with Pensioner and other horses for him.

D A R T M O O R :

KNAPSACK WANDERINGS, SECOND PART.

BY LINTON.

CHAPTER I.

“ Who delights to steal
From yonder world, and in the deeping noon
Wind o'er the noiseless moor his thoughtful way.”

I found myself, not many weeks since, looking at my whiskers, in the identical glass—at least so report asserts to be the case, and who dare gainsay her? in which the lovely Nell Gwynne was wont to admire her bright eyes. The day was frosty, and I was cold; and as the blazing fire brought warmth to my heart, I own thoughts of her that had looked as I was looking, and the days in which she lived rushed, wondering on my mind. Could that glass have spoken, and could I have noted what it told, ah! “Don Tuxfordio,” thou wouldst have tendered a handsome cheque for my note-book; or could it speak now of the passing events and conversations to which it so silently listens, how overflowing with interest would be the tales of joy and sorrow, flood and field, to be related! This precious mirror—for precious it appears to be, ye gentlemen of England who live like wise men, amid your fox coverts, your pheasants, your turnips and your mangel wurzels, and rarely frequent the clubs of the metropolis—now honours the mantel-piece of that magnificent building, by the multitude called the “Rag and Famish,” by my humble self the Army and Navy Club. Why called the Famish I am at a loss to say, save that hungry men drop in by scores at 7 p.m., during the season, it being feeding-time. As for the rag, of course it contains plenty of it, red, blue, and green, to say nothing of facings. It is, indeed, a pleasant place for lads accustomed to boiled mutton and turnips, and by no means a bad one for men of maturer age, who have acquired some knowledge of a salmi, or a *vol-au-vent*, a John Dory, and hashed venison.

However, I was standing admiring myself, or Nell Gwynne's looking-glass, I scarcely recollect which, sipping a glass of sherry, and talking to a gallant friend on subjects general and particular, when the following conversation took place, at a table near at hand, spoken so loudly and unconstitutionally that every one in the room could hear and comment thereon; and I conclude what every one might hear, may be repeated.

"Fred, my dear boy," said a quiet gentlemanly man, of middle-age, to a very handsome young officer, evidently under thirty, "The weather is as cold, I take it, as that you endured in the Crimea."

"May be so, my dear cos.," replied the younger. "What then? we have jolly fires here, and plenty of grub. There, for a time, we had neither. More, when the frost breaks,

"A hunting we shall go,
Whether the Russians will let us or no."

"Yes," added he, with a sigh, "A—t is a vile hole. I was happier far without these luxuries, before the enemy. Come, what shall we have, soup or a chop, eh? 'This cold day, soup. Here, waiter, some mulligatawny."

"Talking of hunting, Fred, that charge at Balaklava must have been equal, as regards excitement, to the finest run over Northamptonshire."

"Well, and so was it moreover, without the fences; but you see, cos., if one fell in the former, it was difficult to get up again, whereas in the latter a little mud and a bruise, or a broken leg at the most, and you are at it again in a month. However, the times were jolly, for all that, and there is nothing to be got at home. Look at many of the brave fellows who behaved so gallantly—why simply, in the phraseology of a drill sergeant, they are 'as you was.' For instance, there is H—d, of ours, one of the cleverest officers in the army, a thorough well-educated gentleman, and the truest of men with what people call interest, about to leave the country and go to India, after all he did in the Crimea: the best rider that ever sat on pigskin across a country; the best shot, and one of the most gallant of soldiers. Well, he had the illfortune to be cut down at Balaklava, instead of the good fortune of being starved at Kars, as the world said the Kars people were starved, and so forsooth he is likely to be starved in England, while they have been tolerably well fattened I take it. I wish some one would write a true history of that affair; the facts must be vastly amusing."

"Well, some one will, sooner or later, Fred. In the meantime let the gallant fellows alone: they bore their starvation bravely, and deserve double rations for the remainder of their lives. Come, no more grumbling."

"So be it. This soup is execrable."

Ere, however, the handsome Master Fred had time to hurl on the devoted head of a waiter the blame which ought to have fallen on that of the cook, another friend joined them.

"Ah! Fred, my lad," said he. Fred was evidently a favourite, "Where on earth have you been all the autumn?—in Scotland, grouching? or with Albert Smith, in China?"

"Neither the one nor the other, gallant Sabreur; I have been rusticated on Dartmoor, fishing and fowling, and walking amid scenes replete with interest and beauty, such as England alone can produce.

Such, my good fellow, as you never looked on in the East, and yet far more worthy of the artist's pencil, poet's song, or author's description."

"A light dragoon find pleasure and beauty on Dartmoor! a light dragoon rejoicing in poets and art! thought I, pricking up my ears at the announcement of so unheard of an event. Well, the lad has much reason; moreover speaks truly, for I know the line of country: so let those who will follow in my footsteps, and see what I have seen.

If memory fail me not, the night of the 13th of June, 185—, succeeding to a somewhat showery day, was ushered in by a sky of the clearest, glittering with innumerable stars—advent of the hottest July I ever remember. The preceding spring had been throughout England one of unusual severity and lengthened drought, with bitter East winds and deluges of rain, which flooded all the lowlands, overflowing the rivers' banks, carrying away the newly-cut hay, and destroying acres on acres of sweet meadow grass. But at length came one of the calmest of summer nights, advent of warmth and brightness, seeming in its very beauty in one short hour to repay men for the unceasing torrents of the month previous—a sort of barrier, in fact, to what had been a forerunner of joy to come. And as I sat without, and watched the glittering heavens and the glorious moon, which shone on the dark woodlands that sheltered me, my thoughts wandered to a brother's beautiful southern home afar off, the calm sea on which the midsummer moon, all but in its fulness, must then have been shining, and I confess I longed to turn my footsteps to fair Devon—a longing which soon became a reality, when the following morning's post brought me the letter I give here:—

"DEAR L.,—The summer appears to have come at last. I trust it may not prove an English one—three fine days and a thunder-storm—as we have had no spring. The weather, which a few days since was as cold as Russia, is now as hot as at Pershawur. The sooner you come and cool yourself in the briny ocean the better; moreover, I am desirous to see something of this beautiful country, and trust you may feel disposed to join in a knap-sack ramble. We can whip the trout streams, and visit the fox earths by the way.—Yours."

This letter and a continuance of fine weather decided me; and a few nights subsequently, in order to take it coolly, I found myself in the mail-train, steaming away for the ancient city of Exeter. On my arrival—having washed the dust of travel from my outward man, and supplied my inward man with sundry excellencies to support nature—I sallied forth to look, as I ever do with pleasure, on the cheerful streets and ancient buildings of that episcopal city. And thence—taking time by the forelock, for the weather was hot and brilliant—I started by the South Devon Railway for Star Cross. The journey—if I may so term it, or the steam-trip—is but a matter of minutes. What then? Where is the man who claims England as his fatherland, or the stranger from foreign shores, who may, perchance, have travelled that route, who can deny that he has beheld a scene which must be engraven on his memory for many a long day, though the impression may have been conveyed in the space of an arrow's flight.

The full tide of the Exe, dotted o'er with many a home-bound sail,

flows on towards the beautiful city. The proud sea catches the eye in blue and boundless expanse in the distance, while the roaring steaming engine—all-powerful proof of man's energy and man's labour, under God—glides on with an eagle's flight, regardless alike of joy or sorrow, danger or obstacle, through meads teeming with luxuriant crops, and alive with the beautiful cattle of which Devonian may be so justly proud.

Beyond the river's expanse on the left bank, the heathered hills of Woodbury, the Black Hill, and the Roman encampment, combine to form a charming background; while woodlands, green pastures, villas, and rural cottages are scattered over the slopes, and line the shore of the estuary terminating in the pleasant little town of Exmouth, which overlooks far and awide the English Channel, and commands the extensive waste of sand and marsh land called The Warren, not seldom a dangerous obstacle to the entrance of the harbour.

On the opposite shore, a no less striking scene presents itself. The wood-clad hills of Haldon and Mamhead form charming prospects, commanded in the distance by the two lofty crags of Haytor, on which, when the golden sun of departing day throws its last rays ere it sinks to rest, presents one of the most gorgeous pictures of nature, that the eye of man can scarcely rest on it without emotion.

Close to the flow of the tide, the all-powerful engine whirls on its train of appendant carriages, passing through the sea-girt limits of the noble park of Powderham. It is, indeed, a strange sight, that beautifully-placed domain, with its gnarled and aged oaks, its graceful cedar trees, together with its luxuriant ferns, amid which the numerous antlered monarchs of the wood repose, or, wandering over its grassy slopes, pluck up the sweet herbage beneath their beautiful shades, unscared by the roaring train, which now intrudes on their once all but sacred feeding-place.

Then behold the battlemented castle which still, in pride of ancient and aristocratic outline, overlooks those glorious oaks of ages past; the splendid river, with league on league beyond of rich cultivation. Not half a century gone by, the swift and steaming carriage which now almost hourly presents itself to him who may perchance to walk on the castle-terrace would have been as great an impossibility to imagine as would the founder of the great name of Devon, and the original owner of these fair lands, be appalled could he look once more on old familiar scenes thus metamorphosed.

But let me pass onwards. Those who are not already satisfied with reminiscences of pleasant scenes and southern scenery, will not be disinclined to follow me to the wilderness. It was there my brother had pitched his tent of peace, after striking that of war.

The shades of a long summer evening were fast closing a day of unusual brilliancy, as I bent my steps towards his woodland home. The heavens, though glittering with innumerable stars, and illumined by a bright full moon, which shone with splendour on the sea, gave scarce sufficient light to guide me on my way, so over-shadowed were the deep lanes which led me to the spot; and when I approached the house, all appeared to be so embosomed in luxuriant foliage, that I could only allow imagination to run wild in anticipation of the many beauties

which the rising sun of the morrow would disclose to me. In fact, I could form no just estimation of its charms; but the heavens above were clear and starlit, as was the heat intense, and so for an hour we sat beneath a wide verandah, which by the light of day I found to encircle two sides of the lovely residence, and there sending forth the perfumed clouds of the Virginian weed, which was well nigh over-powered by the delicious odour of the flowers which clustered in profusion on the trellice-work, we spoke of the past and present, in sorrow as in joy, blending the two in thankfulness and cheerful hope for the future.

Never, while memory lasts, however, shall I forget the advent of the morning subsequent to my arrival. The bright sun had scarcely cast its brilliant rays on the velvet lawn, to chase away the heavy dews of night, ere a gentle tap at my door aroused me from a feverish slumber, consequent on the previous day's pleasures and excitement, when starting from my sleep, I asked the name of my visitor?

"Charlie," replied a childish voice.

"Enter, Charlie boy," I exclaimed; and Charlie stood before me in the person of a well-beloved nephew.

"Now, Charlie," said I, after receiving his expressions of pleasure at my arrival, which he vouchsafed in snowy chemise, somewhat higher than his knees, and bare-feet; but then the weather was hot, and the lad growing like a Jerusalem artichoke—"Now, Charlie, throw aside the window curtains, open wide the windows, and let me look forth on this southern home of yours, to which I was welcomed in the dark.

When the merry boy had done that which I had bid, and pronounced the weather to be still of the brightest, he added—"There, Uncle; those are our cows in the park below, and that is our donkey, but Dad says he shall buy me a pony, and I shall go out hunting with you."

"You cannot do better, Charlie, boy; but now let me look at these cows of yours." Devonian boasts of a good breed; neither are they or the donkey mis-placed on such a scene. Let me endeavour briefly to describe it.

Below the window from which I looked I beheld a velvet lawn, dotted over with graceful cypress tress, and varied borders of azaleas and geraniums. This lawn was fenced off at some distance by a slight iron-railing, from a limited but most charming pasture-land, which in varied undulations sloped towards a rich and well-cultivated vale, luxuriant in golden corn-fields and green pasturage, bedecked with waving woodlands of chesnuts, oaks, elms, and wide-spreading beech trees, far as the shore of the wide ocean.

The right of this beautiful park land was protected from the keen north winds by sloping woods, in the fulness of beauty and varied foliage; while in the park, if such it might be termed, and even on the lawn, many a varied oak spread its ancient branches, giving shade to the Alderneys, and additional charms to the picture.

On the left and in the rear of the house—or most commodious thatched cottage as it really was—pleasant groves and lovely terraces, with sea-peeps through the foliage, sheltered the domain, half a mile distant from which appeared the outskirts of a heathered moor-land, from which, far and wide, extensive and magnificent views presented themselves, granting the advantage of fresh and health-creating breezes.

But let me look for a moment from the lattice window, and forgetting for an hour the harsh realities of life, man and man's works, turn to those of God.

For many an hour in other days have I stood on the heights of Lausanne, and watched the placid lake Lemane and its lofty back-ground of Alpine mountains, the snow-capped peaks of Mont Blanc, and the dark Jura, with all the varied charms of nature on all sides. I have also idled on the castle ramparts of Corfu, and watched the golden rays of the setting sun rest like rose-tints on the Albanian mountains, while the calm blue sea below me lay like a sheet of glass, in which their varied outlines were reflected. I have lingered on the Acropolis by the light of a summer's moon, and watched the glittering lights in the modern city of Athens, looked on the wide plain of Attica, and beheld the moon's rays sparkling on the blue sea and bay of Salamis. At early morn I have heard the crow of the black cock and the chirp of the grouse on the heathered hills of the magnificent Scottish Highlands, while below and around me, on all sides, hill over hill and mountain beyond mountain, touched by the rising sun, as the mist cleared away, opened in splendour to my eager view; and from the Pyrenean mountain summits I have gazed—now on the fertile plains of France, now on the dark chesnut woods of northern Spain; more, from the Tower of Galata, I have watched myriads of galleys plying over the calm waters of the Bosphorus; beheld the Asiatic shores with Scutari, a name stamped with sacred recollections in the hearts of Englishmen; the Princes Islands, the Sea of Marmora, and Mount Olympus snow-capped in the distant horizon. But amid all these interesting and gorgeous scenes of nature, though not seldom struck with admiration and even awe, I have experienced none of the soft influences of that nature's picture which I then beheld produced on my mind.

In the far distance across the luxuriant vale the rocky eminence of Berryhead appeared to float on the blue ocean and mark the entrance to Torbay, while the curling smoke from Brixham rose in the light air. The beautiful rocky and well-wooded bay of Babicombe, a very gem of the sea; was also prominent to the eye; while the coast towns of Teignmouth, Dawlish, and Exmouth seem to nestle in their beautiful coves, protected by high and wood-clad hills in the rear, and laved by the cresting waves, while the picturesque oaks and lofty elms near to the house, and the dark plantations, formed a back-ground rich in variety and beauty—a true English home scene of security and peace, softness and serenity, possibly without absolute grandeur, yet on the whole sublime.

From this home having buckled on our knapsack, we commenced our pleasant and sporting rambles over Dartmoor.

(To be Continued.)



W. B. Wood

What became of the Road.

E. A. Allen

WHAT BECAME OF THE MAIL.

ENGRAVED BY W. BACKSHELL, FROM A PAINTING BY H. ALKEN.

"She's all behind to-night," says one.

"What's become of her?" asks another.

And of course, as they call her a she, they mean the Mail.

Would it not be an interesting inquiry to ascertain what has also become of the country-town loungers, whose chief business it was to watch the coach change? Who ever thinks, in these days, of waiting to see the train in, but an over-worked porter, or a seedy flyman! But the arrival of "The Age" or "The Red Rover" was an event. What a welcome she had, and how everyone brightened up as she rattled through the high-street! Whatever good the rail may have done, the life and cheerfulness of a country place fairly died out with the coaching. What is there now but a second-hand 'bus, driven by "boots," going to meet the half-past-four down, and coming back again with a solitary bagman and a barrel of oysters? The very "commercial" himself has faded with the glories of the road. He is not half the man he used to be; and really we are beginning to fear that old acquaintance of his, the well-dressed, good-looking barmaid, is fading away too. These Station Hotels, with their managers and staff, don't find one now in a smile or a glance worth remembering once in a week's march. The belles of Swindon are getting dowdy and careless, and the black-eyed beauty at Peterborough almost reigns alone.

However,

"What's become of her?"

"It's getting worse and worse."

"She won't be here yet awhile," adds a third, with a decision that sends back the ready-change to their comfortable stable.

With the confidence one has in the clock striking, the sun setting, or dinner time coming, they have been waiting under the archway from five minutes before she was really due. Nothing ever stopped her but the great fall, seven years ago, when she was out for a day and night. It is fast coming on thicker, and thicker. The keenest of the loungers seek the tap-room or the smoky, and a boy, with a pair of posters, sets out to look for her.

No wonder novellists and play-wrights complain of the days they live in. Smollett would build up a story in the tail of a road-waggon; and a man hardly ever started on a coach-journey without expecting to meet with an adventure of some sort. The smart, chatty, little lady inside, who you quickly discover is going "all the way;" the man of the world on the box, who knows everybody and everything; the equally wide-awake coachman, or jolly guard, who sings the best of songs, and knows the best of taps "all the way," as Pink Ribands would say. Suppose it did take you five times as long to go from London to Exeter; consider the fun you had for your money, and the appetite you got for your dinner, lunch, breakfast,

supper, and all the pleasant snacks by the road-side. Who ever had a pleasant snack on a railway, or heard a joke worth repeating, from London to York? We have travelled as much over "the line" as most men, but we never heard a guard or station-master say a good thing yet.

But,

"What's become of her?" and "She won't be here to-night," are repeated with still more emphasis in the tap-room. Coachee has just admitted as much, miles away; and that great man, the Government official, has lost all his importance long since. It is useless to order his companion to "push 'em along;" but rolling himself up as best he may, he hopes they may get in time to "The Chequers." And what a fuss therewith will be, when they do get there! What a blazing-up of the kitchen fire, and a preparing of the best bed-room for little Pink Ribands, who has weathered it like a heroine, and to whom you are half-engaged already. And then the large horse-shoe circle round the fire, while everything in the house is being got ready for supper—the bowls of punch afterwards—the well-told story from the Oxford-man on the box—"The Season of the Year" trolled out famously by her Majesty's royal-liveried servant—and may be, after awhile, one little ditty from Pink Ribands herself. Why, instead of abusing coaches and coach travelling, as we are too ready to do, we might nearly all of us agree with the Reverend Mr. Porson, the now hale hearty vicar of his native parish, who says to this day—"About the pleasantest time I ever spent in my life was when we were snowed-up with the Bristol Mail as I was coming home from Oxford. Do you remember, my dear?"

And, some how, the pink ribands so knowingly twisted into that smart little cap of hers seem to brighten "my dear's" colour a bit, as she laughingly admits "she does."

THE DEAF SPORTSMAN.

Frederick Donaldson had been deaf from boyhood; but was, nevertheless, as keen a sportsman as ever trod a stubble with dog and gun; or cleared a brook on the back of a well-bred horse. Notwithstanding his deafness, he was indefatigable in the field. His heart was with him in all country diversions; and, though it was much to be deplored that he was deprived of the blessing of hearing, it seemed no mar to his enjoyment of field sports. It has been said that, what Nature leaves defective in one faculty, it makes up in another; and, certainly, that assertion would seem to be fully borne out in his case, for he had a remarkably quick perception, and most piercing eye.

He was known to every sportsman in the neighbourhood as "Deaf Freddie;" and bold and skilful was the horseman who could ride side by side with Freddie, at all times, through a trying run, at the tail of the foxhounds. Fearless as a lion, though quiet as a lamb in

his demeanour, he would often lead the way, with unflinching temerity, over fences, gates, and brooks such as brought the remainder of the field to a stand-still. But Freddie was well mounted: he always rode as good horses as could be had in the country, and was such a judge of horseflesh, too, that it would be difficult to impose upon him in that article. He was regarded in the hunting-field with profound respect, by all who knew him, because of his courtesy and true sportsmanlike character and bearing.

Wherever Deaf Freddie was, there were the hounds; for he knew very well that, if he lost sight of them, he must depend on other riders as to finding them again, for he had no other available faculty to help him to their whereabouts but his eyes; and all their bayings, and the rich and deep tones of their full cry, were apparently disregarded by Deaf Freddie. His eyes only served him; and on those he depended at all times, and with remarkable keenness. Hollonings and bawlings of his companions were one and all lost upon him; and, as if heedless of such warnings, he rode on straight ahead, never swerving or flinching at anything reasonable, when in warm pursuit. Onward he rode, in the most cool and indifferent manner, regardless of all vocal remark and interruption, and never flinching at trifling obstructions.

It was very seldom that Freddie came to grief in the field; and when he did, it was more frequently from pure accident than indiscretion. His method of riding was always the admiration of sportsmen, and his cool intrepidity the astonishment of all men. None could approach a leap with their horse better in hand, nor inspire a noble animal with greater ardour, than could deaf Freddie. Horse and rider truly seemed to be both of one mind, one spirit, and one determination: if it were possible to clear the leap, and courage and energy were of any avail, horse and rider were sure to be safely landed on the other side.

But Deaf Freddie sometimes found himself in a very peculiar position. On one occasion particularly, I remember being out with him during a very spirited run with foxhounds, when reynard made in direct line for a village, where the church-bell was tolling in mournful note, the sound of which echoed far and wide over hill and dale, through many miles. To this village the fox seemed to be running, as if obeying the funeral knell that was to toll his last and dying hour. Away went fox, away went hounds, and away went Freddie Donaldson! It was a pretty country for hunting; and most of the fences in that run, were mere flying leaps; over which they bounded at terrific pace. The village gained, sly reynard darted and dodged through the principal thoroughfare, with his sagacious pursuers close in his trail. One huntsman only led the way, and he at a smart pace, for life and soul seemed all at stake! He took no heed of screaming children and bawling women, who called from time to time, as on he sped: and though, with solemn warning, they spoke to him of a funeral procession expected every moment to pass that way; the voices, one and all, were lost upon Deaf Freddie; and the very warnings which they gave, by signs and gestures too, were mistaken for those of encouragement and good cheer, and so acknowledged by the gallant Freddie; who smiled and nodded assent, on either side,

to the wailings of the women ; nor a moment thought of the real object and intention of so much apparent civility. In reality, his vanity led him to suppose they were loudly cheering him, as the leader of a gallant band ; and he felt happy in that deluded idea, nor thought or imagined in the least that a funeral-knell was vibrating through every wall in the village, and striking awful sounds of terror into every ear except his own. It seemed impossible to stop him, for "Go it, hounds!" was "Go it, Freddie!" until, just on turning a corner to leave the village, suddenly and with painful surprise, the solitary huntsman came directly upon a long funeral procession. In an instant Freddie's horse was reined up ; and, in steady and respectful pace, he walked past the procession, hat in hand ; and showed, by countenance as deeply tinged with vexation as could be, how sorry he was for his unintentional breach of decency.

On another occasion, Freddie had outstripped the field in a run of forty-five minutes, at a rattling pace, without a single check : and, unfortunately, quite out of their usual hunting bounds : when the fox ran to cover in a small clump or plantation belonging to the rectory of the parish : and where, (parson-like) the reverend occupier had set traps and dog-spears innumerable, all about this little paltry game-preserve. And though a board was up, warning all persons of the traps and spears, reynard entered by an indirect route, where no board could be seen, and no warning given of the cruel and disgraceful spears ; but labourers in adjoining fields were calling loudly to the desperate sportsman, and wondering at his madness in leading on his dogs to certain death. And it was not till after many of the dogs had climbed the palings, and the mischief was done, that the bold sportsman was given to understand his error ; nor till three of the very best dogs in the pack, were dragged lifeless from the clump, and laid at his feet. Freddie's grief at the calamity was such, at the moment, that tears stole down his cheeks. He loved his dogs, and more especially those three, his greatest favourites, the leaders of every spirited chase.

Freddie rode up to the rectory ; and, if ever he spoke harshly and severely to man in his life, he did to the trembling parson who had set such cowardly and deathlike engines in an acre and a half of plantation.

"A curse upon your game!" said Freddie, "if this be the manner in which you preserve a dozen pheasants and a cast of rabbits ! The lives of those noble dogs were worth more than those of all the pheasants in the land. Go to your church, you scornful and insignificant hypocrite, and preserve your pheasants there ! for you seem to have more regard for such than the souls of your misguided parishioners."

Of course, all attempted replies and reasoning on the part of the parson were lost upon Deaf Freddie, who heard not a word ; but, having given vent to his feelings, he left the man of religion to his own reflections, and proceeded to relate the sad event to his fellow-sportsmen.

In the shooting-field Freddie was equally skilful, and used his gun with remarkable success, seldom missing a fair shot, and always cool and collected in his demeanour : but he was often exposed to great

inconvenience, and sometimes almost to ridicule, from the peculiar positions in which he found himself on account of his deafness.

I remember being out with him one day, by special invitation, to shoot over a friend's estate, where partridges were the most abundant game on the manor; and of which we killed a good bag. Our kind host was with us, as we walked leisurely to the house to partake of his good cheer after the exertions of the day: when, passing through a small plantation, to which our host was particularly directing my attention, as a fresh cover he was cultivating for the purpose of rearing a particular breed of pheasant, much resembling the wild birds, but a far more rare and expensive species; and he was just telling me he had turned off two brace a few days previously, which cost him two guineas a bird; and which he hoped would remain there and breed in season; when, whilst the words yet hung upon his lips, "whirr—whirr-r-r-r!" was the sound, as a brace of the identical pheasants rose at our feet. Seeing Deaf Freddie with his gun in steady hand, and in the act of taking deliberate aim, my host roared out at the top of his voice—"Don't shoot! don't shoot!" but what the use of bawling out to a deaf man? Whilst the very words were being spoken, down fell one of the two-guinea birds to the first barrel of Freddie's gun, dead as a door-nail. I made a rush to seize the sportsman's arm, and save the life of the other bird; but too late—the unerring marksman drove his shot to the vital part of the other, and down fell another two guineas'-worth. Freddie turned his head, as if to look for the congratulations of his friends: when, their vexatious attitudes instantly told him what a shocking blunder he had committed. Our host, though vexed beyond measure, could not help smiling at the occurrence; for, in truth, it was he himself who was to blame in taking a deaf sportsman through the cover, with loaded gun, and omitting to caution him against shooting the pheasants. Freddie was very earnest in his apologies; and, so far prudently, our host refrained from telling him the value and cost of the birds, lest it should be a mar to his pleasure the remainder of the day; and he was therefore not made acquainted with the extent of damage done to the host's new cover.

But Freddie lost many shots through not being able to hear. I have seen and heard woodcocks rise right and left of him, and a little in the rear, which he never saw at all: though I have frequently been astonished at his quick perception, and have sometimes fancied he could hear, for I have known him turn his head when a pheasant rose, though I imagined it impossible he could have been aware of its movements except through hearing it rise from the cover; and I have repeatedly seen him turn round and shoot a hare which jumped from her form after he had fairly passed by it. Though this latter circumstance may be accounted for, as Freddie was fond of his fun; and I am not sure that, by way of surprising his companions, he has not occasionally played tricks upon them; and with his searching glance, having seen the hare on her form, passed by her purposely, and then, just to display a shrewdness by pretending to detect a hare from the peculiar power of his nasal organ, turn suddenly round, when the hare would instantly dart away until stopped by a charge from his gun.

But Freddie was one day found in an apparently questionable position with a lady ; and as no one saw the accident but the two parties concerned, we are bound to believe their tale. The deaf sportsman's own version of the occurrence is as follows :—A rabbit having popped out of the hedge, just as Freddie was crossing a lane at a sharp angle, he shot it ; not observing that a lady, on horse-back, was, at the same moment, coming round the corner within two or three yards of the sportsman's back. Her horse, a wild little pony, started at the report of the gun, turned round, threw its fair rider into the ditch, and ran away at full gallop. Being near her residence, and not in any public thoroughfare, the lady was alone and unattended ; and Deaf Freddie therefore immediately tendered his assistance. But through the misfortune of not being able to understand what the lady said, as to where, and how much she was hurt ; it would seem that a very awkward misunderstanding arose between them ; and the smiles of the lady at being unable to convey her expressions to her deaf attendant, were mistaken for other signs and impressions ; and Freddie smiled too : but mixing sympathy and the gentlest possible kindness with his attentions. "The lady," says Freddie, "in truth, could not rise from the ditch without assistance ;" and whilst Freddie and the lady were thus in this awkward, but interesting, predicament ; a fellow-sportsman suddenly came up, who, at the request of the lady, lent his aid in assisting her from the ditch ; but afterwards expressed his regret to Freddie for having interfered : particularly when he found the lady was not hurt, but seemed annoyed at the extraordinary position in which she had been found ; and, were it not for Freddie's gun, dog, and rabbit being all there to prove the veracity of his statement, a suspicious mind might be inclined to doubt both him and the lady ; for no pony, nor hoof-prints of pony, were visible near the scene of this terrible catastrophe.

Such are among the haps and mishaps of a deaf sportsman ; and, however wrong and weak it may be to laugh at calamities, it was not always possible to refrain from so doing at some of Deaf Freddie's peculiar and unfortunate adventures.

MY TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS' SALMON FISHING ON THE CONWAY.

CHAPTER IV.

Sunday, 5th Sept.—Glass above "change" ; air 60 deg. ; wind S.W. ; a beautiful morning. River in splendid order—as always happens on Sundays, when we don't fish. About 2 p.m. ladies determined to see Llyn Geirionydd. "But it is raining," I remonstrated. "Oh ! only a drizzle." "Well, Peter, ladies must have their own way. Take umbrellas, &c. ;" and off we went. And we climbed and climbed, and it rained and drizzled and stopped and rained again ; so we got under a barn, close by Llanrhychwyn. Is this hamlet or village

connected with the ancient bard Llywarch Hên ? (see Turner, vol. iii., p. 634). We waited ; but still it rained, and was getting late. At last —“ Well, ladies, shall we go on, or had we not better return home ? ” “ Go on, of course ” was the reply. “ Well, sir, it’s only about three hundred yards further, ” said Peter. So on we went, and saw the lake for a moment in the midst of a pitiless pelting of rain. It is a very fine lake which I had often seen before. On the right, high rocks shearing down almost perpendicularly into it, on one side ; the mountain on which we stood sloping moderately high, on the other ; and Moel Shabod, Penmachno, and other mountains looming in the distance, far from the other end of the one-mile length of water. We stood and looked for a moment only ; for heavy rain from S.W. was in our teeth, and we turned homewards. Peter excellent and careful guide for ladies. He would take them round by Llanrhychwyn church, because he said it was one of the oldest in N. Wales ; a small building ; it was locked, so we did not see inside, but the enormous yew trees outside spoke its antiquity. Got home, all wet about the feet ; and as we crossed the bridge at Llanrwst, the sun shone, as though in mockery of us. Llanrhychwyn is pronounced, Eclan-roth-win. Very funny, but very soft language is the Welsh ; and I wish I understood it. It sounds, at times, like Spanish or Italian.

Monday, 6th Sept.—River beautiful, in point of colour ; plenty of water, of peat colour, *i.e.* from the Conway *proper*. Went direct to Wall Stream on right bank. Found J. B—— jun., there ; he had lost a fish of about 14lb., and another of about 17lb., by striking too hard : he had broke tackle. Went on to Flat Stream ; tried three times in vain. Got to “ Well ” or “ Steep Bank ” stream, formerly a favourite throw of mine, but now out of vogue. Near the end of the “ throw, ” I rose a fish ; but did not feel him or see him. It was close under the bank, and Peter saw him ; waited, of course ; then took two steps up stream, and at second step, back again down stream—*I had him !* It proved a very dull heavy fish, which gave but little play. The *only* gaffing place was not far below ; but approaching which, at the water’s edge, were some roots, *under* which a vigorous fish might run, and *over* which spot tree-branches hang low, so as to prevent any but a very short line from the top of the rod to pass ; and below which, down stream, if a fish with any life in him got, it was impossible to follow and gaff him. So I kept him above, almost myself stationary, and himself making but little struggle, as a dead weight for near half an hour. Then I took him down, and Peter gaffed him. 7½lbs. ; bright fish, with sea-louse on him. Length, 2ft. 4in. ; girth, 1ft. 2in. J. B——, jun., and Mr. G—— were in at the death. They went down stream. I waited. Threw down again, and about the same spot rose and hooked another ; in *all* respects, save being rather larger, a similar fish, of similar manners—very dull and stupid fish ! By over-persuasion of Peter and J. B——, jun., who came up, took him down sooner to gaffing place ; fish quite exhausted ; but just as gaff was approaching him, the hold of the hook gave way, and he was “ gone, ” though the line was never strained nor slackened. Mem. : take your *own* way another time in *all* cases. However, I thus restored the reputation of the “ Well, ” or “ Steep Bank ” once more. Yet it would have been a triumph to have carried off two fish from a condemned spot, in the sight of its condemners.

Fished Jones's Deeps, the Quay, and Rector's Pool in vain. But water was rising. Abraded my heel (*see post*). Got to hotel; water rising visibly, and so I left off fishing at 2½ p.m., very lame and broken backed. Showery all day; cold; glass below "change."

Tuesday, 7th Sept.—Water in beautiful order; it had risen, but was clear. Went down stream on left bank to "Holly Stream," &c., &c.; did nothing. Saw steamer start from Trefriw, for Conway. Tide just at ebb at 12 o'clock. At 2½ p.m. went up to Quay Stream; all in vain. Mr. G—— had killed salmon, 8lb., at end of Wall Stream, on left bank; he was fishing Rector's Pool, on right bank. He came up, and I saw one of keepers fishing for him; Mr. C—— went down stream with two keepers; and it was said that one of the keepers fished a little for him; very hard that Peter might not fish for me! Mr. C—— took a sewin, 4½lbs. The day and water were most promising for a good take, and it was most astonishing that none of the rods did "nothing."

Wednesday, 8th Sept.—Wind N.W., glass at "change," air 58 deg., water 56 deg.—high and bright. Went as far as the Well, on the right bank, all in vain. J. B——, jun., Peter, and I tried length of casts from high bank; level behind us; 18ft. rods; cast across the wind; each could throw out 30yds. of line, reaching only about 27yds. distance, making allowance for slack line; Peter threw rather the best, by about 6 inches. Nothing done by any one on the river. At Rector's Pool, a fish rose, but very shyly; another fish followed the fly—not a touch.

Thursday, 9th Sept.—Wind, S.W.; strong air, 68 deg.; water, 56 deg.; bright sun. Only went as far as Jones's Deeps; nothing done, though everything was in order. Below Quay Stream—sky gloomy—saw four fish rise; one fish, about 12lbs. or 15lbs., leaped well out of the water five times; and another rose at the Rector's Pool. I was very poorly and tired, and ceased fishing at 3 p.m. It turned out very wet, and rained all night. Glass falling; strong breeze.

Friday, 10th Sept.—Raining; glass above "change;" air 63 deg.: river rising very high. The non-success of the last three days, which promised so much, shows that when a salmon river is in an unsettled state—constantly rising and falling every 24 hours, and when there is rain coming—however favourable appearances may be as regards wind, water, and weather, little sport may be expected; and for my part, when I see salmon leaping, or even rising of their own accord, I look upon it as a very bad sign. Mr. G—— said to have lost a 30lb. fish at Aber-Llugwy yesterday morning. A heavy raining day, and I did not stir out. River continued very high; glass above "change;" very variable: rising, at 10 p.m.

Saturday, 11th Sept.—Wind S.W., air 63 deg. River high, but clearing. Up at 6 a.m., glass rising. Fished Rector's pool, left bank; thence to Quay Stream, on right bank; fished it very carefully four times—water scarcely clear enough. Sent Peter for lunch: he returned with an annoying message from the lessee about Peter attending me. Sent Peter away, with advice to apologize on his own account. He, however, returned. The lessee had "repented him of the evil"—Peter was to continue in attendance, and so all was peace thenceforth: but it had "riled" me much, and damped my pleasure. Fished up to "shal-

low" below the "Wall Stream." Wind very strong and gusty, and very fatiguing: fished well it and several likely places, in vain. At the very end of Jones's Deeps, rose and hooked a fish. "He must go down the rapid; so, Peter, take the rod and run him down, while I get round to you by the stile." I ran for it, and resumed the rod, killed him, and Peter gaffed: weight 6lb., length 2ft. 4in., girth 1ft. 0½in. —a very dark sewin, well hooked in the tongue. Fished down Quay Stream, and hooked a bright mort of about 3lb., but hold soon gave way. N.B., the last salmon I touched. Mr. G—— said to have killed fish of 12lbs. and 5lb. Ladies not returned home at 6½ p.m., and did not till 8 p.m., long after dark—had walked out, no one knew where: I was alarmed lest they were lost in the mountains again, or had met with some accident. I found they had walked to Stepping Stones by road on the right bank, and thence home along the same side of the river, climbed over stone walls and hedges and stiles, and waded brooks, and passed a not "very amiable" bull. How they managed it I don't know: but, though tired, they were

"Glorious,
O'er all the ills of life victorious."*

CHAPTER V.

Sunday, 12th September: Air 68 degrees; fair morning; glass above "fair," 30½ degrees. A great deal of corn (oats) still "out" uncut, and more uncut. Rains have done much injury. It is strange how small fry, such as trout and morts and small sewin, damage a salmon fly; their teeth are sharp and numerous, and they generally cut the tinsel, the hackle, &c. Peter thinks there is a cross (hybrid) on this river, between the sewin and the trout, from seeing them on the spawning hills together; *sed quære, quære*, say I. Heel much better. Mem.: An opium plaister seems very efficacious, but glycerine in the first instance did it.

Drove to the Swallow Falls, "Rhyadyr (or Rhaiadr)-y-Winnol," through Bettws; at Pont-y-Pair; got fern off the walls (*Asplenium ruta muraria*, Linn), thought to be rare, but it is common in many parts of Britain, on rocks and stone-walls. Alas! here was I shown the spot where I lost in this world my old friend, Tom B——, my Urbanes. He was fishing from the rock above the bridge foundation. He was supposed to have attempted to pass under the bridge, but his foot slipped, and he fell into the deep pool below. He was an excellent swimmer, and had had many such adventures before. It was conjectured that when he slipped, he must have struck his head against the rock; for though got out within ten minutes, all signs of life were gone! Alas! alas! A beautiful day at the Swallow Falls; got what is said to be the smallest known fern. I am not yet able to make it out, but quære is it a fern? The Falls were in splendid water, described too often and seen by too many to need that I should say more. Those who have not seen must go and see. A little further on the road, got a peep at Snowdon's height.

* Query:—O'er all the dales
And hills of Wales
Victorious!

Monday, 13th September: Was aroused at half-past two a.m., and awoke at four a.m., by a very noisy, inconsiderate party who were going to Snowdon. Why won't such young people remember there are other lodgers, and "let a body be"? Before sun-rise, air 56 degrees. N.B.—Canary bird! The ladies had with them a "travelled dickey," and I had often observed that every time I drew out or wound on again the line from or to my "click" winch, during the operation of drying my reel line at night and morning, the bird would immediately and continuously sing. This morning I had some rum-and-milk early, and I found that grating the nutmeg had a similar effect upon him. They love "grating" music, ergo! Dealers, to make their show-birds sing, rub sand about under a tin. Air at mid-day 75 degrees, water 60 degrees. Went down stream on right bank, but sun too bright to give a chance. Saw at end of the "Nailer's Stream" (where some poor nail-maker while bathing was drowned) a fine fish of about 15lbs. rise four times. Returned to Hotel. Ladies were to have gone to Bangor; but coach quite full outside, and so they were disappointed. Booked their places for to-morrow. After sun-down fished Nailer's Stream, &c., on the left bank, in vain.

Tuesday, 14th September: Fine dewy morn; glass 50 degrees 1 tenth; air 76 degrees. Far too sunny to fish; sent ladies off to Bangor, &c.

Wednesday, 15th September: Same kind of day as yesterday, bright sun. Walked to call at Hendre, and dined there. A most lively and pleasant meeting of old friends, after, a parting of near twenty years. At 5 p.m. went to "Flat Stream."

"You've not lost your skill," says J. B.—

But I had no luck. At Hendre found land-shells—*Helicella rotundata*, *Helicella pura*, and *Helix siricea*. I had before found, about Gwydyr Castle, *Succinea amphibia*, *Clausilia nigricans*, *Helicella cellaria*, *Helicella rotundata*, and *H. excavata*. Heard the quintuple echo at Barth Ddu Meadows—Saw the comet. Mr. C— had killed 5lbs. sewin at Lady's Stream.

Thursday, 16th September: No hope for fishers; took out trout-rod, but nil; took salmon-rod, but ditto. Mr. C— took one of 6lbs. below bridge. Thunder, lightning, and rain; glass falling to "change." Ladies returned from their trip delighted. It was a beautiful one to take, worth all the distance from London. They went direct to Bangor through Bettws-y-Coed, past Swallow Falls (coach stops for passengers to get off and go down to see there), through Capel Curig, past Ogwen Lake, the splendid wild pass of Nant Francon, by the Penrhy Slate Quarries, Bethesda, and the model village of Llandegai. They slept, &c., at Bangor. Next morning went over the Menai Straits suspension bridge, and on to the top of the Britannia tubular bridge. Bill *in toto* at British Hotel 19s. 3d.; fares paid previously. On to Carnarvon by rail; saw Castle; slept there, &c.; bill at Uxbridge Arms Hotel (including fare by coach back to Llanrwst 15s.), £1 15s. Returning by another route, they saw the magnificent Pass of Llanberris, its lakes and village, Glider Fawr, Snowdon, Nant Gwynant in far, and Capel Curig Lakes; all exquisite scenery. They arrived at Llanrwst at 4 p.m.

Friday, 17th September: Rain in morning, which is very dull; river

same as yesterday, &c. ; glass falling ; air $67\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. A Llanrwst fair day ; turned out soon to be a very bright day, and I scarcely made a dozen casts of the fly. Two fish were leaping at "Jones' Deeps." After sun-down tried Lady's Stream and Bridge Stream in vain, from left bank, and from Hotel garden—all vain. Glass falling rapidly, 29 degrees 3 tenths ; cloudy. Ladies went to see the so-called Gwydyr Castle ; after all, it is no castle, but a mere moderate-sized house (circumstances considered) ; there is, however, some interest in it, and it should be seen. Queen Elizabeth's Spinnet there—"The Virgin Queen's." (? ?) Slight shower at night.

Saturday, 18th September : Fine breezy morning ; glass 29 degrees $6\frac{1}{2}$ tenths ; air $67\frac{1}{2}$ degrees ; in the evening glass above 30 degrees ; moon hazy, with a partial halo. N.B.—At 1 p.m. sun was partially obscured by a leaden gauze veil, and there was—what I had never observed before—at a considerable distance from it, a complete halo, very distinct, round it, the inner edge of which seemed of a yellow-brownish hue. Went down left bank below bridge, with trout-rod : pricked a few small morts and trout, opened about twenty live mussels—*Margaritana* (*Alasmodon margaritifera*), but found no good pearl, only rudiments thereof. Pearls in this mussel sometimes very fine ; one from this river, said to be in the present regal crown, said to have been given by Sir Richard Wynne, of Gwydyr, to Catherine, Queen of Charles II. I had purchased four very decent ones for 15s. ; I found a parasitic worm in several of these mussels, white, long $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch, round ; put them in whisky and water, but when I got to London they were almost rendered useless for examination ; gave them to the British Museum, and must get more in better order.

Sunday, 19th September : Air 57 degs. ; said to have been a sharp frost on the fields—*sed quare* ; glass above 30 degs. ; a very gloomy misty day. Met near Quay Stream, when on a stroll, a party of six persons ; they looked very much like poachers !! Evening, glass still above 30 degs.

Monday, 20th September : My last day ; rather gloomy morning ; air 60 degs. ; glass above 30 degs. Took a car with ladies as far as Steppingstones : they went on to Beaver Pool. I determined against all prospect of success to try my best ; fished everywhere downwards, but *all* in vain ! At Hafod Deeps waited two hours for a breeze in vain ; hopeless without. Saw, say, at least twenty fish rising and leaping ever and anon. With a breeze I am almost sure I should have taken one or two good fish. Fished down streams and pools in vain, and so ended my fishing ! At Barth-ddw Meadows, Peter pointed out below the banks, foot-steps of poachers : self-evident ; what other business has a tread there ? Mentioned this afterwards to Mr. C—— ; but he laughed at the idea.

Tuesday, 21st September : Morning of departure. Peter had packed all my kippered salmon. When fresh—six only—they weighed respectively :

lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	Total.
$12\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$	6	6	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	41lbs.

When kippered the weights were—

$7\frac{3}{4}$	$4\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$23\frac{3}{4}$
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"Well, Peter, as you tell me you are willing to give me the receipt, let me know how you kipper fish?"

"Sir, I have no secrets in fishing, and am willing to tell or show all I know connected with it. You must be governed by the size of the fish; but the recipe for a 12lb. fish is this:"

"First catch your fish, Peter."

"Yes, sir."

"Then open and clean him inside with dry cloths; don't split him through, but merely open him as a cook would; then place him on his back, and lay on the inside and about him plenty of salt, pound a lump of saltpetre about the size of a large nut, and sprinkle the powder inside along the back-bone, and sprinkle about two table-spoonful of brown sugar over the inside. Let the fish lie thus on his back for nine or ten days (according to size). Then wash and put him in cold water for two or three hours, wipe dry, and hang him for an hour or two in-doors, in the breeze, to dry; then hang him up the chimney with plenty of the smoke of green alder leaves, &c., till the flesh becomes of a rich golden colour. If properly and continuously smoked, one night is enough."

"Thank you, Peter: the correspondents of *The Field* will thank you for this recipe." (I have since tasted my fish thus cured, and they are super-excellent)!

"Well, Peter, what is the news this morning?"

"As I showed you yesterday, sir, the poachers were at work. Our going to that spot at Barth-ddw disturbed them; one on the opposite side at the moment of our coming, and passing by it, lost a fine fish he was about to gaff among the bush-roots. They took, however, one good fish yesterday, but a finer one this very morning. There, sir; look, see what the servant of the Hotel has just carried past us, a fine bright salmon of about 8lbs., and two morts of 1lb. each. How came those in the same dish together? No lawful net took the small ones, and sure all were poached together. The people of the Hotel are not alive to these things, but to me they are evident."

"But, Peter, why don't you give information about these things?"

"What interest have I, sir, in preserving? What kindness or consideration do the fishery and those connected with it show me? How have I been persecuted and threatened while fishing with you! Why should I place myself in collision with poachers of my own standard in life? I do not, as I have assured you, join with them; but why should I turn against them?"

"Peter, I think you are somewhat justified. I believe you are not a poacher. I believe you are as thoroughly a lover of legitimate fishing, as enthusiastically so, as I or any other subscriber to the fishery; and I do believe that if you had a ticket to fish on your own account, or were authorized to fish with a gentleman's rod, as with mine, for his benefit or amusement, I believe you would do all to preserve the fishing as much as any gentleman would. You love fishing as a sport, and not the catching of fish for your table or pocket."

"Thank you, sir; it is so. Why should not we common people have tastes as well as our betters?"

There is subject for thought in this. Aye, and beyond that general thought of the feelings of the less educated people, there is subject for thought for proprietors or lessees of the river Conway, and all

rivers, and I may say philanthropists. If three keepers (such is their present number), instead of being more or less *always* employed looking on or idling about, or fishing for the ticket-holders of the fishery, were driven away from their presence, and ordered to creep stealthily about in ambush, hunting for those poaching-gaffers of salmon by day, or sent to bed during the day, in order that they might be "up" and more watchful by night, and if the better kind or more skilful of the poachers were encouraged to be attendants on gentlemen during the day, so as to have some inducement to find their employers a better hope of success, and render themselves less inclined by fatigue for "nocturnal rambles," the disposition and power of poaching would be almost crushed at once. Give an interest to them (with the attendant remuneration), as in the preservation of terrestrial game, and poaching would cease. Certainly keepers who are attendants or lookers-on of legitimate fishers by day, can be of no use by day elsewhere, and at night must be asleep, being mortals, when they ought to be wide awake and everywhere.

After all, I took but 40 lbs. of salmonidæ, not reckoning the smaller fry. It is not much; but I have shown that but for the chances of war, I *ought* to have taken about 75 lbs.; and *might*, but for the mysterious influences of weather, or what not, have taken double that weight in my 28 days (so called) salmon fishing on the Conway.

Even if I had taken 150 lbs. of fish, in what we may say were my *actual* number of days, it could not be called *great success*, as compared with many rivers in the United Kingdom. But the Conway is a moderate river, and very convenient of access, and a late river, where late salmon fishers may resort, when almost all others are closed; and I like it.

It is the common custom of all who write about fishing excursions, to describe their flies;—so common, that I would fain depart from it, were it not that it affords me fair opportunity of making what I have long considered a most important observation in relation to salmon fishing—"long," for in the *New Sporting Mag.*, vol. xix., Oct. 1840, pp. 214-5-6, I have attended to it, with a promise of "some day," &c.!

But first, if any flies are preferred on the Conway, by name and colour, at this time, there are two. First, "the silver body." This, as its name implies, is distinguished by its body being composed almost entirely of bright shining silver tinsel. There is the usual golden pheasant's top, and, perhaps, a little of the black-striped summer-duck, or some of the golden pheasant's ruff, for tail, with three or four turns of gold thread under it; then about 1-16th of an inch of rich light-brown floss-silk, over which the gold thread is wound once; the hackle, blue, scarlet, or crimson, is then tied in, and the body carried up of the shining silver tinsel, compactly wound on. The gold thread is then wound over this *openly* up towards the head, and beside it, the hackle; then come the wings, of a mixture of the same summer-duck, golden pheasant's ruff, green parrot, speckled summer-duck (like the mallard's feather, but much lighter in colour), long blue and yellow macaw, as feelers, finishing with a speckled summer-duck, hackled on, and peacock herl at the head.

The other fly is called "the hussar," with a body, part sky-blue and part yellow silk or chenille; its distinguishing character being a bright scarlet, and bright full orange hackle wound above the tying down of the wings, and usual tail, gold tinsel up body, and usual wings.

The fly with which I caught almost all my fish, large and small, and which on the occasion I called "the mighty conqueror," is an old Conway fly. It was dressed on what I am fortunate to possess a few of, a genuine old O'Shaughnessy, measuring 1 7-16ths inch, golden pheasant top for tail dyed fiery orange, gold tinsel under it, maroon dyed ostrich herl, light-brown and blue silk body, over which was a full yellow hackle, wings of the same striped summer-duck, golden pheasant's tail, and red breast, "Funereal" parrot (red, black, and yellow-striped), blue and yellow macaw feelers, and a jay's striped wing feather hackled on, and black ostrich herl at the head.

But now comes the important point, to which I wish to draw the attention of salmon fishers and professional London fly dressers. We—I believe, I may say "we," in Wales—do not attach any particular importance to the mere colour of the materials of our flies; size is of some importance as regards difference in the state of the water and parts of it, as to rapid, stream, or still pool; but we attach the *greatest* importance to the *make* of the fly, or the mode in which the wings are put on. This idea, though certainly prevalent on the Conway for upwards of twenty-five years, is, I believe, imported from some private fly-dressers (not tackle-shops) in Ireland. We do not approve of entire feathers, or parts of feathers in the wings, nor that the wings should lie compact and compressed upon the body. We put the wings on thus: Take an *equal* number of the single fibres of the smallest feather we design to use for wings, and fix those down on the back of the hook by a single turn of silk; then, by pressure of the thumb-nail, we separate the fibres as much as we can, and make one-half of the number lie, sticking outwards on the one side of the hook, and the other half on the other, and fix them so by a second turn of the silk, and so on from the smallest to the largest fibres, and always as near as possible, keeping an equal number of separated fibres on each side; but not without partially spreading over the hook as well as on either side. This balances the fly, causing it to "swim" beautifully, with the point of the hook always downwards.

The *rationale* of the plan is this: Considering the jerking motion we communicate to the fly in the water, to represent the action of a shrimp or other marine animal, the fly when quiet on the water represents that animal, with its legs, feelers, and tail spread out; but the instant the line is tightened by a jerk, all the fibres of the fly close up, as do the legs, &c., of the animal in its jerking progressive motion. This repeated, we believe to be the sure deception, which beguiles a salmon to its death. The dark portions of a striped or speckled fibre may represent the joints in the legs, &c., of the animal. I hope that my firm belief in the importance of this point may excuse my prolixity.

Pleasant drive to Conway, and after depositing luggage at railway station, drove to Llandudno. Greatly altered, and, as a watering place, wonderfully improved; went over Conway Castle, very fine still, even in its ruin! and at 4 p.m. entered train for London. We were twice shifted into a fresh carriage; *ergo*, entered three different carriages. Once I left my rod behind, and should have lost it in the bustle, but for the sharp-sightedness of an attentive porter. Instead of ten minutes at Stafford, as per "time table," had not five minutes for refreshments; and but for the great kindness of a passenger to Stafford, who ran to inform me that we had to change for London, I don't know what would

have happened to luggage, "dickey," or selves. We again thank him!! Got safe at last to London, at 11 p.m.; but mem.: railway wooden viaduct, near Stafford, burnt down same night, after we had passed it.

The relation of adventures of my twenty-eight days, and my common place observations, and perhaps not valueless suggestions, are over; but in common gratitude I cannot but cast one "longing, lingering, look behind," at the Eagles Hotel, Llaurwst!

I must again refer to the most liberal comfort and treatment we met with there, and own our thanks for the unobtrusive attention and kindness shown to me and my party by Mr. and Mrs. Pegg, and the accountant, Miss S.—, and by the servants, high and low.

"Well, Mrs. Pegg, my account?"

"There it is, sir; and in consideration of the ladies' absence for three days, Mr. Pegg will not allow you to pay for the carriage to Conway."

"Oh! yes; you must charge."

"No, sir."

"Well, about servants; always a difficult question."

"It is charged for—£1 15s."

"Well, then take thy bill, and write it down £2 15s."

If ever a more unexpected and uncalled for act of considerate liberality was done by any proprietor of hotel, I am much mistaken. May they prosper!

THEOPHILUS SOUTH.

THE HIGH ALPS.

BY A DEVONIAN.

No. II.

The Pass of the Chasseroz—The Pas d'Anelle—Champéry—A Picnic Party—
Swiss Guides—Ascent of the Dent-du-Midi.

The Chasseroz used to be considered a pass of considerable danger, and five years ago I could not find any one at Sixt who would go over it with me. It is much more frequented at present, and the paths are improved; however, it still is rather difficult, but not at all dangerous, except in bad weather.

The day was not very promising when we started, and we had various deliberations as to what our plans should be. I was decidedly for going on, which we eventually did; and although we got a good ducking before we arrived at our journey's end, neither M— nor I regretted the determination we had come to.

We walked rapidly past the Fer-à-Cheval, and ascended the lower part of the Vaudru by a steep zig-zag path nearly opposite the southern extremity of the glacier of Mont Ruan, as far as the chalets of La Voujole, situated in the middle of a green plain, a complete oasis in a desert. Here we halted for ten minutes, took a little of Moeand's kirschwasser, a liqueur for which the neighbourhood of Sixt is famous, and then proceeded, almost without stopping, to the top of the Col. The sun did its best for us, but could not entirely dispel the clouds; however,

we had a magnificent view—not of course so extensive as we afterwards had from the Dent-du-Midi, but still it was very grand. The Tani-verges, an inaccessible peak nearly 9,000 feet in height, and the Tour Sallière still higher, and nearly as precipitous, alternately bursting through the mist, then hiding their diminished heads, and then again suddenly reappearing, formed a series of dissolving views it would be difficult adequately to describe. Immediately before us was the deeply crevassed glacier of Mont Ruan extending to the Grenairon on the south, and uniting its frozen Nevé with the glacier of Sésanfe to the east; and in the distance the rugged Pointe-de-Sale and the graceful Buet took it by turns to display their lofty summits.

We found a good deal of new snow on the Col, and as the weather was beginning to look more threatening we were soon obliged to push on. Before descending on the Swiss side we had to go for some distance along a ridge of slate of a considerable incline, which the half-melted snow had made very slippery. Poor M——, who although pretty good on ice was not a great hand at rock, did not like this at all! I must confess that it was rather queer walking, as we had a perpendicular precipice of about 200 feet on our right (just as bad as 2,000 if one went over), and deep snow on our left, and we were obliged to walk within a foot or two of the edge of the precipice to avoid the deep snow. The descent to the first Swiss table-land is chiefly along a water-course, for it can hardly be said to be a path. The authorities of Champéry have in some places put up iron bars to hold by; but as they have generally selected spots where there is little or no difficulty, they are not much used. Just as we reached this table-land it began to rain, and we took refuge for half an hour in a kind of cavern or hut hewn out of the rock and built up with stones in front, where we found some swine-herds, who, I believe, in addition to looking after their pigs, do a little business in the way of smuggling! Indeed, I should not be at all surprised if a small brandy-still were to be found in some of the recesses of this mountain *ritiro*.

When a Savoyard intends making an excursion into Switzerland with the view of bringing back a few little articles about which he does not wish to trouble the Customs, he takes a large bread or flour-sack, into which he can stow away a great deal without exciting much suspicion. Our porter having probably an eye to what he might take back when he was homeward bound, provided himself with one of these bags, into which he put our plaids and knapsacks. The consequence was that when we resumed them we had very much the appearance of millers, however much we may have been taken for noblemen in disguise!

We hurried down the “Pas d’Ancelle,” said to be a *mauvais pas*, without meeting with any misadventure; indeed so little did we think of its dangers that we afterwards went up it, in the night, with a lantern, on our way to the Dent-du-Midi, and giving only a cursory glance to the fine fall of the Viège at its right, we steadily pursued our course on to Champéry, stopping only for a short time at the hospitable Chalet of Bonavaux to dry ourselves and to drink some hot milk, one of the most refreshing and invigorating beverages imaginable in a mountain excursion.

Nothing can be more lovely than the view that is obtained of the Val d’Illiers just after leaving Bonavaux. Immediately beneath you is

a forest of pine and larch, through which the tortuous path you have to descend winds its way; a little beyond, Champéry with its pretty church and Alpine cottages enlivens the scene; then comes the picturesque Village of Trois-Torrents, near the confluence, as its name implies, of three streams, including the Viège, which irrigate the rich and luxuriant pastures of this delightful valley. To the right the Dent-du-Midi stretches forth its snow-clad summits: to the left are the Portes-du-Soleil, and the hills which separate Switzerland from the district of Chablais in Savoy; and in the distance is the wide valley of the Rhone with the Chamossaire and Les Ormonts as a back-ground. What a spot for Calame or Lee to luxuriate in! We visited it two or three times whilst we were at Champéry—which I strongly recommend as headquarters for five or six days—and on one occasion we fell in with some Swiss artists, who pitched their tent at Bonavaux for three weeks.

The good people of the Hotel de la Dent-du-Midi at Champéry were rather astonished to see us arrive without a guide. I don't know whether this predisposed them in our favour, but at all events we got two of the best rooms in the house, and in a very short time were so comfortably installed in them that we at once agreed to put ourselves *en pension* for a week. There is no knowledge more useful than knowing when one is well off! In the instance now before us I had three good meals and an excellent bed-room for five francs per day, the only extra being wine.

The Swiss, however, complain of this as being too dear, and I understand that next year the price will be only four francs and a-half! At Bex and at some other places in the valley of the Rhone there are pensions at three francs and a-half, and even at three francs per day; but I should think that no one would stay an hour longer than was absolutely necessary in any part of the Rhone valley when there is such a place as Champéry within a few hours' drive from it. I say within a few hours' drive, for every one does not arrive there by the route we took. There is a pretty fair char road from Monthey, which they are improving every day; and I am told, that in the course of next summer the railway will be opened from the Lake of Geneva to Monthey, so that Champéry is likely soon to become a fashionable place. I sincerely trust, however, that it will not be spoilt by the English, as is the case with many other places. Interlaken has become quite unbearable, and even Zermatt has not quite escaped the Anglican mania that has nearly destroyed Chamounix!

It was rather late in the season when we got to Champéry, and most of the pensionnaires had left. I don't think that we were ever more than ten or twelve at dinner; we managed, however, to pass our time most agreeably, although we had two wet days. We had no right, however, to complain of this, for we certainly were most fortunate in our weather. In eight weeks we only had five days' rain, and that rain we should have been extremely sorry to have been deprived of; as, in addition to the advantage to be derived from cooling the air and laying the dust, an occasional wet day is a great godsend in a walking expedition. In the first place, it compels you to take a thorough rest, which no one likes to indulge in, as long as weather is fine; and, secondly, it gives you an opportunity of repairing the damage which your rather limited wardrobe is con-

stantly experiencing! "A propos de bottes," I should be very ungrateful if I did not mention that Mr. V—, an amateur artist from Erin's Isle, who was sketching at Champéry, most kindly lent me a pair of boots the day I ascended the Dent-du-Midi, my own at the time being rather *hors de combat*. My friend in need was afterwards very proud of wearing those boots: he used to look down at his feet, and say, in a jaunting manner, "Very good boots these—they have been to the top of the Dent-du-Midi!" In addition to the artist and his wife, a Genevese, our party consisted of a French lady, with two pretty daughters, a Dutch Protestant missionary, who had been at Java, and his sister, and two or three Englishmen, pedestrians like ourselves. The day after our arrival I suggested a picnic, as the easiest means of placing the party on an amicable footing, and of getting rid of formality. The proposition was carried unanimously, and Les Portes du Soleil were fixed upon as the trysting place. We had a charming day; and I think that no one enjoyed it more than the two French young ladies, to whom the lighting a fire *en pleine campagne*, and the rustic repast on the green sward, were a perfect novelty. They were quite enchanted, and would have gone to the Dent-du-Midi with us the next day, had not mamma, after a long consultation with the guides, thought it more prudent that they should not attempt it; and very fortunate for us it was that they gave it up, as, had they been of the party, we never should have reached the summit. Les Portes du Soleil (*lucus a non lucendo*, so far as the gates are concerned—unlike the Portes in the Pyrennees, where, as in the case of the Porte de Venasque, there really is a sort of natural gateway in the rock) are a great place of resort, not only for the visitors at Champéry, but also for the bathers at Morgin—a little mineral-water bathing and drinking place, within a few hours' walk of Champéry. Morgin is much frequented by the Swiss—more, I fancy, on the ground of economy than from any great benefit they derive from its waters. When I was there last year I found between fifty and sixty pensionnaires there; amongst others, the Bishop of St. Maurice, who appeared rather alarmed at seeing an Englishman, for he told me that the English had already driven him out of two of his summer retreats by raising the prices. I quieted him, however, by assuring him that, although I am often in the habit of cutting down my bills at hotels in Switzerland, I never (with the solitary exception of the "Soleil" at Visp, where the good people really sometimes don't charge enough to repay themselves for their outlay) add to the amount of them.

The English and Americans—and I think that the Americans are almost worse than the English—are very wrong in spoiling the market; but I must say that when money is pressed upon them, the Swiss are the most willing victims I ever met with! This, however, does not justify the seducer. I heard of one instance of a maiden lady who was so delighted with her Swiss guide that, when she discharged him, she gave him twenty pounds to go to the Tyrol with, in order that he might travel about and qualify himself to be a guide there also, promising him at the same time to take him herself as a guide in the Tyrol in the ensuing year. Faithful to her promise, as spinsters usually are, the lady started in the summer of the next year for the

Tyrol, and took her Swiss *protégé* with her, and I daresay that he made himself very useful as well as agreeable; but whether he had spent the twenty pounds and remained quietly in Switzerland, or whether he had actually gone to the Tyrol, he had not learnt much of the geography of the Rhætian Alps, and whenever they got off the high road his kind protectress had to employ a Tyrolese guide to show him the way.

Another lady, the wife I believe of a late Governor of the Bank of England, last year availed herself for several days of the services of one of the Chamounix guides. He was well paid—six francs per day, which is now the usual tariff, although I can recollect when guides were only paid five francs; in addition to which she gave him a very handsome *bonne-main*, and six francs per day for return fare. The liberality of the lady, however, was not yet exhausted. The guide showed me this year a beautiful silk waterproof cape which she had sent him from England, and which he told me had cost eighty francs! Swiss guides are certainly very fortunate people: I will only add one more proof of it. A friend I met this year, who was staying at Interlaken, a place of all others where a guide is of little or no use, told me that whilst at Lucerne he had had a great piece of good luck, for he had retained one of the most experienced guides of the whole Oberland. I, of course, inquired what ascents he had made, what glaciers he had explored, what new passes he had discovered; but found, to my astonishment, that, although he had for some time paid this treasure *eight* francs per day, he had generally travelled by boat, or in a char, and that his principal excursions had been the usual drives and promenades in the neighbourhood of Interlaken. As he had told me, however, that his guide had been of great service to him, I pressed him rather pertinaciously in order to ascertain what use he could possibly have made of him. "Oh! he has made himself very useful in divers ways," says he at last. "I find it the greatest possible comfort to have him: I have no trouble whatever. For instance: when I go out in a boat he always carries my telescope!" I say again—*Swiss guides are very fortunate people.*

The ascent of the Dent-du-Midi is *the* thing to be done at Champéry. And immediately on our return from the pic-nic we made all the necessary preliminary preparations for the great expedition. The weather being beautiful, I should have liked to have gone without a guide; but M—— so loudly protested against it, that I was obliged to give up the point; and as I was quite indifferent about the powers, both mental and physical, of our cicerone, I submitted with the best grace imaginable to take the first on the rota. Champéry, like its neighbours, has its rota not only of guides, but also of horses and mules, although they do not "stand upon the order of their going" with the same uncompromising obstinacy as at Chamounix. The best guides in the Val d'Illyers, I believe, are Julien Rey and J. Oberhausen; but neither of them fell to our lot. I afterwards, however, saw Rey on his return from a shooting expedition, and he appeared to be wiry and intelligent. The guide we had was active and obliging, and is, no doubt, very good for ordinary excursions; but he evidently wants a little more experience of ice and snow, to qualify himself for anything really difficult.

I have heard it said that soldiers sleep well on the night before a battle. If that be really so, all I can say is, that they are more fortunate than most civilians on the eve of a mimic fight! I almost invariably find that whether one has to contend with bear or fox, eagle or grouse, snow or rock, it is very difficult to get a good night's rest previously to any expedition of more than usual interest or excitement; and when M—— and I were called at 2.30 A.M. on the 4th of September last, I don't think that either of us had had much sleep, although we had retired to bed soon after nine the night before. We did not spend much time on our toilette, and were soon *en route*, our guide trotting along before us with a lantern. The night was very dark, and we lost our way three times before the Pas d'Annelle! M—— thought this rather ominous, and he began to be a little out of conceit with the guide; his theory being—or rather I should say having been, for I think his opinion is a little shaken now—that guides are never wrong. An excellent friend of mine, the member for ——, who goes abroad nearly every year, has the same notion about a pet courier he employs. No matter what country he wants to explore; whether he wishes to walk, ride, or drive is wholly immaterial—this fortunate courier is always sent for, and until the end of the learned M.P.'s journey he is the arbitrary master of his fate. My friend's constituents need not, however, be alarmed: the courier takes great care of his employer; and for the best possible reason—in so doing he takes care of himself. But I should think that all the parallel lines with which Sebastopol was circumvented would be nothing in point of length as compared with the *short cuts* he has taken him!

As we reached the top of the Pas d'Annelle light was just beginning to dawn, and a picture suddenly presented itself to our view that few painters' pallets could produce. The glacier of Sésanse and the Tour Sallière—at that time covered with fresh snow, the only objects distinctly visible—stood out in bold relief before us, without a cloud or particle of mist upon them; but they were of such a pale and unnatural hue (a kind of greyish-purple) as to cause a mysterious feeling of solemnity and awe it was impossible, for some minutes, to shake off. The grandeur of the scene was much added to by our being ourselves in a deep ravine, into which the light had not penetrated: and for some time we stood motionless in silent admiration, fearing lest by advancing a step, we might break the spell in which we were entranced. M—— was particularly struck. I had once before witnessed a somewhat similar effect when I ascended Monte Rosa. Then we were a much larger party, and in great spirits; and although that sight was more stupendous and exciting, we did not there experience that sensation of mystery and awe that was produced by the view from the Pas d'Annelle.

I believe that the first thing which recalled us from the ideal was seeing our matter-of-fact guide blowing out the candle in the lantern; and the exhalations which arose from the half-extinguished mutton-fat entirely brought us back to the labours of the day. We descended a little to the left, and crossed the Viège above the cascade on some large stones, which, in consequence of the sudden melting of the snow, were entirely covered with water before we returned; so that on our way home we had to take off our stockings and wade through the

stream, and a capital *bain de pieds* we frequently had in that sort of way. From the Pas d'Ancelle there is a path to St. Maurice, which, leaving the Dent-du-Midi considerably to the left, skirts the northern side of the glacier of Sésanfe, and, passing over the Col de Salanfe, comes into the valley of the Rhone, nearly opposite the Dent de Morcles. This path we followed for a short distance, and then we struck off to our left, and ascended the south side of the Dent-du-Midi, walking sometimes on turf, but mostly on small loose slates, which gave way under our feet to such an extent as to make us lose one step out of every three or four we took. This lasted for nearly two hours, and was very fatiguing; and then came what I suppose is considered the difficulty of the ascent—a kind of gully or opentunnel of rock, up which, if you are in good wind, you may easily scramble by the aid of your hands and feet in less than half an hour. This channel is pretty steep, and is a good climb, no doubt; but it did not appear to me difficult. M——, however, was blown; and I had to wait twenty minutes on the ridge at the top of it for him and the guide.

On their arrival, we held a council of war. The snow here was deep, and the guide evidently did not like it. He said that the Dent had never been ascended with so much snow upon it, and he advised us to go no further; and I don't blame him for having given that advice, as it was almost impossible for him to know what the depth of the snow which had recently fallen might be. The weather, however, was lovely; we were told afterwards that it was the finest day of the whole year. There was no wind; the sun shone brightly, but without scorching; not a vestige of a cloud darkened the deep blue sky; and on trying the snow, I found that, although it gave way a little, by walking fast and treading lightly I did not sink more than eighteen inches. I determined, therefore, to proceed, and went right at a snow-field of five hundred or six hundred yards in breadth. This put an end to all hesitation on the part of my companions, who soon followed. We pursued our course in an easterly direction until we saw the cross at the top due north, and in less than an hour we waved a handkerchief as a flag from the highest point of the Dent-du-Midi. A few seconds afterwards we heard the boom of a cannon fired by our friends in the valley below, who were watching our progress with a telescope.

The sight was glorious! To the north, the blue lake of Geneva, backed by the Jura from the Dole to the Chaumont; to the east, the Rhone valley nearly to Visp, with the Diablerets, the Wildhorn, and the Bietschhorn on one side, the Velan, the Combin, the Matterhorn, the Dent Blanche, the Weisshorn, and Monte Rosa on the other; to the south, Mont Blanc in all its glory, with its long list of inaccessible needles from the Aiguille du Midi to the Aiguille d'Argentière. In the distance we saw the mountains of Dauphiné in one direction, and the Alps of the Grisons in the other. Immediately beneath us, looking northwards, was the Val d'Illiers, which we could see from the Col de Coux on the left, to its junction with the valley of the Rhone on the right. Turning to the south, or rather south-east, we perceived the Tête Noire, the Forclaz, and the road to the grand St. Bernard nearly as far as the Hospice; and a little more to the left we could trace the whole course of the fearful inundation that nearly destroyed Martigny in 1818. Seldom can one get so extensive a

view at so moderate a height, for the Dent du Midi is not much more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and only six or seven thousand above Champéry, from whence it takes about six hours to ascend it. We remained an hour at its summit, and did full justice to the Roussillon and cold meat which our landlord at Champéry had provided for us. We carefully compared the Combin with Mont Blanc; but grand as the former is (and from no place is it seen to better advantage than from the Dent du Midi), nothing short of actual measurement will convince me that it is as high as the latter. Our descent was easy enough, although the snow in some places was pretty deep. We did not come down along the crest of the Dent as we had gone up, but we descended in nearly a straight line from the top, having the Tour Sallièrè immediately in front of us as far as the matt or plain of Salanfe; and then we regained the path, and reached our comfortable quarters a little after four in the afternoon.

Just before arriving at Champéry, M—— lost his purse, containing fifteen or sixteen napoleons; which however, luckily, was picked up by our guide, who was walking behind him. Until he showed him his purse, M—— had no idea of having dropped it; yet the man, much to his credit, was very reluctant to accept any reward for having given it to him. He said that if he had not picked it up, it might have been some time before it would have been returned, as in all probability it would have been found by some peasants who were going up the mountain, and who would not have been able to make any inquiries about the owner until the next market day. He would not, however, admit the possibility of its not being returned, if found, as he said that there were no *strangers* in that part of the valley. This, no doubt, spoke volumes for the natives; but at the same time it rather reminded me of the story told of a servant at a well-known London club, who having found a watch which one of the members had left on a dressing-table, brought it to its owner, at the same time saying to him, *sotto voce*, "It is lucky, sir, that none of the gentlemen saw it!"

The inhabitants of the Val d'Illiers must think that English travellers literally strew the ground with gold; for two days afterwards another Englishman lost his porte-monnaie, which contained about fifteen pounds, in coming from Monthey to Champéry. In this instance, however, the purse did not find its way back to its owner; but whether that was in consequence of there being strangers in that part of the valley or not, I cannot say.

Although I could add a great deal more about the excursions round Champéry, I think that the reader may consider that if he is ever to get to the Eggishorn, it is time to move on. So I will only add that we left the Val d'Illiers, hoping again some day to pay it a visit, and to meet some of our acquaintances there; and that in the course of a few hours we reached Vevay, where we were not sorry to spend a couple of days, to *read up* the *Times*, which we had not seen for a fortnight—had it only been for the purpose of ascertaining what our friends had been doing in the way of

"Hatches, matches, and despatches."

(To be continued.)

L I T E R A T U R E.

“TELFER'S SYSTEM OF HORSE TAMING.” By F. Taylor. *Ward and Lock, Fleet-street.*

This little handy book on the horse is by a pupil of Mr. Telfer; and the experience of one who has for so many years practised successfully the important art of horse-taming, must of itself be acceptable. Independently of this, there are many valuable suggestions and hints to be found in its pages, which are not only practicable, but are also worthy of being followed.

“THIRTY YEARS OF A DRAMATIC AUTHOR'S LIFE.” By E. Fitzball, Esq. *T. C. Newby.*

There are few of our readers that have not witnessed the successful performances of this most prolific writer—represented at almost every theatre in London, from the boards of the classical Covent Garden, to those of the illegitimate “Cobourg.” To those, then, who are unaware of the quantity and quality of the numerous pieces that have emanated from the pen of Mr. Fitzball, we need only say that this gentleman takes a most prominent stand as a highly-gifted dramatic author, and that it will be instructive as well as amusing to them to watch the wild vicissitudes of a stage-writer's life. In the work under notice, the author is less egotistical than any other biographer that we have met with: he merely gives as much of his birth, parentage, and education, as is necessary to place him in a proper position before the reader; and the whole of the personal and family matter is told with a modest, kindly feeling—proving by every word the truthfulness of the narrative. Nor are the “sayings and doings” of managers and actors less artistically or cleverly handled: their follies are exposed by one whose wit is ever as keen, yet polished, as the sword alluded to by *Sir Lucius*; and whose satire shows more of the keen edge of the razor, than the jagged blade of the oyster knife.

P U B L I C A M U S E M E N T S O F T H E M E T R O P O L I S.

Never even in the memory of that modern oracle, often heard but seldom seen—the oldest inhabitant—has there been such a Boxing-night as that just celebrated. Places of amusement never were so thronged, and never were there so many of them. Increase of appetite has grown by what it has fed upon. Of pantomime and burlesque, the former appears to be in the ascendancy, not only numerically, but in intrinsic worth, the burlesques of the present Christmas being nearly all voted “slow.” Taking pantomime as it is, it must be considered an altogether different entertainment to what it was. Scenery now takes the place of mirth; elegance of design and pictorial beauty have almost superseded rollicking fun and satire's shafts. But who can say the old elements of pantomime will never be restored? as old fashions do return—witness, in proof, the Hoop-de-doodem-do mania. As it is, perhaps it is the most philosophical plan to accept the goods the gods, or rather managers, provide.

At DRURY LANE, "Robin Hood" is the master of the Christmas revels; and it must be acknowledged that the bold outlaw and his merry men never were the cause of more enjoyment than now. Leaving the exploits of the men in green for a range through dazzling scenes, it is but rendering justice to Mr. Beverley to declare that his pencil was never exercised more successfully. Two instances will suffice to illustrate this—one scene a representation of Dresden china, and the other the "Retreat of the Fairies." Of the former, it is impossible to realize the faintest idea of its splendour by any description. A waterfall with real water positively from its very brilliancy, tries the gaze of the spell-bound spectator. The harlequinade has the fault of many others of the year—it is too long. The scenes are elaborated to a wearisome degree. The most telling of the hits at passing events is the horse-taming by Clown, who subdues a wooden horse with all the *éclat* of a Rary. The pantomimists, with Mr. Boleno as clown, as their chief, acquit themselves as such motley members of society should; that is, to the perfect satisfaction of every one—under the age of sixteen.

Mr. Buckstone is the presiding genius of Pantomime at the HAY-MARKET, and in that capacity this anniversary he comes forward with "Undine, or Harlequin and the Spirit of the Waters;" the well-known German legend being the fount from which he has gained inspiration. The result is a very elegant production, indeed a perfect drawing-room pantomime. If there is any absence of what was once considered a necessary ingredient, broad fun; it is made up for by the very poetical manner in which the author has treated his theme. Here again the scene painter is paramount, one or two of the illustrations being gorgeous to a degree. The pantomimists are worthy of the scene they play on. The brothers Leclercq turning out a really agile Harlequin and humorous Clown.

At the PRINCESS'S we have another refined edition of Grimaldi's works. Splendid scenery, the best *corps de ballet* in London, with a graceful Columbine to head it, all conduce more to pleasing the public than the most conventional absurdities of mischief-making Clowns and feeble Pantaloons.

Over the Water the wonderful exploits of Baron Munchausen serve as a means for introducing the whole strength of Mr. Cooke's strong company. At ASTLEY'S, however, the Clown is an old friend, who, freed for the nonce from the point of the riding-master's whip, is even more facetious and amusing than ever. Indeed the clown at Astley's is declared by many to be the Clown of the season; while well-trained troops of horses with skilful riders, and other such accessories give the make-up of a pantomime as peculiar as it should be attractive.

Peculiar, however, as the Astley's pantomime is, it stands not quite alone. There is one played even in the Circus itself at the ALHAMBRA, where Ella still bravely bounds, and the melancholy Cruiser walks through his now accustomed part of the converted.

In addition to burlesque, the LYCEUM offers a pantomime, which is decidedly the more acceptable of the two; the former being, sooth to say, not one of the most mirth-moving extravaganzas the modern stage can boast of. For the attractions it possesses, it is more indebted to the scene-painter and manager than to the author, whose "Siege of Troy" if a long, is not a very successful one. Seldom, indeed, is that

authority, "the bill of the play," more voracious than in the present instance, as no one will gainsay "The Siege of Troy"—"Too Much for Good Nature."

From the most inconvenient and ill-arranged of houses, the **ADELPHI** has become the very reverse. It is really now one of the best-planned and most elegant of theatres. It is only to be hoped that, with such undeniable recommendations, Mr. Webster will find his exertions crowned with success.

STATE OF THE ODDS, &c.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK,

By Messrs. Tattersall, at Hyde Park Corner, on Monday, November 29th:—

Lambourn, by Loup Garou out of Sister to Satirist	gs. 70
Brown Filly Foal, by Autocrat out of Gilliflower	26
The Druid, by The Libel out of Priestess, 5 years	21

On Monday, December 6th:—

Poodle, by Ion out of Ma Mie, aged	610
King of the Gipsies, by Annandale out of a Mulatto mare	270
Hassock, by Footstool out of Geelong, 2 years	62
Brother to Farthingale, by Cotherstone out of Cloak	52
Saraband, by Cotherstone out of Sequidilla	39
The Baker, by Sir Tatton Sykes out of Poetess	30
Snapdragon, by Sweetmeat out of The Mitre, 2 years	27
Whirlwind, by Storm out of Red Rose, 3 years	25
Bracken, by Venison, dam by Little Red Rover, aged	25
Tranquillity (brood mare), by Venison out of Temper	15

On Monday, December 13th:—

THE PROPERTY OF MR. GEORGE MATHER.—BROOD MARES.

The Doe, dam of Borderer (foaled in 1845), by Melbourne out of Actual; served by Whitelock	84
Voucher (foaled in 1850), by Beverlac out of Stamp; served by The Prime Minister	40
Eva (foaled in 1851), by Pantaloon out of Bertha; served by Whitelock	40
Royalty (foaled in 1840), by Bay Middleton out of H.R.H.; served by The Prime Minister	35
Butterfly (h. b.) (foaled in 1850), by Orlando out of the Princess of Wales; served by The Prime Minister	30
The Maid of Lincoln (foaled in 1849), by Orlando dam by Bran; served by The Prime Minister	29
Jenny Wren (foaled in 1852), by Robert de Gorham out of Bourra Tomacha; served by The Prime Minister	25
Meliora (foaled in 1851), by Melbourne out of Lady Godiva; served by Whitelock	23

STALLION.

Whitelock (foaled in 1852), by Ratan out of Miss Martin, by St. Martin....	50
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YEARLINGS.

Bay Filly, by The Prime Minister out of Candlewick	51
Bay Colt, by The Prime Minister out of Voucher	11
Brown Filly, by The Prime Minister out of Jenny Wren	10½

Bay Mare, by Cattonite dam, by Combat, 4 years	15½
Birdwing, by Birdcatcher out of Albani, 2 years	10½

Horses sold to go abroad:—The Flying Dutchman to the French Government for 4,000 gs. Poodle, Wardermarske, Schiedam, and Mongrel have been purchased by Baron Spörcken for the Hanoverian Government; and the brood mares Baroness, by Don John, served by Lord of the Isles; Cinaminta, served by Acrobat; and the yearling colt by Andover, dam by Comus, grandam by Young Phantom out of Smolensko, by Count Ladislas Dzieduzycki, and sent to Jesupol, Galicia. Pyrrhus the First has also been let, to go to France.

Deaths of blood stock:—The famous brood mare Crucifix, destroyed by order of her owner; Proud Preston Peg; Mr. Merry's yearling by Stockwell out of Terrona; and Mr. Halford's brood mares—Leamington's dam, Hop Duty, and Myrtle, from an epidemic in the stud.

The Irish Turf has just lost two of its celebrities—Mr. George Watts, who died on the thirtieth of November, and Denny Wynne, the jockey, on the twenty-seventh of the same month. Mr. Watts, who was a veterinary surgeon by profession, was the owner of a number of good horses; and Wynne combined the rare talent of being able to ride equally well over a country and a course.

Reform has reached Newmarket at last, and a Stand is determined on.

Notwithstanding the proverbial dulness of the period, we are enabled to draw out a somewhat lengthy table on the Derby, for which Cavendish, Merryman, and Rainbow have the best of it. The favourite has been in no great demand; and, despite the long figure offered for him by Baron Rothschild, Electric's looks just now like a falling price. The others have only been backed for small sums. Ralpho has been in decided request for the Two Thousand; and Drogheda, unbeaten as a two-year over the Curragh, is the first "fancy" for the Chester Cup.

THE DERBY.	Dec. 6.	Dec. 13.	Dec. 20.	Dec. 27.
The Promised Land	—	11 to 1	—	No Betting.
Cavendish	—	25 .. 1	20 to 1	
Musjid	—	20 .. 1	20 .. 1	
Electric	—	23 .. 1	—	
Rainbow	—	30 .. 1	25 .. 1	
Merryman	1000 to 30	25 .. 1	25 .. 1	
Balmoon	—	33 .. 1	33 .. 1	
Schuloff	—	—	40 .. 1	
Viking	—	—	40 .. 1	
Reynard	—	—	50 .. 1	
Nimrod	—	—	50 .. 1	
Lord of the Manor	—	50 .. 1	—	
Enfield	—	1000 .. 15	1000 .. 15	
Napoleon	1000 .. 15	—	—	
The Far West	1000 .. 15	—	—	
Van Diemen	1000 .. 15	—	—	
Orleans	100 .. 1	—	—	
Old Robert	—	100 .. 1	—	
THE 2,000 GS. STAKES.				
The Promised Land	—	4 .. 1	4 .. 1	
Ralpho	—	6 .. 1	6 .. 1	
Hal o' Kirkless	—	16 .. 1	—	

THE CHESTER CUP: 1,000 to 30 against Drogheda; 50 to 1 each against Longrage, Polestar, Hal o' Kirkless, Barometer, and Harraton; 1,000 to 15 each against Eclipse, Queenstown, Arsenal, Physician, and Prioress; 100 to 1 each against Gorechill, Cawood, Telegram, Royal Sovereign, Simpleton, and Barbarity.

FEBRUARY, 1859.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

SAUNTERER,

WINNER OF THE WHIP, AND OF THE GOODWOOD CUP, 1858.

ENGRAVED BY E. HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY HARRY HALL.

AND

A QUIET BEAT.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY J. WESTLEY.

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DIARY FOR FEBRUARY, 1859.

New Moon, 3rd day, at 4 min. past 1 morning.
 First Quar., 10th day, at 40 min. past 7 afternoon.
 Full Moon, 17th day, at 42 min. past 10 morning.
 Last Quar., 24th day, at 21 min. past 2 afternoon.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.	Sun rises and sets.			Moon's App.	Moon rises & sets.		HIGH WATER London Bridge								
			h.	m.	d.		h.	m.	morn.	aftern.	h.	m.	h.	m.			
1	T	Partridge and Pheasant shooting	r	7	41	28											
2	W	Cardington Coursing Week. [ends.	s	4	49	29											
3	T	Rhyl Coursing Meeting.	r	7	38	N											
4	F		s	4	53	1											
5	S	Oswestry Fair.	r	7	35	2											
6	S	Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.	s	4	56	3											
7	M		r	7	32	4											
8	T	Half-quarter Day.	s	5	0	5											
9	W	Reading Steeple Chases.	r	7	28	6											
10	T	Chartley Coursing Meeting.	s	5	4	7											
11	F	Stamford Fair.	r	7	25	8											
12	S	Warwick Fair.	s	5	7	9											
13	S	Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.	r	7	21	10											
14	M	Valentine's Day.	s	5	11	11											
15	T	Carmarthen Steeple Chases.	r	7	17	12											
16	W		s	5	14	13											
17	T	Everley Club Coursing Meeting.	r	7	13	F											
18	F		s	5	18	15											
19	S		r	7	9	16											
20	S	Septuagesima Sunday.	s	5	22	17											
21	M	Bridgenorth Fair.	r	7	5	18											
22	T		s	5	25	19											
23	W	Lincoln Races and Steeple Chases.	r	7	1	20											
24	T	Chester Fair.	s	5	29	21											
25	F	St. Matthew.	r	6	57	22											
26	S	Hare Hunting ends.	s	5	33	23											
27	S	Sexagesima Sunday.	r	6	53	24											
28	M	Cambridge Lent Term divides.	s	5	46	25											

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T H E O M N I B U S .

“ There he sat, and, as I thought, expounding the law and the prophets, until on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse.”—BRACEBRIDGE HALL.

Racing Prospects—Derby Mems.—Yorkshire Gossip—Gemma di Vergy's Sale—*In re* Ralpho—Ten Minutes at Willesden—Turkish Cavalry Purchases—Mr. Rarey—Sporting Literature—Fox Trapping—Reports from the Hunting Countries.

The new year has shone most propitiously on the racing world, and about 230 horses are in training at Newmarket alone, The most gratifying symptoms are not so much in the great handicaps, but in the universal support which stakes have received all over the country. The Lincoln Handicap gets 74 subscribers, and the Zetland Biennial and Cleveland Stakes, at Stockton (whose civic hospitalities in 1858 have worked wonders, as they deserved), 74 and 62 respectively. Northampton does bravely, with 126 to its handicap; and Worcester is not behind, with 45 to its Coventry Stakes. York and Doncaster keep on their even way; and it is noticeable that in the Eglinton Stakes, at the former place, out of the 34, only 7 are three-year-olds. Having to give two stone, in a mile, late in August, fairly frightens the trainers. The Claret of 1860 has a tempting trio—Cavendish, Marionette, and North Lincoln—in its ranks. Of the three handicaps, whose weights are already out, the Chester Cup looks the most ill-considered, on paper. Drogheda, 5st. 8lbs., seems a strange calculation, as not the most sanguine of his friends dared to hope for anything under 6st. 6lbs. This son of Mountain Deer is, we believe, under Smith's care, at Newmarket; and many describe him as being the finest horse there, always save and excepting North Lincoln. Julia and Satinstone's relative weights also need a diviner's rod to fathom. Wrestler, 6st. 11lbs., is rarely in, if he is the cup horse he promised to be last year; and Underhand, 7st. 12lbs., has a weight with which his little elegant frame can cope. Many would say he is too well in; but we really fancy that the horse cannot struggle under anything much above 8st.

Of the southern Derby cracks we hear very little, and believing Promised Land to be as rank an impostor as Dervish, and that Marionette is at least 9lbs. better for anything over a mile, we care not “to chronicle small beer” about him. Marionette has wintered remarkably well, and we believe that the stable have backed him very heavily. He has rare hocks and loins to take him up the Surrey Hill, and the backers of the respectable mediocrities now in the market had better be careful. In the North Riding, they have quite given up their fancy for The King of Algiers, and say that Scott has found him out, and that “he cannot gallop quick enough to tire himself.” Cavendish is doing good work with Montague to guide him, and most extravagant ideas are entertained of him. It is true that this seems at present to be a Derby of mediocrities, but Cavendish (who is ridden by James Mann at exercise) is not a Derby horse to our eye—very big, fine

and taking, and all that; but his style of make and moving does not seem to be Voltigeurian, and we doubt his ever having pace enough to finish with. Viking is rather crooked in his quarters as you see him walk, and one of his hips bears traces of a recent blister. Looking at him altogether, he seems an unpromising customer. A new Derby gallop has been laid out on the High Moor, of which Lord Zetland and Mr. Robinson bear the joint expense, and there the hopes of Richmond are shortly to practise. Ralpho's sale seems a mysterious matter. When Joe Dawson came to take him, he gave out (so quidnuncs have it) that he was for a young man under age, who had given or wouldn't care to give £5,500 for three. However, the "young man" is believed to be an ex-engraver of Manchester, who got £2,700 out of him at the Victoria Club, before the offer was made. We regret much that the horse has been sold. If he was a good one, and really worth £2,000, the Earl had far better have stuck to him, and tried his hand at another Two Thousand. If, on the contrary, he was a bad one, it was evident that the price was merely given to "get" the horse, and it is a pity to indirectly sanction any bargain which, the moment it got wind, knocked him clean out of the Two Thousand market. The Gladstones of the Turf propose "a third" solution, viz., that he was really a good horse worth all that, but that Abdale had doubts as to whether he would stand his Two Thousand preparation. If this be the fact, we are bound to presume either that the buyers had acted without enquiry (not a likely thing), or that they had "never missed" him for so long, that infirm or sound, they could not rest till they were the men in possession. Looking at it in any aspect, Ralpho had better have stayed on at Aske. Never did any sale within our memory make so much talk. About 57 horses are training on Richmond Moor, and quite 150 at Middleham. Respecting the latter place, we lately pounced upon a little piece of intelligence, showing how the jockey boys pass their time at a pinch. It ran thus—"On New Year's Day, the *Primitive Methodists* held their annual tea party at the chapel, which was pretty well attended, and which passed off well but for the jockey boys, who tried which of them could eat the most." Their betters have carried their racing feelings into another sphere, as we also read that at a certain marriage the bridesmaids appeared clad in "the Zetland spots." Mr. Jackson has taken Oran, once the seat of Mr. Sackville Lane Fox; and the late Lord Kennedy, who used to spend so much time near there, would have been delighted if he could have seen the old pigeon-shooting feeling revived as it has been. His lordship, to judge from recent results, could have given a Yorkshire trainer about 90 pigeons out of 100.

And now a word on the stud. The dam of Touchwood is expected every day to foal the first of the Fandangoes. Hybla would have been before her, but she broke at ten weeks. We are very curious to see the stock of this horse, who if he does himself justice ought to be second to none. Old Melbourne is, we believe, destroyed or on the eve of being so, and we know at all events that one of his fore-legs is promised to the purchaser of Morpeth, who has gone to Goltho. What with him, Colsterdale, Theon, and Pompey, Lincolnshire ought to be at no loss to keep up its old hunting charter. Morpeth was in training ten years, and ended his career by breaking his pastern in a hole at Bibury, under 12st. 2lb.; Red Hart and his ill-temper have departed to the "Happy Pastures," and Gemmy, "the bill-o'-saled one," is still at Tattersalls,

where the giant Kent, who raised such a Two Thousand fuss in his day, recently departed into obscurity for 23 gs. Joe Dawson's face, when he found Gemmy knocked down to him (he knew not whom for), was, as Tom Oliver would say, "as long as a loin of veal." There was gloom amid the turkey and sausages of Rupert-street, when he rushed thither, pale with the news. It is all very well for Mr. Eyke to tell us, in his advertisement, that his "young clovers are as good as usual," and that he has "plenty of housed Swede turnips;" but as in order to enhance Sir Tatton Sykes's merits, he thought it necessary to drag in poor Bill Scott, and assure us, in a parenthesis, that the horse was ridden for the Derby by an "imbecile" jockey, owners of mares may think twice before they trouble his paddocks, when they have such ample choice elsewhere. Voltigeur is this season, we believe, to have the dams of West Australian, Wild Dayrell, and Blink Bonny on his list. Mendicant does not visit Weatherbit as we had expected, but is to be put along with all Sir Joseph's mares to Charleston. He is a plainish horse, if we remember him rightly; but the "Kentish fire" is to be sustained by a rich and rare strain of blood, and as the sire of Charleston is a son of old Fleur de Lis and Emilius, the choice is orthodox enough. The high-priced Lord of the Hills is coming to Catterick, and Lord Londesborough's horses have gone to his old quarters at Bretby, where Volcano is said to be pleasing Tom Taylor amazingly, if Tom is ever thoroughly pleased about anything. Of sales there is little to say; Pretty Boy seems highly sold at £1,200, and we hear that a Cure foal, Dictator, went into Fobert's stable for £100, and heavy contingencies, a short time before the close of the year. The first vision the public had of foals due in 1859, was the premature one of Clementina's couplet, which died like their mother; and it seems that a controversy is likely to arise as to whether Birdcatcher or Cannobie got the foal out of Heir of Linne's dam.

Vandermulin has reached his new quarters at Willesden. He has but just come out of training; but when he has slightly grown down, and filled out, it will be difficult to find a handsomer horse in England, and we doubt his staying very long, when once the foreigners catch a sight of him. Mr. Clark has sent Violet Fane, a half-sister to Caucrouch, for his maiden love. Lord Eglinton's old Dutchman and Van Tromp blood is amply represented here, as Ellington, whose feet seem to have quite lost their dish-like Derby shape, is in the adjoining box, which was lately occupied by Pyrrhus the First. Miss Abel, by Lanercost, and in foal to Pyrrhus, is at the paddocks, but it is not yet decided which of the two she honours. There is also a twenty-seven-year-old chesnut mare, with three white legs, by Zinganee, out of Crucifix's dam, who slipped her foal last year, and is to foal to Ellington, as they hope, for July 4th. Ada Mary has been sold, with two others, to Baron Nexon, but her foal, a half-brother to Adamas, is left behind, and is, we are told, to have a shy in a yearling stake this season. Miss Watt, a hard, clever-looking, short-legged Ion mare, pleased us as much as anything, save and except a chesnut yearling colt, out of Yorkshire Lass, which has been purchased by Count Batthyany. At last, Pyrrhus has succeeded in making an almost fac-simile of Virago, and it will be strange indeed if he does not give the Count's green jacket a turn. Misfortune has,

however, frowned on him early, as a severe accident befel him in the van very near Euston-square station ; and he had to be brought back, and go into the slings for five weeks. He is getting slowly round once more, but rising with him still seems a matter of difficulty, as his near quarter has been sadly knocked about.

We hear that Mr. Phillips, the celebrated horse-dealer, of Knights-bridge, has taken a contract to supply 210 cavalry horses for Turkey. It is quite an unusual thing to send horses there ; but it clearly proves what the Turks thought of our horses in the Crimea. They are required of the same description as we supply to the artillery for detachment horses, and not the description of weeds that our cavalry are now mounted on ; in fact, good short-legged horses, able to carry sixteen to eighteen stone, and in the following proportions as regards colour—70 bays, 70 greys, 70 blacks and browns. Fifty of them went away on Thursday.

Mr. Rarey went to Brussels about a fortnight ago, stayed a week, and, after a few days in London, set off once more for Berlin and St. Petersburg, which will occupy him for two, if not three, months. In Brussels he had four "demonstrations"—three of them for 250 subscribers, of whom 34 were officers sent in at the expense of Government ; and a private one for the Royal Family, who took five subscriptions. The Duc de Brabant and his Duchess were among the latter, and were highly delighted. Nine horses were operated on—one of them a piebald mare from a circus, who was wicked enough, but nothing in comparison to the nine-year-old grey who has long been the terror of the army. He occupied Mr. Rarey an hour and a quarter ; and it was, in fact, twenty minutes before he could get up his fore-leg at all. Ever since his yearling days, it had been impossible to pick up his feet, and he had been regularly thrown to shoe. However, when all was over, the owner handled leg after leg just as he liked, in the street. There was also another savage, belonging to the brother of King Bomba, who wrote to say that no character could be too bad for him, and that, for a series of years, no one had ever ridden him without being thrown. His principal vice seemed to have concentrated in the off hind-leg ; but with patience he allowed Mr. Rarey, when every other leg was at liberty, to curl the recreant one round his neck.

There is little stirring in the way of sporting prints and books. Sams's window is now adorned with three wonderful sketches of Mr. Davis, *apropos* of his forthcoming banquet ; Mr. Richard Tattersall, sen. ; and an eminent newly-fledged Q.C., who can be told at a glance, from his hat. Mr. Warburton, of Arley Hall, has republished three dozen hunting songs, new and old, along with several miscellaneous verses and sonnets. Stanzas upon stanzas out of the former had become part and parcel of our memory, from hearing them repeated long before we were cognizant of their existence in that thin octavo which Joe Maiden adorns as frontispiece. They have a ring about them which not one hunting song in a hundred possesses now-a-days ; and the coaching scenes of yore are duly honoured in the "Tantivy Trot," with its famous "Let the steam-pot hiss till its hot" chorus. The *Review* newspaper goes sailing merrily along under its new editor, Lord William Lennox ; and the gallytype process—awowedly an experiment—seems to be improving at each trial. *The Field* has

read a good lesson to impostors by its publication of "The Chifney Secret of the Riding." Quacks wouldn't live to quack long under such vigorous treatment. *Ruff* is out once more full of rare "pearl" print and hard labour; and the *Coursing Record* (Jordan and Co.) has made itself an established fact, and month after month grows steadily in bulk and value. From what we can hear, there is no chance of "Silk and Scarlet" appearing in the middle of February, as the author originally intended. The great extra labour and anxiety attendant upon writing a farewell-book (embracing, this time, an equal proportion of hunting and racing), added to a difficulty about one of the principal illustrations, is assigned as the cause of its being put back till nearer "May-morning." Let us hope that there will be "luck in leisure." The Duke of Beaufort is at the head of The Arlington Club (*née* The Turf Club), for which a new ballot is on the eve of taking place.

A correspondent, a Taffy to the back-bone, thus writes: "The Carmarthen meeting comes off on the 15th instant, when nearly £250 in added money will be contended for. The number of acceptances for the open, nine only, has surprised us, as the handicap was on the whole a very good one. We are not gifted with a spirit of prophecy, but looking to the weights and running, we should back The Minor 12st. 4lb, as the fences are, as was shown last year, quite feasible for Englishmen. Little Yeoman is our next favourite. The Taffies' chance is, we think, very slight, but Carew is perhaps the most likely of the lot. To true lovers of steeplechasing the Carmarthen will bear a very favourable comparison with the Liverpool Handicap. We, the Teivyside, had a most brilliant run yesterday (Jan. 27), first fifty minutes very fast, then good hunting; and kill time over three hours."

Hunting has not been disturbed, as far as we know, by one day's frost all this month. The supply of foxes has been rather fitful, and we are told that the Cleveland have had seven blank days, while the Hurworth and Raby are short in certain parts. The Bramham Moor Hunt was never better stocked; although it is generally considered that one owner of coverts gets regularly humbugged by his keepers, who take care to turn a fox down near him in his battues, to keep him from complaining when they can't find. There seems some truth in the old report, that several cubs were stolen from Durham to stock a midland country. The Hurworth have, we regret to say, drawn Fighting Cocks blank twice, as well as another of their best whins, which never used to fail if they drew it twice or thrice in a day. They have had three rare runs, and some good "bits of things," in one of which, as Will Danby phrases it, "they lapped it up," or they should have killed their third fox that day. Only poorish accounts from the Bedale, and until foxes know that they have a fast friend in the whilom fox-hunting owner of Hornby Castle, it always will be so. We are told that a fox dragged a trap, with the Hornby mark on it, nearly two miles, and was found in a hedge-row with it, and that soon after the keeper, poor innocent creature, came to ask about a trap, "with a dog in it." We should recommend to His Grace a perusal of Mr. Hardcastle of Bledworth's letter to *The Illustrated News* last week, about the directions *he* gives his keepers in the Rufford.

The Sebright Testimonial goes bravely on, and it will be indeed

strange if the thousands who hunt in England cannot subscribe a thousand at least, to gild the evening of one "premier" huntsman's days. They have been sadly clouded during the last month, by the death of his wife. Her tender care made him, in a great measure, the man he has been, and bore him up under many a hard trouble which the deaths and misfortunes of his family entailed upon him. She had been in "The Squire's" service in early life, and it was from there that Tom married her when he was rather more than twenty, and she five years older. Sir James Musgrave, the once great Meltonian, and the idol of Dick Christian's heart, is also gone. He was quite a cripple latterly, and was wheeled out to shoot. It is generally allowed that he was one of the hardest men that ever crossed Leicestershire, and rode a style of horse peculiarly his own.

Subjoined are extracts from the Milton diary. On Wednesday, Dec. 1, at Bythorn Tollbar: Found a fox at Raund's Meadow, which went away by Caistor, leaving Bythorn on the left, to Hunt's Closes, passing through the end, and from thence to Covington, to ground in a large tile drain just as the hounds were nearly pulling him down, after very severe running for 34 minutes. Found again at Catworth Gorse, which went away by Little Catworth to Stow and near Kimbolton; lost him in a line for Colpher Wood: 40 minutes, and from home 24 miles.

Dec. 8, Old Weston Windmill: Found at Leighton Gorse, which went away by Great Catworth, leaving Hunt's Closes on the left to Molesworth, by Titchmarsh Warren, Clapton, and near Barnwell Wold: was lost after 40 minutes. Found again in Barnwell Wold, which ran into a drain in about a mile. Went back to Barnwell Wold, and hunted up to a disturbed fox. He went away, leaving Clapton on the left, Lillford Gorse on the right, direct by Titchmarsh Thorns, leaving Denford Ash on the left, into Ringstead Field for Raund's Meadow, where he was lost, after 1 hour and 10 minutes, direct as a line from where he was found.

On Wednesday, Dec. 22, Buckworth: Found in the Little Wood, which went away to Solomn Wood, and near to Homerton Grove went into a drain. Very quick for 10 minutes. Found again at Luddington Spinney, went away by Great Gidden to Steeple Gidden, back by Winwick to Gidden Grove; from thence by Thurning, leaving Hemmington on the left, over Polebrook Inclosure, across Lutton Field, and near Glatton: was lost after 1 hour and 15 minutes.

On Friday, 24th, a good day from Elton New Close. Found a fox at Elton Firs, which went away to Stock Hill; from thence away for Popley Grounds, by Field's End Close, to Elton Firs; from thence to Sibson Thorns and to Allwalton, where he was lost by changing foxes. Found again at Haddon Nursery; and after 30 minutes very sharp the hounds were whipped off, as the evening was closing on us.

Wednesday, Dec. 29th: Meet at Stanwick. Found a fox at Hunt's Closes, which went away direct for Molesworth, bearing to the left for Titchmarsh Warren, by Mariner's Gorse, over the corner of Old Weston Field, by the end of Winwick to Steeple Gidden, where he was lost, after 1 hour, and doubts about changing, there being several foxes on foot. Found again at Sawtry Gorse; it went to ground in a large drain. Found in the same covert, which went to ground in a large drain, a short distance from the gorse.

Thursday, 30th, Long Orton: Found at Lumb's Gorse, which went

away across Mr. Fawke's farm, leaving Yaxley on the left ; by Norman Cross, leaving Stilton on the right, nearly to Holme Wood, where he made a short turn to the high land, crossing the north road ; by Stilton Covert to Caldecot ; and no doubt he got into a drain. 1 hour, and a good pace.

There were several very satisfactory days near home, intermediate with the above, and several in the month of November.

A correspondent writes thus to a friend of ours respecting two good days' sport with the V. W. H.

Tuesday, Dec. 28th, Kelmseot : Found ; ran to a drain ; sent for a terrier ; bolted him ; he ran across the Thames to Buscot. Here we had two foxes, if not more. The pack divided, and I believe the hunted fox went back the same line. We followed another over a country nearly to Crouch Gorse, when he was headed back to Buscot. This alone was a pretty good day's sport, and we were nearly 20 miles from home. However, I drew Lechlade blank ; then Lemmel Copse : found, and had 45 minutes very pretty indeed and smart. Everyone went home contented.

To-day, Red Lodge ; drew it blank. Found close by, in Bury Hill, a small patch of gorse, as big as a large room, and the same patch as the Duke found in, last year. Went away close to him (the big pack) over the rail, through Red Lodge, without stopping a moment, over the country to Flaxlands, through it as fast as ever they could run to Polly Gate, on to the Brinkworth Brook to Great Wood. Tom Clarke was out with us, and he said it was the best 47 minutes he had ever seen. The Duke of Beaufort was also there, highly delighted. We did not kill, unluckily, for that would have made it perfect. The pace was first-rate throughout, and ground heavy, and many a fall there was. Hounds had it all to themselves—at any rate had the best of it ; they were two and three fields a-head of the foremost horseman several times. Clarke went well. Few saw it, except at a great distance. I like hounds in a stiff country to revenge themselves upon the Cockneys who ride over them in bad scent over the wall country : there was no overriding to-day.

They have a distemper in the kennel like diphtheria—swelling suddenly in the throat. Old Languish had it, and was lanced ; a quantity of matter came out. Ragland had it ; and they feared he would suffocate last night. It has now burst, and he is better. They lost two bitches from it in summer. Poor old Despot has never been quite well ; he has now been very ill for seven or eight weeks, and won't feed. Abelard did splendidly to-day : and Counsellor, Farrier and Challenger, Leader, and Gamster (puppy) run well ; they all ran together, and no hound was missing at Great Wood nor when we left off. A man seldom sees such a run in his lifetime ; and he must be a good man with a good horse to do it at all."

The following is our North Staffordshire budget—

Dec. 23 : Met at The Loggerheads, found a fox in Bishop's Wood (containing 1700 acres), ran him 45 minutes very fast and without a check, and killed. Found again, and had a very fast run to ground.

Dec. 29 : Met at Trentham, the Duke of Sutherland's seat. There was a very large muster of His Grace's friends at the meet, who were visiting there. Found a fox in Trentham big wood ; he broke away at the lower end, over the Newcastle and Stone road, through the new park, Barlas-

ton, Cocknage, Stallington plantations, Moddershaw Oaks, pointing for Orange Hayes, then turned short to the left, leaving Spot Gate Gorse on the left, and killed him by Fulford Hall after a run of 2 hours and 20 minutes, in which Joe Maiden was in his old place.

Jan. 19: Met at Alsager, found a fox in the wood, ran him 20 minutes the best pace to ground. Found again in Heyes Wood, ran him 1 hour and 30 minutes, and killed, without a check. This was the best scenting day this season.

Jan. 21, Stallington: A good day, about 45 minutes, and killed.

The Wynnstay had the worst November and the best December ever known, and a fairly good January. The cream of the cream was their last Monday of the old year, when they had their wondrous 1 hour 5 min. from Clutton Gorse (a neutral one), over the cream of the Cheshire country. Our Pytchley correspondent writes on Jan. 28th: "It has been the worst scenting season I ever recollect. We had a very good week's sport last week, and this day (Friday) we had 20 min. with our first fox, from Ashby St. Ledgers, and killed him; and 1 hour 25 min. with the second, and killed him. We have now got a favourable change in the weather, and look forward to good sport." We see from the sheriff's list that one of the Pytchley masters and two others on the M.F.H. list have got pricked; rather a large allowance.

We regret that we have no budget from the Beaufort country, but subjoined are two capital runs from the Old Berkshire, where they are having very fair sport: "January 12th, met at Whitnam; found directly in the wood going out of lower end of the Wood for Wallingford, turning to the right over a fine vale for Brightwell, then to the Brick Hill oover, where we got on better terms with him, and raced him in view for ten minutes, and killed him: time one hour and twenty-one minutes, fast. Found our next fox in the same wood, Whitnam; ran over the same line of country as near as I can tell, to ground near Didcot Station: time one hour and-a-half—the best day's sport that has been known in that country for some years: Lord Macclesfield was out. Friday 14th, met at Longcot, found a brace of foxes in Becket, the seat of Lord Barrington, but foot people hallooing first one, then the other, we did nothing with them. Drew Coleshill, the seat of Earl Radnor, blank; trotted on to Cokeshill Furze Hill, found one of the right sort, taking the vale through Farnham Coppice to Baulking village, turning to the right for Rosey Brook, through Rosey cover to Stanford, turning to the left for Buckland, where the scent began to fail, and getting on several fresh foxes, he beat us after as capital a day's sport as ever was seen."

The Surrey Union have had some good runs of late, and in one from Dunsfold they finished forty miles from home. They had a hard ringing day, on Thursday (January 27), and ran their fox to ground, in view, at five o'clock. Two couple of hounds went in after him, and one got stuck so fast, that they had to dig till eleven before they got him out, and had to leave their fox in after all.

Lord Henry Bentinck's hounds have had a very fair season, so far; and, in spite of the badness of the cub-hunting (the worst that their guardian, Dick Burton, ever knew), they had killed 35 brace up to Jan. 24th. His lordship, who lives at the Great Northern Hotel, at Lincoln, hunts with them nearly every day in the week, and has upwards of 60 hunters in work, making, with brood-mares,

&c., a hundred in his stud. The following is a report of a few of their best days :

Wednesday, Dec. 1 : Met at Norton Place. Found by the Lake ; after ringing about for some time, ran him to ground ; bolted him, and killed him. Went on to Fillingham Park ; found in the Gorse ; he went away to Norton Place, and to ground by the Lake. Went on to Fen Close ; found ; had one ring away by Saxby, pointing for Hackthorn ; turned to the left by Spridlington Gorse, by Nevill's Gorse, through Shaft Wood, left Toft Newton Gorse on the right, pointing for Fen Close, and stopped the hounds. A very good day ; horses all beat, &c.

Tuesday, Dec. 7 : Met at Holton. Drew the Gorse, but did not find. On to Wickenby Wood ; found, had one ring in the wood ; away, left Wickenby on the left, up to Holton Gorse ; through it, leaving Holton on the left, over the brook, pointing for Wragby ; turned to right by Rand, back through Holton Gorse ; away, left Lissington on the left, down the meadow ; turned to left, pointing for Buslingthorpe ; turned short to right, through Linwood and Norwood ; left Willingham House on the right, through the plantations, and ran him to ground in Lord Yarborough's country, in view. A good day, and the horses all beat again.

Friday, Dec. 31 : Met at Little Corringham. Drew Warton Wood ; did not find. Found on the Scroggs ; ran ringing about there, with a bad scent, for some time, and lost him. Went on to Huckaby Gorse ; drew it ; did not find. Drew Jawthorpe Gorse ; did not find. Found in a piece of gorse by Hemswell ; had twelve minutes very fast, to ground at Harpswell.

Monday, Jan. 3 : Met at Wickenby. Found in the wood ; had one ring ; away, through Buslingthorpe Wood ; through Shaft Wood, by Stainton Village, through Stainton Wood, up to Holton Gorse, and ran him to ground.

Tuesday, Jan. 4 : Met at Burton. Drew most of the coverts ; did not find. Found in a piece of cabbage ; he went away over the Drains ; left Burton Hall on the left, over the Park, away over the cliff ; left Lincoln on the right, the Monks' Abbey on the right, Lord H. Bentinck's Stables on the left, over the Fen ; left Greatwell on the left, and killed him in the middle of a field, by Washenborough. Thirty-five minutes, very fast.

Saturday, Jan. 8 : Met at Bardney. Found in Southrey Wood ; he went away for Scotgrove ; left it on the left, and Horse Acre and New Park Wood on the left, and killed him before he got back to Southrey Wood. Very fast.

Tuesday, Jan. 11 : Met at Cainby Village. Found in Fen Close, away by Toft Newton Gorse, through Lord Brownlow's Gorse, by Spridlington Gorse, turned to left, through Lord Brownlow's and Toft Newton Gorse, away through Kingaby Wood ; changed foxes, away by Middle Rasen, and lost him.

Wednesday, Jan. 19 : Met at Snarford Bridge. Drew the Wood ; did not find. Found in Dunholme Gorse ; he went away for Hackthorn ; ran him to ground in a drain. Went on to Spridlington Thorns and Lord Brownlow's ; did not find. Found in Toft Newton Gorse ; he went away to Middle Rasen ; changed foxes ; hunted him on to Claxby Plats, and lost him. Came back to Buslingthorpe

Wood; found; away through Wickenby Wood, over the rail, pointing for Holton Gorse; turned to right to Stanton Wood, and lost him.

January has been the best Belvoir month of the three since public hunting commenced, though even this old, or rather new, month has not been giving our average monthly sport. The new year came in with a very hard woodland day of four hours' duration, and when darkness closed the scent they were obliged to stop them. On the 3rd a most excellent 50 minutes from Shepnass plantation to ground. The 8th, a sharp frost, but they got a famous run in the afternoon from Stonesby Gorse, stopping the hounds on good terms, dark, at night, at Woodall Head. A most excellent woodland day on the 11th, of 3 hours and 20 minutes' duration, and killed him in the middle of a field, dark at night. 15th, a good 15 minutes with first fox to ground; a good hunting run of an hour with second, and lost him; and 45 minutes with third, and killed him. 17th, a capital run from Denton Park of 1½ hour, and killed him at Barrowby Thorns. 18th, the best run of the season, 47 minutes without a check over the finest country in England, from Hacey Wood, and ran into him at Pointon. A good woodland day on the 21st, and killed a brace. On the 18th the Duke of Rutland, Mr. Grant, Sir Thomas Whicheote, Mr. Litchford, Mr. Brooke Turner, &c., were all going in quite their old form, and reminded us of many happy days gone by.

Wednesday, Jan. 19, the Duke's, Stonesby: Drew the new covert at Thorpe Arnold blank. Found at Brentingby Spinneys; broke away over the turnpike by the Hospital Spinney, making a straight point for Goadby Gorse. Unfortunately an open drain saved his life, and spoilt what promised a famous run, as the pace was racing; fifteen minutes, and the good hounds on excellent terms with their fox. Trotted to Stonesby Gorse, where a fox stole away unknown to any one, and, being a long distance ahead of the hounds, we could not hunt him well. We ran a ring by Waltham Thorns, Newman's Gorse, leaving Stonesby Spinney to the left, pointing for Colston Covert, over the Garthorpe brook, round the village, where he was headed short back to Stonesby; hunting very slow. Drew Newman's Gorse; found a brace of foxes. Just as we were going away, another fox entered the covert. The hounds divided, five couples going with the whip for Waltham; five ditto with Lord Forester, as fast as they could run, to Bescoby Oaks.

Monday, the Duke's, Jan. 24: Found in a new plantation alongside Clawson Thorns; made his point or Holwell, leaving it to the right, and so on to Piper Hole Gorse; turning to the right, to Eastwell, from thence over Goadly Park to the Bullimore, leaving the gorse to the left, straight for Freeby Wood; made a ring for Newman's Gorse, up to Brentingby Spinneys. We then came to slow hunting, scent entirely failing; more's the pity, for he was a gallant fox, and over a splendid country.

Mr. Tailby had two good runs (Jan. 12) from Stanton Wyville, and a capital thing from Martinthorpe the previous Saturday.

Friday, Jan. 14, 1859, Lord Stamford's, Six Hills: Found at Lord Aylesford's covert. Broke away for Grimstone; leaving it to the left, made his point for Asfordby; leaving it to the left, and Shoby to the right, bore away for Hoby; leaving it to the left, made a good point for Ragdale by the Hall, over the Six Hills Road nearly to Old Dalby,

when he turned short to the right, leaving the Wood to the left. Time up to this place 50 minutes, as hard as they could go, without a check, and where every hard-riding man was thankful for his second horse. Hitting him off again at the road, they pressed him on to Lord Aylesford's covert, which he dare not face; made off for Saxelby; leaving it to the left, he went straight through Asfordby village, on nearly to Goodricke's Gorse; leaving it to the right, made a turn through Welby Osier Holts on to Wartnaby, where sly reynard saved his life by an artful dodge, viz., running up on one side a hedge and down again on the other side. In this capital run the foremost were the noble master and his Countess, Mr. Gilmour, Capt. Lloyd, Hon. H. Coventry and Mr. Coventry, Sir Henry Edwardes, Captain de Winton, and Mr. Sidebottom.

Mr. Tailby, January 15: Met at Allextion; had a splendid run in the afternoon, and you will regret to hear that Goddard met with a severe fall; he has had on to-day (the 17th) seventeen leeches.

Monday, Jan. 17, Great Dalby: Drew Gartree Hill; found a gallant fox; broke on the Burton side, and straight up wind for two miles, the hounds, which you might have covered with a sheet, close at his brush; crossed the Dalby Road by Walker's Lodge on to Guadaloupe, turning down wind made his point for Thorpe New Covert. Time up to this 17 minutes, steeplechase pace, fences terrific. He then turned to the left, and went over Burbidge's farm by the village on to Brentingby spinneys to Freeby Wood, where they lost. Trotted off to Cream Gorse; drew it blank. To Ashby Pasture, where a leash of foxes were soon on foot; broke for Ashby, over the brook, nearly up to Baggrave, running up wind a jolly pace, turning short to the right, down wind; hunted him slowly to Ashby Pasture, and lost him. Altogether a satisfactory day, minus the nose. Mr. Gilmour, Capt. Lloyd, and Mr. Burbidge had the best of it; Mr. Coventry was also forward, with his son.

Tuesday, Tilton Wood; Mr. Tailby's, Jan. 18, 1859: Very stormy day, an abundance of foxes, an excellent scent in covert, but none in the open.

Thursday, Jan. 20, Kegthorpe: Goddard out, very weak, and not up to his work. Found at Ram's Head. Ran a good pace, leaving Vowe's Gorse to the right, up to Allextion Wood, where several fresh foxes were on foot, which caused delay; and the run fox having gone some time, ran the same line back, where they gave him up. Trotted to Kegthorpe Wood—drew it blank; on to Allaton Bottoms: found immediately. Ran past the village, a sharp burst of fifteen minutes, to ground.

Drew Glooston Wood, found, and ran through Noseley's plantations, on to nearly Shankton Holt; leaving it to the left, straight to Rolleston, through the covert by the Hall; leaving it to the right, made his point for the Coplow; leaving it to the left, on to Skeffington, where he was headed, short back at the turnpike to Rolleston. Here Mr. Tailby's horse was done up, and the huntsman beat. The huntsman lost a deal of time; and I cried, "Enough!" The master, Mr. Richard Sutton, and Captain Lloyd were foremost over this cream of the world.

Friday, Jan. 22, Ratcliffe, Lord Stamford's: Found at Cossington Gorse; owing to a large field, and a great number of foot people, the fox was killed. Trotted to Walton Thorns; found, and broke away, running up

wind straight for Prestwold; a racing pace for twenty minutes, Captain Lloyd, on his beautiful grey, showing them the way, when they go amongst the hares, and sly reynard, going down wind, spoil the sport Drew Willoughby Gorse blank, Ella's ditto, and Mundy's ditto, and came home after a rather unsatisfactory day.

Tuesday, Mr. Tailby's: Knossington, Jan. 25—Found a gallant fox at famed Ranksborough, as big as a wolf; and, as a good judge exclaimed, "There! that gentleman will take the best pack of hounds in England an hour to kill him." He broke over the turnpike, leaving Rocart House to the left, on to Whissendine, where he made a short turn back to the right; from this point he went as straight as he could go for Burley Wood a killing pace, leaving Rudkin's Lodge to the right, Langham to the left, and Oakham to the right, skirting the plantations, bore away for Ashwell, leaving it to the right straight to Cord Hill station on the Peterborough line. In spite of hundreds of hares, this rare pack, with the master and his famous huntsman Goddard, was not to be stopped. On to Whissendine brook, over it, straight to Green's Lodge at a terrific pace, and up wind, he made for his old quarters; but being so hard pressed, turned up the valley for Lecesthorpe, where he got to ground, dead beat, in a small drain. Time 1 hour 6 minutes, without a check. After bolting him, this "wolf" ran for ten minutes, and then yielded his life.

This is considered the best run of the season; and, happily, every good man was out, and most of them went well, and in particular Mr. Gilmour on Mansfield, Mr. Crawford on his favourite Tom Cribb, Capt. Lloyd, Lord Cardigan, Mr. Naylor, Mr. C. P. Leslie, Sir H. Edwards, and Capt. de Winton. Master Latham, a youth fourteen years of age, went surprisingly well, and had he had a stouter animal would have even cut a better figure than he did.

A QUIET BEAT.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY J. WESTLEY.

The lonely sportsman may be a selfish one, but he is nearly always a good one. You see him stealing away to his own quiet corner with hounds, and you miss him all at once from the cover-shooting party. He is off again to his own quiet corner, or following a brook for a shot at a snipe, or hunting up an out-lying bird, or doing something or other quite as well in his own peculiar way. Ten to one he has a better story to tell, if not a better bag, than any of us, when he turns up once more at luncheon. That is to say, if he does turn up; for it is quite as likely you never see him at all till he joins in almost as imperceptibly again, on the walk home. Some people call this "jealous" and "greedy," and so on. But there is many a bird would never be accounted for, but for the quiet beat; and, moreover, a man that does not fight for, nor bid up for the best place, may surely be suffered to select his own.

The gentleman in the plate would seem to have had no party to lose; but rather to have started by himself for a quiet day. He has certainly got it all to himself so far; and, but for the ample bag to his horse's saddle, we should have said he was combining a little business



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with his morning beat—a ride through the woods to a down farm, and a general look out as to what is going on. And very pleasant pastime it is, too, with a handful of harriers, or a light double barrel, and a bailiff to blow up for everything that is going wrong, and yourself to shake hands with, over any more promising prospects.

A DAY'S QUAIL SHOOTING FROM GIBRALTAR.

“Half-past three, sir; just gone half-past three.”

“Oh! what about half-past three?” I exclaim, rubbing my eyes, and trying to recall my drowsy senses. In this I so far succeed as to remember that I have engaged to go out quail shooting this morning with a friend, and consequently had desired the sergeant of the barrack guard to call me at the aforesaid early hour.

“All right, sergeant; that will do;” and, springing from my bed, I proceed to inspect the weather. The moon is shining brightly through my window; and the clear blue sky is without the suspicion of a cloud. Hurrah! west wind still; and with such a moon we must get a quail to-day. Before going further, it may be as well to explain, for the benefit of my readers who have not been in the Mediterranean, that, in the month of September, immense flights of quail—called by the Spaniards *entrada*—migrate from the North of Italy and South of France to Africa—all passing close by the rock of Gibraltar, and crossing over at the narrowest part of the straits, called *Tariffa*. As long as the wind continues easterly, the birds do not halt, but, taking advantage of the “favouring gales,” cross to Africa at once. When, on the contrary, we have a night of west wind, great numbers are generally found all along the coast, waiting for a change. This then is the signal for every man in Gibraltar, who possesses a gun, to sally forth, bent upon the destruction of any unfortunate bird which may get up within range. But to return to my own particular experience.

Having ascertained the fact that wind and weather were all serene, I proceeded to dress; which being accomplished, and having filled my pockets with a goodly supply of wads and caps, shot-belt and powder-flask, I took my gun, and proceeded to my friend's house to breakfast. The good things of this life are speedily discussed, and we start. The morning gun had just fired from the summit of the rock, as we swung down the main street of Gibraltar, followed by a capital brace of setters belonging to my friend M——. We pass the land post guard; cross the neutral ground through the Spanish lines; and, turning to the right, find ourselves on a tract of land about a mile and a-half in extent, which we have to cross before reaching our ground. On our way over this Sahara in miniature, we overtook numerous Spanish sportsmen, for the most part armed with dangerous-looking single-barrelled guns, with which, however, they contrive to do wonderful execution; and accompanied by their *perros*, than which I can find no better designation for the nondescript-looking mongrels which followed them; nearly all have either pointer or setter blood in them, to a greater or less degree, quite enough to make the *Scorpions* esteem them as valuable sportings

dogs—though, beyond hunting, chasing any bird they may put up, and starting off in the direction of every shot that is fired, I could never discover the qualities which entitle them to such a name. With their masters we exchanged the polite *Buenas diary*, or the *Vaya usted con Dios*, so pleasing to every Spaniard. When about three parts across the sands, we came to some rushy ground interspersed with a sort of heath, which M—— proposed trying, as we had heard several shots, and had every reason for supposing that birds were in. At a wave of his hand, the setters were off—not ranging wide, but questing every bush and tuft of grass within a circuit of thirty yards. Already, by Jove! “Duchess” was standing steady as a rock on my side. I went up to her quickly, as quail often run, and thus bother the dogs dreadfully: a brace got up—both rather wild; but my trusty “Charles Moore” does its work well; and one bird being deposited in the bag, first blood is recorded for me. We now separated, M—— and his dogs taking one side of the sand-hills, and I the other. I had brought out, on spec, a little Scotch terrier, who, though famous at rats or finding rabbits in a hedge-row, had never before tried her hand (or rather nose) at feathered game; but it was quite wonderful to see how soon she understood what was wanted—how she hunted about, poking her sharp little nose into every bush, and on more than one occasion working up to running birds and putting them up. At the end of our beat I rejoined M——, and, on comparing notes, found that he had four brace, and I two and a-half and a hare—pretty well for three-quarters of an hour’s work. After quenching our thirst at a most conveniently-situated “venta,” we shot on, over the heathy part at the foot of the Queen of Spain’s Chair—a steep and rocky hill, famous in the annals of the Calpè hunt for many a stiff run over its top. Here we found the birds scarce, and soon on the point of returning to our old ground; when up came a peasant, with the information that he had put up great numbers on a hill about a mile off. M—— was at first disposed to doubt the veracity of this, as he had often before been taken in by equally plausible stories; but I persuaded him to go, and we did not regret it. The man went with us, and proved himself one of the best markers I ever saw. We found a good many birds—in some places very plenty. M——, who is an old stager at this work, shot to perfection; and his dogs worked equally well, in spite of the intense heat. At one o’clock we called a halt to count heads, as I had to return to Gibraltar for a parade in the evening.

On comparing notes we found the united bag to amount to twenty-six brace of quails, one hare, two rabbits, and a dove. M—— beat me by several brace, both from his superior shooting, and from his dogs working more for him than me. I then gave him my remaining ammunition, and started for home—a stiff and hot walk. I got in just in time for parade. While on the *Almeda* I saw M—— come in, and, as on marching up that weary hill to the south barracks, we passed his door, he told me that he had made up the bag to thirty brace—by a long way the largest made that day, and, in fact, during the whole of the season. After such a day’s work, right glad were we to meet at mess, and, in a brimming glass of iced champagne, drink success to our next day’s “quail shooting from Gibraltar.”

HUNTING IN HUNGARY AND EASTERN EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DIGBY GRAND."

(Concluded.)

Like all well-bred hounds, Count Karolzi's pack are keen and resolute *drawers*: with a wave of his cap and a cheer or two (for Hills is remarkably quiet, and opines that even in covert most work is done with least noise) the huntsman has every one of them employed; and, though not a hound is to be seen, the hedge and rushes wave and rustle to their busy guest. Ere long the symphony is introduced by a note or two from the *treble* part of the music, soon to be corroborated by the bass, and followed by such a *crash* from the whole *orchestra* as rouses to boiling pitch the Hungarian blood of the excited listeners: the noble master is in an ecstasy of delight, and pats the glossy neck of *Linda di Chamouni*, thinking what fun it will be to rattle the game little mare along for the first twenty minutes, with "Driver," waiting to relieve her when she begins to fail beneath his weight. Count Palfy steals on quietly, for the double purpose of viewing the fox away and ensuring a good start. His brother-in-law, on an eager young one with a running martingale, throws away the end of his cigar with but one regret—that there is so little *jumping*. Every man out catches his horse by the head, and prepares for the burst he so surely anticipates. The crash and music increase tenfold; they are close at him, and every hound is at work: the fox steals softly out of the covert—skirts it for a hundred yards, and—steals in again! "*Sapramento!*" swears Count Karolzi, concealing his vexation in an enormous pinch of snuff. Two couple of hounds flash out, but, young as they are, not a yard will they run without a scent; and it needs not the crack of Count Palfy's whip to turn them back to their duty. There is a capital scent, and they are so close to their fox that he *dare* not face the open. Hills is sitting on his horse motionless as a statue, but seeing and hearing everything. The fox doubles back in the covert, and comes once more to his old point: they have over-run him a little, and for a minute there is a dead silence. Hills catches a glimpse of him in an open space amongst the sedge. Many huntsmen would lift their hounds, or, at least assist them with a "holloa;" but Hills has studied the nature of the *pursuit* as well as the *pursuer*. He knows that his fox only wants a little *law*, and he is not afraid to give it him. So he lets them puzzle it out for themselves; and the fox, taking advantage of the hill, emerges once more with his head straight for the open—and such an open! fair and level right away to the horizon!

As the music bursts forth afresh, Count Palfy's hat is in the air—he has even the self-denial not to "holloa." Hills is at the spot like lightning; as the hounds come pouring out, he cannot refrain from a couple of twangs on his horn: the first whip counts them as they pass—twelve, fourteen, sixteen, right to a hound! There is nothing for him and his subordinates to do but to keep as close as they can. "*Er*

ist fort!" (he's away!) says Prince Liechtenstein, spurring his thorough-bred one to the front—a place he loves as well as the head of the ten thousand cavalry he commands. Scarce another word is spoken; the hounds are running nearly mute, and *tailing* as all hounds will when they really go the pace: there is but one thought uppermost in man and horse, and that is to be *with them!*

It is indeed a wild and glorious sensation thus to speed along over the plain, careful only of *ground*—for even here there is a choice in the nature of the soil; and though none is deep, some is firmer than the rest—and to watch the hounds with nothing else to distract attention from their performances. To mark the young ones taking up the running when the pace is best, and again resigning their places when their own impetuosity has somewhat overshot the line, and the whole body swings, like some beautiful piece of machinery, back to the true direction; to observe the determined energy with which those hounds, that really own the scent, drive faster and faster along, their sterna lowered, their whole frames exerted to the utmost, and quivering even as they go with the mysterious ecstacy; to acknowledge the wonderful confidence of their comrades; their eagerness to share in the pursuit, and their beautiful dependence on each other—all this is very engrossing and very delightful. Small blame to us if we take liberties with our horse, and, forgetting that he too is but mortal, send him along at so merry a pace as renders a check, if not necessary, at least very desirable.

It comes at last. Some peasants, working in a vineyard—a faded little *oasis* in the midst of the barren plain—have headed our fox. A herd of swine, attended by their driver, a gigantic figure clad in goat-skins, grinning from ear to ear, have stained the adjacent soil. Running up wind, Marksman, and Rockwood, and Challenger, have led their comrades into mischief; heads are up now, and, without a huntsman, the fox is undoubtedly lost. Sportsmen jump off their horses, and wipe their heated brows: the Count takes advantage of the pause to mount his second horse and send pretty *Linda di Chamouni* home. Count Palfy edges away down wind; he thinks he knows which way the fox has gone. Hills waits till his hounds have made their own cast, and, when he sees them quite at a loss, gallops like lightning to the far corner of the Vineyard. It is up wind, there are people working there; it is, to all appearance, a most unlikely line for a fox; but there is a ravine just beyond, down which a beaten animal would be much inclined to run; and high up, a speck in the clear pure air, his quick eye has espied a buzzard poisoning on the wing, and watching, doubtless, some object in distress below. Count Palfy thinks it a most injudicious cast; but he is too good a sportsman to interfere, or to allow, the hounds to get out of his reach; so, as they stoop together once more to the scent, he makes a mental note, urging his horse with a gallop, the while, to ask Hills, as they ride home, why he made so unscientific a cast, and how on earth it ever came to succeed?

Flat as is the general surface of the country we have described, there is in it one low range of wooded hills, and to this refuge foxes are prone to betake themselves—that distant crest is evidently his point; and once more we are galloping along at a fair hunting pace over the open. He will never reach it. A field of high Indian corn,

intervening some two miles short of the desired haven, offers a momentary security: the large dead leaves of the plant, broad and sharp as sword-blades, offers a protecting covert; but after a couple of turns up and down its deep-trenched furrows, Hills is off his horse and in the middle of his hounds, waving the fox's brush above his head, which is presented to us as a stranger by the master, who, shutting up his gold hunting-watch, announces that we have had seven-and-thirty minutes, with only one check; that he will draw again on his way homeward, and that he hopes for the pleasure of our company to dine and sleep in his beautiful *Chateau* at Foth.

This is not the place to enlarge upon the private qualities of any gentleman; were it otherwise, the writer would willingly add his humble testimony to the merits of Count Karolzi, and express his gratitude for kindness and hospitality which he can never forget; but, as a master of hounds, he is public property, and we are justified in at least accompanying him home as far as the kennel and the stable, and passing our opinion on the inmates of each. The former edifice is in an excellent situation within half a mile of the house, and with all the necessary appliances which are considered indispensable in England; the latter is also situated in a shady grove of acacias and other trees—no small advantage in a climate like that of Hungary, where the summers are intensely hot. Two or three-and-thirty couples of hounds form the hunting establishment; and this is indeed an ample sufficiency in a country where there are no large woodlands, and where the nature of their work is far less exhaustive of hounds than of horses: the season too is lamentably short, and this fact our Hungarian friends never cease to deplore. From the autumnal heats, and the necessity of waiting till the vineyards have been stripped of their grapes, it cannot begin much before the middle of October, and then by Christmas comes, in most years, at least a two months' frost. The springs too are very early in that climate, so that three or four weeks, after the open weather sets in, are the most that can be expected, thus curtailing the hunting season to little more than a three months' spell; yet so keen are our friends for the sport, that, to enjoy this three months' pleasure to the utmost, they grudge neither pains nor money for the efficiency of such an establishment as that at Foth.

Hills himself, two whips—both shrewd sportsmen and excellent servants—with a boiler and feeder, form the staff of the kennel department; but assistance may be obtained in a country where labour is so cheap, and where there are so many hangers-on and retainers, all thoroughly imbued with a feudal affection and reverence for their lord, and willing to turn their hand to anything in his service.

The stables at Foth are magnificent—large, roomy, and well ventilated, with commodious seats, on which to smoke at ease and lounge away an hour contemplating the denizens of the wide comfortable stalls. The latter are indeed worthy of the edifice constructed for their comfort; there they stand, some four or five-and-twenty of them, as clever a lot of horses as ever looked through a bridle—many of them brought from England at long prices; some, and these by no means the worst-looking of the lot, bred on the estate from English sires and dams of irreproachable lineage. There is no small choice from which to draft, in an Hungarian *putza* or breeding establishment, and Count

Karolzi cannot be the owner of less than a couple of hundred horses. His hunters are all of much the same stamp, and betray at once that they have been selected by the same judicious eye: they are wiry well-bred animals—in fact, many are quite thorough-bred, with good legs and feet, lengthy quarters, and particularly neat heads: those intended for the servants to ride are of course such as would be called in Leicestershire light-weight horses—that is to say, up to twelve or thirteen stone; but the Count's own favourites, whilst he has not an under-bred one amongst them, both look and prove themselves perfectly capable of carrying their master's weight—with saddle and bridle an honest fifteen stone. An excellent English groom takes care to get them fit to go, and the Count himself, and his son Count Alexander—an enthusiastic sportsman—do not fail to *keep* them so. Although there are few thorns and stubs to lame horses on these open plains, the sharp blades of the Indian corn are apt to inflict gashes looking as if they had been cut with a knife; and we have seen several very awkward wounds inflicted by this provoking vegetable—especially when the injury chances to lie between hair and hoof; otherwise the country is not destructive to horse-flesh, save in the quality of pace.

We have now endeavoured to give our readers some idea of a Hungarian pack of hounds, a Hungarian body of sportsmen, and a Hungarian country. It is perhaps very different from that which the majority of them may have expected; but we feel sure that all who have hunted with the Foth fox-hounds will bear witness to the efficiency and workman-like appearance of the establishment, as well as to the extraordinary sport it has generally been Count Karolzi's good fortune to show. For ourselves, we can only observe that in the ten hunting days we had the pleasure of passing in this foreign hunting field, we enjoyed, at least, six good gallops, including one run of an hour and ten minutes, and another brilliant forty-five minutes without a check—perhaps, for space and distance, the best we ever saw with hounds; this is no bad average of sport, and we have reason to believe it is by no means over the usual allowance.

There is one other pack of hounds kept in Hungary, which, besides its natural object of pursuit, occasionally hunts the wild red-deer. The latter animal, a far finer specimen than his Scotch cousin bred on a bare and tree-less mountain, affords runs of extraordinary length and severity; but, as we have not ourselves witnessed the performances of this establishment, we forbear to comment upon its merits. For the same reason we pass over in silence another pack, kept at Jassy in Moldavia, of which, however, we must admit we have heard an excellent account. This is probably now the eastern-most pack of fox-hounds in Europe; but in the year '56, after the taking of Sebastopol, and immediately previous to the Peace, the grave Turk, from his close-walled mansion in Stamboul, could, if he had chosen, have got his six days a week with two packs of fox-hounds—the one hunting the large open district that lies along the shores of the sea of Marmora, kept by Major-general Shirley; the other, on the Asiatic side, hunting what our English officers called the Scutari country, by Major Jenyns, one of the few survivors of the famous charge of the Light Brigade—the quickest thing, in all probability, that he ever rode to!

Both these packs had excellent sport during the spring of the year;

and it was strange with what avidity the Turks, naturally the most sedate people on the face of the earth, entered into the spirit and pleasures of this thoroughly English pastime. Quiet as are these sons of Osman when in repose, there is a wild strain in their blood that is apt to rise uncontrollably under excitement, and, being excellent horsemen in their own way, and admirably mounted, they had little difficulty in keeping up with the chase, even over their own deep and undulating country, with its rich, ill-cultivated soil, its free open hills and steep ravines—practicable only for the active little Turkish horse.

For his size this is perhaps the best animal in the world. Removed but a few degrees from the pure Arab, he has much of the Arab's enduring qualities and generous, high-spirited nature; but his frame is more compact and powerful, his legs shorter, and his back and loins stronger than those of the Desert-born. He is almost invariably sound all over—save in his hocks, and as invariably lame, more or less, in those important joints. This can only be attributed to hereditary malformation, brought on by the practice of picketing persevered in from generation to generation, and which draws the horse's hind legs under him in a constrained and unnatural position, to which is added an injudicious method of breaking with too severe a bit, such as pulls the colt suddenly on his haunches, and causes him to strain and otherwise injure his hocks before they have acquired sufficient firmness to sustain these startling jerks and wrenches; the consequence is that in Turkey curbs and sprains are the rule rather than the exception—few horses have neither; many have both.

Any one who has ever witnessed Orientals engaged in their favourite game of "the jereed," will appreciate their high opinion of a horse's natural quickness and activity. Their pastime consists chiefly in a series of sudden and extraordinary efforts made by horse and rider; and astonishing as is the exhibition to the unaccustomed spectator, his chief marvel is that a single unbroken limb should remain in either party at the conclusion of the performances. A troop of from ten to twenty horsemen station themselves at each end of an open space of ground, which we may term the lists, from eighty to a hundred yards apart. Suddenly a solitary cavalier shoots out at a gallop from his comrades, and pulls up with a jerk in the centre of the arena, planting his lance in the ground, and wheeling his horse round it till he is giddy. While thus rationally employed, one of the opposite side rides at him as hard as he can lay legs to ground, and just as the bystander has made up his mind both combatants must be smashed, turns away to his bridle-hand, apparently just grazing his antagonist, and pluffs off a pistol, loaded with blank cartridge, in his face. Ere he can return the weapon to his holsters, a third charges him, lance in rest, and drives the steel-head past him, within an inch of his body; a fourth attacks the latter in his turn, and soon the *mélee* becomes general—pistols are fired, sabres out, and thrust, and whizzing through the air; horses are spurred, and turned, and wheeled, in all the confusion of an actual skirmish; whilst, above the trampling and confusion, the Moslem shouts of Allah! Allah! ring to the sky; yet no one is touched, and, save an occasional "burster" incurred by a steed losing his footing and rolling with his rider to the ground, not an accident takes place.

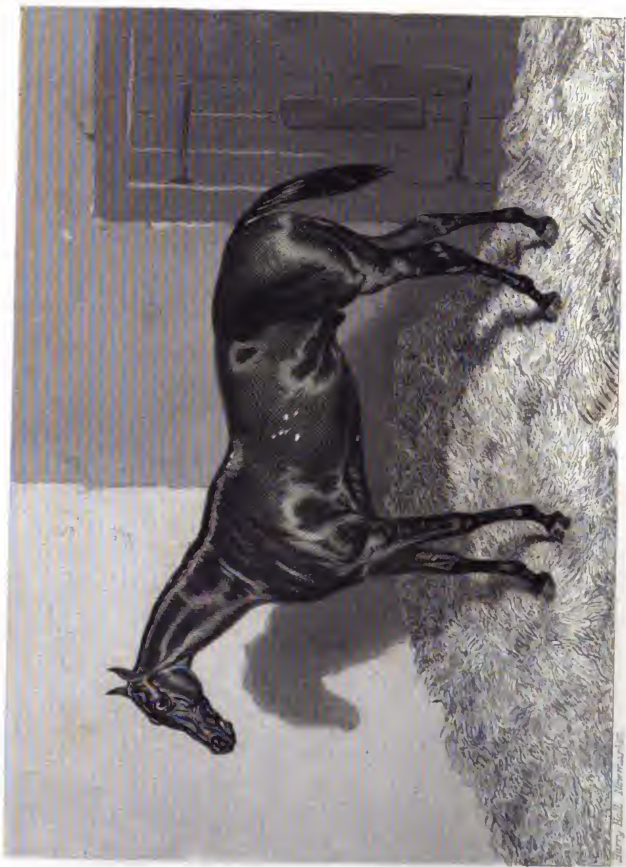
In the very heat of the strife you hear a sharp crack, and if you are

a distinguished spectator, a broken lance is cast at your feet. This concludes the spectacle, and is a high compliment to yourself. Return it by presenting the combatants with a *back-shish* equal to the price of a fat sheep. So will they spend the evening in these sober festivities, and vote you by no means a bad fellow for a "Feringhee," though mad doubtless, and therefore under the immediate protection of Providence.

This is the flattering opinion entertained by the generality of Turks, of our country-men, and accounts satisfactorily for the little surprise they betray at any of our vagaries. That an Englishman should leave his bed at day-break, and imperil his neck at intervals till sun-down, undergoing heat, labour, and exhaustion in pursuit of one, and in company of some twenty or thirty unclean animals, is not more extraordinary than his wearing tight trowsers, uncovering his head rather than his feet, as a mark of respect, smoking his tobacco at a gallop, and doing everything in a hurry. "He is mad! Mashallah!" says honest "Johnny," stroking his beard, and thus settles the question at once, to his own and his listeners' satisfaction.

It is a pity, however, that honest "Johnny" does not hunt his own country for himself. The district around Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, is wild and picturesque, somewhat overgrown with brushwood, and, in places, rather precipitous, but carrying a good scent, and not a bit worse to ride over than many parts of Scotland. In Roumelia, however, which we need hardly inform our readers is the principal province of European Turkey, within ten miles of Constantinople, lies an open undulating prairie-like district, especially adapted for the noblest field-sports. Many a good gallop has the writer seen over this wild nomadic country with Major-general Shirley's hounds, hunted by that officer himself with considerable success. It required no small amount of energy to compete with the difficulties that beset a master of hounds in Turkey; but then it was a triumph to kill a fox in such a country, after running him miles over a district in which not a living animal but a vulture was to be seen; and the General's energy and sportsman-like qualities richly deserved to be rewarded, as they were, by a succession of good sport.

This extensive district is much intersected by ravines clothed with brushwood and thick tangled thorns, affording excellent covert for a fox; and it was no small treat, on a balmy morning in early spring, to hear fourteen couple of fox-hounds *dragging* up to their game in the fashion that delighted our forefathers, ere they found him, with a crash that made the valleys echo again. The *varmint*, too, was usually a straight-goer, and often indulged us with a gallop, such as tried the mettle of the hounds and the quality of Her Majesty's rations of barley on which our horses were fed. On such occasions it was somewhat ludicrous to see some solitary horseman in the distance, armed to the teeth with firelock, spear, sabre, pistols, and yataghan, take a long shot without dismounting at the object of our pursuit—a shot that, we need hardly observe, was never effectual, fired as it was from a long-barrelled flint-and-steel piece, loaded with a single ball, and exploding perhaps once out of every three times! After such an exhibition, our marauding friend would wait patiently for the hounds, and wheel in to the chase, grinning with delight, and in a state of boiling enthu-



Punch
Stallion of the West, and of the "Schooner" (no. 185)

siasm for the sport. Robber as he was by profession, and in all probability murderer by choice, the rascal went gallantly, and invariably stuck to the line until he stopped his horse—a consummation soon brought about, even with those good little animals, by reckless riding and a loose rein. These foxes, too, required a deal of killing; and though the proportion of noses on the kennel door was small indeed as compared with the Quorn or the Pytchley, there was a *history* attached to each, and perhaps this is the great charm of our successes after all.

In recalling these grateful memories, two singular scenes recur to us as connected with the Oriental fox-hunting—a capital two-and-twenty minutes to ground with a jackal; and the witnessing the line of a pack of fox-hounds crossed by a string of camels!

After all is said and done, “there is no place like home;” and far be it from us to assert so heretical a doctrine as that hunting can be enjoyed to *perfection* in any country but our own. We would only uphold that the plant, though an exotic, attains to a considerable growth elsewhere; and that, although the Pope’s bull forbids it for the present to take root in the classic soil of Rome, His Holiness opining that the country is not benefited by the frantic irruption of a horde of heretics on horseback, and his own orthodox subjects too valuable to break their necks over the stiff posts and rails that intersect the Campagne, there are other continental countries in which it may flourish to a certain degree of vigour; and that it does not follow that, because we may be exiled from England by ill-health, lack of means, or other fortuitous causes, we must therefore necessarily bid adieu to that sport which is the favourite and engrossing pastime of the upper classes amongst our countrymen.

We do not hold with those alarmists who predict that the increase of railroads will effectually put an extinguisher on hunting in England. Far from it! We hope, if we live, to see our grandchildren as fond of it as we have been ourselves; nay, perhaps to trot out on a quiet pony and witness their performances; but, although, doubtless, in Britain alone can the sport be enjoyed to its utmost perfection, it is satisfactory to know that there are other countries in which a considerable share of pleasure may be derived from a good horse and a few couple of steady high-bred fox-hounds.

S A U N T E R E R .

WINNER OF THE WHIP, AND OF THE GOODWOOD CUP, 1858.

ENGRAVED BY E. HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY HARRY HALL.

BY CASTOR.

Saunterer, bred by Mr. R. M. Jaques in 1854, is by Birdcatcher, out of Ennuï by Bay Middleton, her dam Blue Devils by Velocipede, — Care by Woful.

Birdcatcher, or more commonly “Irish” Birdcatcher, by Sir Hercules, out of Guiccioli by Bob Booty, is well known as the most successful stallion of the day, the sire of more than a hundred and seventy winners, with about twenty out by him last year.

Ennui, bred by Lord George Bentinck in 1843, was a fair runner, and a winner, amongst other things, of the great Four-year-old Stake at Goodwood. She passed successively through the hands of Lord George, Mr. Mostyn, John Scott, and Mr. Peart, who wound her up at welter weights in her fourth season. She produced one foal, that died young in 1849, and was then transferred to Mr. Jaques, with whom she remained for five seasons, the produce being Dear Me! Alas! Bravery, and Saunterer. At the sale of the Easby Abbey stud, in the summer of '54, Ennui was bought by Lord Londesborough for 95 gs., and is still in his lordship's possession.

Saunterer is a black, or perhaps more properly a dark-brown horse, standing about fifteen hands and a half high. He has a very blood-like head, with a remarkably full and expressive eye. His neck is capitally set into his head, his crest slightly bowed, and he has a good clean shoulder. His depth of girth is not great, but he has a good barrel, round and compact, very arched loins, and muscular, though not large, quarters, drooping towards the tail. He has good thighs, with clean, yet decidedly "Birdcatcher hocks," fine arms, but not over-large knees, and legs as clean as a foal. He has a thin switch tail, which he is always whisking about, and another trick of throwing his ears back—both indicative of some temper and nervousness. Saunterer is altogether a very racing varmint, and yet handsome specimen of the thorough-bred horse. He trains rather light, has generally a wonderful bloom on his coat, and, when in the humour, can go quite as well as he looks to.

PERFORMANCES.

Saunterer, a foal just weaned at the time, fetched only a fifty at the Easby sale, John Osborne being his registered purchaser. The young one came out in his name as a two-year-old in 1856, when he started no less than seventeen times, of which he won his four first races clean off. He made his first appearance in the spring at Doncaster, where, with 8st. 7lb. on him in the shape of Johny Osborne, he beat a large field for the Hopeful, including Magnifier, Adamas, and Red-white-and-blue. At the same meeting he walked over for the Betting-room Stakes. At Thirsk, in the same week, carrying the top weight of 8st. 11lb., he beat Red-white-and-blue and two others for a two-year-old stake. In that following at Croxton Park he beat Lord Wilton's Peeping Tom for another small sweepstakes. At York Spring, giving weight to everything, but still with even "on" him, he succumbed to Magnifier, Blink Bonny, and two others, for the Zetland Stakes. But it was a memorable race—a dead heat between Magnifier and Nougat, Blink Bonny beaten a head from them, Madame Clicquot a head from her, and Saunterer separated by another head only; nothing else near. At Chester, on the Tuesday, he was not placed for the Mostyn Stakes, won by Lambourn, but he gave the winner five pounds, Blink Bonny, who was third, nine pounds, and so on; and on the Friday ran second to Theodora for the Wirzal. At Manchester he suffered another couple of defeats, running third to Blink Bonny for The Sapling, and second to Lambourn for another two-year-old stake. A brace more rebuffs awaited him at Newton, where he was second twice over to Madame

Clicquot, with nothing very famous behind them. At Ripon, despite the top weight, he carried off a stake against such good company as Underhand, Skirmisher, and Co. Then Ignoramus, with 2lb. the best of it, beat him for the Prince of Wales at York, with half a score more to look on. He got third to Lance for the Portland Plate at Doncaster, and finished the season with another run of luck. He won an all-aged stake at Pontefract; the Alma at Chester Autumn, giving Adamas 7lb. and a beating; and a stake named after his native place, at Richmond. Gill rode him for this, but Osborne for nearly all his other races at two years old.

As Mr. Jackson's, Saunterer came out in nineteen races at three years old, the first of which was the Derby, when he started a strong favourite, with only eight to one against him. His old opponents, however, Blink Bouny and Adamas, had the 'vantage of him. At Ascot another old acquaintance—Skirmisher—beat him for the Cup, Gemma di Vergy dividing them by a head. At Newcastle he won the Grand Stand Stakes, and walked over for the Gateshead. At Liverpool he won three times—the Bentinck Testimonial, on the Wednesday, beating Commoner, Ellermire, and others; a sweepstakes against York on the Thursday; and the Licensed Victuallers' Plate on the Friday, giving lots of weight to everything, including Lord Nelson, Ellermire, Hospitality, and Vandermulin. At York he finished a bad third at even weights to Védette (1) and Skirmisher for the Great Yorkshire. At Doncaster he won the Eglinton Stakes, beating Gildermire, Tournament, Princess Royal, and others. Tournament, who fell, carried, with Saunterer, the top weight, 8st. 12lb. each. In the same meeting, in a field of five, at even weights, he was a good third for the Doncaster Stakes—Skirmisher first, Wardermarske second, Zuyder Zee fourth, and Augury fifth. A fellow voyager, Fisherman, damped his trip to Chantilly; but returning, Chester Autumn quickly credited him with two races—a walk over for the Mostyn, and the Chester Handicap, in which he gave heaps of weight, and won in a canter. In the Newmarket Second October Meeting he won a plate across the Flat on the Monday, and received a match forfeit from a fancy of Mr. Ten Broeck's. On the Tuesday, with 8st. 5lb. on him, he was not placed in the ever memorable Cesarewitch—now known as Prioress'; and on the Friday Mr. Robinson got the best of Mr. Jackson in a match with Heroine *versus* Saunterer, although it was two to one on "the black un." On the Monday, in the Houghton, however, the tables were turned, and Saunterer beat Anton, although giving seven pounds. On the succeeding day Saunterer did what must still be considered his best performance; and certainly a very wonderful one it was. Carrying 8st. 12lb.—a stone more than anything else in the race, although only a three-year-old—he was beaten a neck for second in the Cambridgeshire. Odd Trick, a three-year-old, who won, carried 7st. 4lb., and Mæstissima, not a bad filly, 6st. 5lb. Saunterer thus gave her two stone and a-half. Twenty eight others, equally well in against him, also started, but were not placed. The Ring readily laid a hundred to one against Mr. Jackson's horse. Osborne again rode Saunterer in the majority of his races, and Charlton at the lighter weights.

Ere the opening of another year Saunterer changed hands, Mr. Merry bidding up as high as two thousand one hundred for him, at

which price Mr. Jackson yielded. The horse, however, by no means ran up to his form at the beginning of the season. The first of seventeen more races was at Warwick Spring, where at even weight he was a bad third to Commotion (1) and Odd Trick for The Trial. At Newmarket First Spring he finished last of the three at even weights for a hundred-guinea stakes—Ignoramus first and Commotion second; but the next day he won a handicap plate, beating a rough lot of nine "others." At Chester he was all "out" again—Fisherman beat him a head for the Grosvenor; at 8 st. 8 lbs. he was not placed though well up for the Cup; and Fisherman again vanquished him for the Stewards' Cup. At Epsom Zuyder Zee beat him just a head for the Craven, and he was another far less glorious second to Fisherman for the Cup, beaten only twenty lengths! Nowhere for the Hunt Cup at Ascot, he was laid by for a bit, and did not appear again until the Goodwood, when he created an immense "sensation" by winning the Cup, beating Frenchmen and Yankees, and, yet more, getting his revenge on Fisherman. Quite a horse of another colour by this, he went on to Brighton, where he polished off the Happy Land and Tournament for the Champagne, and walked-over for the Cup. At Doncaster the Knight of Kars and Ignoramus could get no nearer than second and third against him for the Fitzwilliam; but in the Cup Védette beat him by half-a-length, with Black Tommy, Fisherman, Tournament, and Zuyder Zee a long way from the two. He then paid another visit to Chantilly, and with more success, winning the Emperor's Prize against The Zouave, Ventre-Saint-Gris, and two more natives. In the Newmarket Second October Meeting Mr. Merry challenged with him for the Whip, and Mr. Starky resigned it. In the Houghton Saunterer finished his history so far, by giving two stone-and-a-half to Sir Joseph Hawley's Gilliver in a Handicap, and running up to him—Ignoramus, with 8 lb. in hand, and two others, "all behind." Wells, Osborne, Childman, Aldcroft, and others have been in turn "up" during the season; but his old pilot has still done the best with him. Osborne rode him at Goodwood, and again accompanied him across the Channel.

SUMMARY OF SAUNTERER'S PERFORMANCES.

In 1856 he started seventeen times, and won eight:—

	£
The Hopeful, at Doncaster, value clear	390
The Betting-room Stakes, at Doncaster	70
A Sweepstakes, at Thirsk	95
A Sweepstakes, at Croxton Park	35
A Sweepstakes, at Ripon	115
A Sweepstakes, at Pontefract	35
The Alma Stakes, at Chester	230
The Easby Abbey Stakes, at Richmond	45

In 1857 he started nineteen times, and won eleven:—

The Grand Stand Stakes, at Newcastle-on-Tyne	125
The Gateshead Stakes, at Newcastle	25
The Bentinck Testimonial Plate, at Liverpool	265
A Sweepstakes, at Liverpool	180
The Licensed Victuallers' Plate, at Liverpool	320
The Eglinton Stakes, at Doncaster	350
The Mostyn Stakes, at Chester	40

	£
The Autumn Handicap, at Chester	365
A Plate, at Newmarket Second October	50
A Match Forfeit, Newmarket Second October	100
A Match, Newmarket Houghton	300

In 1858 he started seventeen times, and won seven :—

A Handicap Plate, Newmarket First Spring	50
The Cup, at Goodwood.....	740
The Champagne, at Brighton	215
The Cup, at Brighton.....	50
The Fitzwilliam, at Doncaster	145
The Emperor's Prize, at Chantilly	530
The Whip, Newmarket Second October	—

£4865

Saunterer has started fifty-three times, has won twenty-six, and run second eleven times.

Mr. Merry's horses were rather off at the beginning of last season, and we believe he had them eased again during the time the ground was so hard. When, however, the turn did come, it was a grand one, and he must have had altogether a very good year. Saunterer alone has well warranted the long price given for him, the more particularly as he promises to come again as good a horse as ever. The Chester Cup Handicap makes him about the best horse in England. He has the top weight of 9 st. ; Fisherman, at a year older, being the only other one in as high.

OLD REMINISCENCES OF YOUNG FISHING DAYS.

CHAPTER IV.

"Cousin," cried Alice coaxingly, "now that you have wearied your eyesight by the microscopic examination of your microscopic shells, do proceed with your reminiscences of early life."

"I second that sensible request," rejoined Mrs. Percy ; "and I see by that smile, Theo, you will, as usual, contribute your quota to our amusement. Wait till I bring my work, that my fingers may not be idle, while I listen."

"My fair dame, I will give you work enough," replied Mr. South ; "for last night, as I sat entranced listening to your magnificent 'Ocean, thou mighty monster,' it reminded me of a little girl who sometimes went 'an angling' with me in the Darent : and methinks, one who can sing so divinely such music as the splendid 'Oberon,' may prove sufficiently eloquent to aid me in the relation of my reminiscences. I'll bring you forth anon. Your work, indeed !—"

"The hands attached to such a soul should never work."

"What now ?" exclaimed Marian, in amazement.

"Anon, anon !" continued Mr. South. "When last I did dis-

course on fishing, I think you saw me standing by a trout stream, with fly-rod in hand. Ah, me! what exquisite pleasure it is to throw the fly, well! It is a thing so difficult, requiring such dexterity, that the naked fact of its accomplishment is pleasure, though no fish be hooked. There is, indeed, a strange fascination about it. As I have observed, I practised the art on every fit occasion, and soon became expert. Do you, by-the-bye, remember what 'Washington Irving' says of *his* fishing?"

"No," answered Alice; "pray tell us."

"In his sketch-book," continued South, 'For my part,' says he, 'I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either practice or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour, before I had completely satisfied the sentiment, and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it. I hooked myself, instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Izaak, satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling.' "I was innately a fisherman," continued Mr. South, "so I was not like that humorous bungler; nor did I give it up in despair; for I persevered morning and evening. "Morning"? Aye, Marian, do you remember that self-same sister of mine, and a still younger fairy form sallying forth with me to the stream one joyful sunless morning? Sunless, because that all-glorious orb still slept while we got 'a-foot,' somewhere about three o'clock a.m.? Do you remember how they toiled with me through mist and dewy grass, caring nought for wet feet, more than for the pearl-like cobweb veils which stretched across our path; enjoying all things, bearing every fatigue, in order to go with me 'a fishing': the one laden with landing-net and fish-pannier—aye, and soon with fish too!—the other protecting their biscuits and fruit, and *my* delicious sandwiches and flask of good old Oporto? Percy, did you ever hear anything of these freaks? Yes, Marian, you were a mere child then; and I, certainly a foolish, if not a mischievous youth, to allow you to have your own way. Do you remember the fearful walk we had, and how, at eve, your poor limbs ached? and how I had almost to carry you back to our home again? And your dread, too, of those fearful Powder Mills? and, oh! that unexpected meal at mid-day!"

"Was it my sister Marian who was with you?" inquired Alice.

"And," said Mrs. Percy, glowing with her own early reminiscences, "do you remember one trout in particular you caught in the morning, and how you jumped and danced with delight? and how very hungry we became soon after our stock which we carried from home fell short, and how we made out for the rest of the day, and *the* trout at night?"

"Holloa, my fair coz," almost shouted the cunning fisher: "who 'charmed' the confession of authorship out of me? I've got you on my hook now; eh! Percy. Come, Marian, put aside your needle, and spin us your yarn. And so, you remember all about it, do you? And so do I, as fresh as though it were in the mirror before us; and well I might. It was a happy day; and having two such light-hearted,

laughter-loving companions by my side, and being just released from long hard study to revel awhile once more in rural delights, it made a deep and lasting impression on me. You, Marian, shall tell the tale."

"Oh, sister, do tell us all about that day," eagerly exclaimed Alice.

"Nay, make your cousin," she replied.

"You're right, Alice," rejoined South; "your sister will tell it better than I can."

"You're wrong," rebutted Mrs. Percy; "what do I know about fishing? How can I describe it?"

"What do you know of fishing?" ejaculated Mr. South; "much, fair dame, I will be sworn. Who loves more than you do, Marian, the rich bounties Nature has endowed us with on every hand? Was there a blade of grass you passed unheeded? For every leaf, every insect, every bird, every beast, every cloud, every hill and dale, for anything in nature and attached to the enjoyment of nature, who had a greater delight than was impressed on your young heart? Who, then, could more fluently discourse on such things than you? And with your increased and still-increasing love and knowledge of many things created, who so fit to tell the adventure of that day?"

"There's a fair challenge for you, Marian; South's very flattery ought to spur you on," suggested Mr. Percy, encouragingly; "and when I add he does not flatter, you will not surely say him, Nay."

"Come, sister, *you* tell us," said Alice, "Marian's tale."

"We will hear it, Antony; 'You shall read us the will—Cæsar's will,'" exultingly exclaimed the triumphant South.

"Come, Marian, tell thy tale, sweetheart," entreated Percy.

Marian blushed in her diffidence; but after a pause, taking her loving sister's hand within her own, she thus commenced.

MARIAN'S TALE.

"And, after all, what is it I have to tell? The day rests on my memory as that of joy and sunshine, as it has e'er since been; one of those days on which the heart must linger with delight: and not an every-day day; but one of those very few, remembered in after-years, casting a warm and brilliant glow on childhood's hour. Yet, why it was so, who can tell? Was it the many particular incidents conjointly, or one alone, that made that day so happy, and makes it now so memorable? It was a happy day; but why so happy, I cannot tell. It was one lengthened day of bliss, each link a gratification, binding it indelibly on the imagination. We saw the earliest grey of twilight ere rosy day appeared; and long ere the sun cast one touch of gold upon the western hill-top, we felt the busy breeze of incense-breathing morn. The beetle of the night passed by to rest till night again. The ruddy mowers—glowing with honest health and humour, with guarded scythe and ample keg and wallet, plodded on, and blessed our young hearts, wishing us 'good morrow.' The bee hummed forth to merry labour. The woods echoed and re-echoed with the chirp of waking songsters; and ere the sun burst forth,

peering through hedge and copse, the birds sang sweetly, as in welcome. The very flowers shone out, to kiss our feet and deck our path. The jocund haymakers, in troops, appeared mirthful in good fellowship; and every butterfly fluttered around in holiday attire. It was a holiday to us; a holyday—a day of Heaven's own hand! How balmy did the odour-bearing breeze waft past us, honied with dog-rose and wild water-mint; and then with fragrance of the new-turned hay, mingling with rose and clematis, and sweetest honeysuckle from every hedge. And then the skipping lambs, emblems of ourselves, the bleat of sheep, the low of the docile kine, waiting beneath the accustomed shade to yield their creamy burthen up to the tripping milkmaid; the wild halloo and clapper of the bird-boy, guarding the ripening corn or clustering cherry. Oh! what delights were these! Then, the river's bank attained, how we chased the gaudy dragonfly, or envied the aspiring lark carolling its bursting song of praise, or gliding swallow; searched for the chattering reed-sparrow or timid water-coot; and how we plucked the nodding harebell, or the wild mallow, the gaudy poppy, the tale-telling blessed 'forget-me-not,' the bell-heath, or tall foxglove, shunning the armed nettle and the thistle. Then, how we stretched beside the stream, and prayed to pluck the yellow iris and the dazzling water-lily, in fear and trembling, lest our foot should slip into the crystal mirror! And then, when the mid-morn arrived, how exquisite to sit on the green bank under rich masses of the silver willow, eating our simple meal!

The fish alone were doomed that day to suffer. And how Theophilus revelled in success! And, oh! how proud I felt that I had witnessed the exploits of our far-famed fishing cousin here!"

"Madam," interrupted Mr. South, "you'd make me blush, were I less old."

"Nay, cousin," she continued, "there were no need I should 'take Fame's trumpet out of her hand.' You know you had, at the moment of our meal, caught many a poor fish; though Mary, as was her merciful wont, had thrown back into the water several which you called 'undersized.'

"There we reclined, resting our excited limbs, sipping the sweets of healthful labour, and eyeing the leaping of the hungry fish at many a tiny fly. But wait awhile, and see this cousin catch a fish. Myself, half lulled to sleep by the chiming of the water over the pebbles, shadow-chequered by the ripple above, your last sandwich, Theo, still rising to your lips, Mary's hand was suddenly upon me, pressing me down in silence. 'Look, brother, look,' half whispered she; 'see that gentle motion close under the bank. You've taught me to judge that that is a goodly fish.'

"He looked. I saw our cousin's eye flash as with electric fire; and yet how cautiously he moved, creeping full length like snake upon the grass, to screen himself from the bright-eyed fish, and reach his rod! In breathless expectation, down we lay, Mary enforcing me. Cousin hidden prostrate in the rich verdure, we only saw the tip of his long rod pointing across the river, extending half a yard above and beyond the bank. I could scarce see that; but Mary drew my

attention to it. I thought it but a mere waving blade of grass, so cunning, so slight, so regular its motion to the breeze. It seemed to recede further and further from us; and I had nearly lost sight of it where we lay, when I was startled by its flying back towards us, bent, deeply bent. And then high in air 'twas raised; and in an instant cousin stood erect; almost, I could have said, in attitude. Himself erect, uplifted was his voice. Mary heard, and knew the magic word, 'Hooked!' and up we started. By one hand she dragged me, and by the other bore the landing-net; and soon I found myself close to cousin. By this time, when I came to look about me, I thought him afraid of the fish, and flying from it, for he was running; but not in fear. He was as—oh! come, Theophilus, do you explain why all this happened."

"No, no; go on—admirably told!" responded Mr. South.

"Well," she pursued, "he was as though running down stream, in order to get below the fish and clear of weeds. Then we saw the fish fairly drive its head into a tangling cluster; and a slight utterance of discontent escaped from Theo's lips. I scarce can tell you what I felt at this same moment. I was indeed excited, so was Mary—hope and fear struggling for the mastery; yet her excitement was but momentary, his every motion showed such coolness. In an instant he wound in his line; and when within a short distance below the spot where the fish was fixed, into the water he plunged. For a second, I held my breath in terror, lest he should be drowned; but Mary was alive, all energy, and all confiding in this brother of hers—the proud, dear creature! Oh, blessings on our Mary! Cousin, more coolly than I tell it, carried the point of his rod to within two yards below the spot where the fish might be, burying its tip in the stream, and there for a few seconds he kept it fully bent, down stream. At last I saw it quiver and shake, as with a 'tug-tug'; and then it moved gently for perhaps two heart-beats. I saw it slacken in its bend, his line stretch out; and retreating to the bank, down the stream he ran, with rod again more deeply bent. He paused: something large and heavy pulling at his line: now here, now there, tugging and tugging on, as though the rod would snap into a thousand splinters; and then the rod flew back, then forward again, like lightning's glance. But meanwhile—oh, shall I ever forget it!—out of the water, full above my height, darted a huge fish. Oh, what a beautiful fish!—so large, so round, so red, so golden, and so silvery. It was a flash, a flash of lightning on the rainbow. A second and third leap! 'Now, Mary,' shouted Theo. She knew her office; and in two minutes—twenty I esteemed them—Mary handed to me, in the landing-net, that beautiful fish. What spots! what gold and silver scales! and what a body! What a mouth! and what a size!"

"Indeed it was a really beautiful trout," mused South. "Four pounds weight. Well have you told that part of the tale, Marian; e'en Mary herself could not have done it better."

"Well, Mrs. Percy, time develops worth," exclaimed her admiring spouse. "I never dreamt you could be half so eloquent on such a

subject. I do suspect you are as intolerable an angler, as deeply interested in the art, as South himself. Whence learnt you all this zeal?"

"Perhaps I imbibed it at that moment," replied his lady; "perhaps from Mary's enthusiastic spirit, when her brother's fishing exploits were the subject of our discourse."

"Marian," exclaimed South, "do you remember that after the fish was fairly landed, from out its mouth we saw a minnow drop, almost alive, and found another in its throat; and searching further on, five more within him in various stages of digestion? You remember that too, cousin? What an appetite that fish must have had that morning; how he must have enjoyed my fly!"

"Most true," archly replied Mrs. Percy. "Some one else was appetized that day; for how you emptied off your flask of wine, and drank glass after glass of water, ere you had finished your rejoicings."

"Go on, sister; tell us more of that happy day," said Alice.

"Well, then," she said, "this fierce fight o'er, free from the fiery heat of an unclouded sun, under the shade of that soft weeping willow, how swiftly glided by the hours till noon; in what sweet converse did the time pass on!"

"From where we sat, we looked around us on the beauteous landscape, and Mary's painter's eye beheld a subject worthy of her hand. Between the opening trees, far off, was seen the lowly village church, with ivy-crowned tower, the sombre yews and stately elms around it, backed by a rising hill, on which the corn stood ripening into richest tints. Upon the left stood the neat cottage, with its rustic fence and whitened gates, opening upon the winding road. A belt of trees beside it threw o'er the spot a shade, brightening, by contrast, the sunshine on the holy place; the blackened Powder mills darkening the grove of towering poplars on the right. Nearer to us lay the smiling meadows, brightly green, half filled with basking sheep. The shepherd's boy stood by the meandering stream, tempting, like us, the fish unto their death; while 'neath the shadow of those nearest giants of the vale, the noble oaks, rested the browsing cattle—the lordly bull on guard. Oh, for a Landseer and a Claude! Busily did Mary ply each skilful touch. But hush! let's pause a while, to catch those dulcet notes that issue from her coral lips. Wrapt in the beaming joy of that sweet day, thus Mary sung—

How sweet at dawn,

How sweet at dawn,

Is the gambolling glee of the graceful fawn!

The dart of the coot through the scented rushes,

When Aurora, unveiled, in her modesty, blushes!

How sweet at dawn!

How sweet at noon,

How sweet at noon,

Is the lull of the rippling brooklet's tune!

The low of the kine, knee-deep in its shallows!

The slumber which Nature's soft lassitude hallows!

How sweet at noon!

‘ How sweet at night,
How sweet at night,
To play ‘bo-peep’ with the glow-worm’s light !
When the stars in their sockets eternal glisten,
Near the night-bird’s haunt to tarry and listen !
How sweet at night ! ’

W. I. W.

“ Mary’s voice had died away. The lowing herd, with ears erect, were wrapt in mute and gratified surprise ; and then the birds sung out from every tree in tuneful chorus, as though, by sudden impulse, struggling, with envious emulation, to outdo that ‘ human voice divine.’ They felt the effort vain, and shrunk once more into embowered shade, to rest in silence.

“ Aye, I remember,” pursued the nature-loving Marian, “ it was in those hours of bliss that you, good cousin, pointed my anxious eye into the flower’s cup, teaching me to know, as I had admired before, the thousand floral gifts of Nature ; leading me from simple love of plants and shrubs and pretty flowers, to estimate the various uses of each part—of cup and blossom, stamen, pistil, pericarp, of leaves and thorns and tendrils, and of awns ; why that the seed of this and that were different ; why some were few and large, others small and numerous ; why some fell hugging the maternal root, and some, on simple or on feathered down, or dragonfly-shaped wings, were wafted by the breeze far off, and others cast midway by Nature’s bursting efforts, and others, again, clothed in luscious fruit or armed with clinging awns, were borne away and scattered o’er the earth by flying bird or furry animal. How provident is Nature’s God, to disseminate the seed of every tree and shrub and flower, to clothe and beautify the earth, and bless his creature—man ! And now, again, the fern-root he would cut, and show the miniature of stately oak ; then point to me the simple mechanism of Nature’s hydrometric pitchers (*Cephalotus follicularis et Nepenthes distillatoria*), closing in dry and opening in moist weather, to keep the fountains of their life supplied—crystal secretion, like wild pines (parasites) here, or flowing water in the *Vitis indica*, so grateful to the wayworn traveller.* Then would he mention the spiral spring elastic, of many a climber’s tendrils, which by adhesive claws, like feet of flies, cling to their support, yet yield sufficiently unto the rushing breeze to let it pass unharmed.† ‘ Why,’ he would ask me, ‘ were the thorns on

* This wild grape is very common in Jamaica, bearing a small black grape, which makes as good a tart as most English cottage out-door grapes do. In the old woods, it clambers over tall trees to a tremendous length ; and its stem is often as thick as a man’s arm. The woods are very hot ; water is often distant ; and bush-ranging is thirsty work. Meeting this vine, a single cut with a cutlass must sever the lower part first, and a cut above must sever to the hand about a yard or two. The lower end, applied to the mouth, yields a clear, cool, tasteless drink, pure as water, and satisfies the thirst.

† In the “ Virginian creeper,” well known in England, especially in London, the cirral claw is very apparent, but this species is devoid, if I remember rightly, of the spiral spring. “ The claw itself,” to use the words of the excellent article on Vegetable Physiology (p. 31), in the “ Library of Useful Knowledge,” “ consists of cellular matter, which, being a continuation of the parenchyma of the other part of the organ, is here checked in its extension, and expands sideways, leaving the under-surface altogether devoid of cutis, but studded with minute warts, or short fibrils, which enter into the minute pores of stone, brick, &c., swell there, and maintain

shrubs, or prickly leaves on holly, within reach, while smooth, round leaves alone were seen above, by Nature's hand contrived, save to protect each kind of tree from cattle's nipping tooth, and gradual annihilation? Then did he talk of bird and insect small, and many creeping things that God created. Oh, it was sweet

“ To muse upon His skill displayed
(Infinite skill) in all that He has made ;
To trace in Nature's most minute design
The signature and stamp of pow'r divine—
Contrivance intricate, expressed with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees ;
The shapely limb, the lubricated joint,
Within the small dimensions of a point ;
Muscle and nerve, miraculously spun—
His mighty work, Who speaks, and it is done.’

And O, how wise to learn, as far as we poor mortals have the power to learn the various uses of each different tribe. How mankind feeds on beast and bird and fish. And beast and bird and fish, being of a lower order, feed on each other, and each other kind and reptile ; and then, again, how many feed on insects ; and how many an insect, in like manner, finds its food, not only upon herbs—as in man's prime they were accustomed, ‘ when lamb and lion lay down together in peace’—but, as Nature, at man's fall from Paradise, had ordained, on those of lower organization, till the power to watch becomes too intricate for human eyes, although to His all-seeing eye visible as the great orb in mid-day glory unto us ! Of course, South told me how the fell tyrant-pike preyed on the perch, the trout, and every kind of fish, except the tench, and frog and worm ; how trout and perch and chub would war against the younger of each others' race, and others of less worth ; how even perch would sometimes feed on flies, and trout and chub and perch would feed on worms ; how chub and trout would feed, no less on flies, than on the caddis larva of the May-fly and on minnow ; how the younger of each would feed upon the youngest, and these, again, on animalculæ. I do believe he would have discoursed till night. But Mary interposed—‘ Brother, show our young cousin the “ gold-eyed gauze-wing ” that caught the trout. Tell her its uses in its natural state.’ Whereon, going to the river's

the claw so firmly attached as to support the branch, and enable the plant to grow on the face of a perpendicular surface.” But in one variety of the American “ squash,” whose fruit, when ripe, weighs about 15 lbs., its external colour being full, deep maroon, and its internal orange, with all the flavour of melon (the specific name of which I do not know), I have particularly marked this providence of Nature. The tendrils, while hanging loose, are long and straight, without excrecence at their points. But let them e'en approach a tree on which to climb—they touch it, and the points cling to it, growing in a few hours into cirrhal claws ; and the length of each tendril simultaneously twists, or rather contracts, itself into a spiral spring, which elongates and contracts with every blast and lull of the strong gale—a wonderful provision of nature, to prevent its being torn from the support on which it climbs. I had, at the moment of writing this, a squash of this nature, in a somewhat exposed situation, which had climbed to the height of upwards of thirty feet upon a pimento-tree ; and, notwithstanding its large leaves and luxuriant foliage, it had withstood the force of one or two trifling West Indian hurricanes, and the tail of the fierce one which so distracted the Havana and other places in October, 1846.

bank, he soon secured a living specimen, like which his hook was dressed. 'You know,' said he, 'the fearful blight that clings to many a beauteous rose—the gardener's curse, the dreaded *Aphis rosæ*. That pest, that plague-spot upon vegetation, is a living insect, drawing off the life-blood of its victim by slow but sure degrees. See how it spreads from spot to spot, from stem to leaf and rose-bud, and stays not, till, drooping, languishing, dying, the beauty of the garden stands a withered wreck. Nor is this all the evil that it does, in man's esteem. Another pest there is—the ant. This it encourages: this, it is said, the aphid reluctantly feeds, exuding, at the touch of ants' antennæ, a honeyed drop of clear, transparent liquid; while several ants hang round, culling a plentiful and nectareous meal, the plunder of that beauteous rose-bush.'

"Tis very strange, South," interposed Percy, "if it be so. I rather should have thought the ants would have preferred to seize the aphid bodily as their prey."

"No, my friend," rejoined South: "strange as it seems, it is a fact full well confirmed; and I myself can show it you to-morrow, and besides, perhaps, can add my mite to prove it by analogy. In the family *Aphides*, some of the genus *Aleyrodes* (so called from ἀλευρωδης, *farinaceous*, in allusion to the farinaceous-looking powder by which they are often covered), annoy me greatly in our garden, especially infesting any thriving cuttings. No sooner do I discover these furry specks, than forthwith come the 'stinging ants,' to heighten the annoyance. Round the young stem they heap their mound of soil, live with the aphid on good terms, and help them to destroy the plant. They do not feed upon this larva—that I know, because, beating down their nest from off the stem, the larvæ still remain. Those malignant enemies of ours, the stinging ants, from similar sources derive the ever-flowing honey-dew."

"Now, my sister, they are wandering from your day of bliss," Alice remonstrated.

"Not in the least, believe me, if you wish to have it as a whole," resumed Mrs. Percy. "Having enlarged so much on aphid and on ant, our cousin reproduced the fairy fly, the 'gold-eyed gauze-wing' (the *Hemerobius perla*), 'Mark now,' he said, 'this shape so delicate, this mien so placid. Would you conceive that in this fairy form there lies such valiant spirit, such a floral love, as should prompt its tender limbs to be the champion of the armed rosebud? Yet so it is. It wages fiercest war against this *Aphis rosæ*, sucking to death the pest at every step. Alas, poor fly, that shields the rose so beautiful, thou, in thy turn, art made the prey of that the beauty of the rose might envy—the speckled trout!'

Thus we beguiled the hours till noontide came. Then, having talked so much on food of birds and insects, our cousin felt himself to be a mortal, and cried out, 'I hunger and I thirst;' and to each question, 'What is to be done?' again he cried, 'I hunger and I thirst!' Water there was at hand in plenty; and after a hearty draught, drunk from the crystal stream, he laid him down and slept.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ALPENSTOCK;
OR, GLACIAL TOILS AND SUNNY RAMBLES.

BY CAPTAIN J. W. CLAYTON,

(Late of the 13th Light Dragoons: Author of "Ubique," and "Letters from the Nile.")

[COMMUNICATED TO, AND EDITED BY, LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.]

CHAPTER XII.

Surrounded by piles of monuments, grey and majestic, stands, as we have said, the old cathedral of San Marco, gorgeous in Eastern fancy, and golden in mosaics. Dark and stately are its cloisters, and the time-battered statues, galleries, and pinnacles of fairy lightness. On the first entry, the immense proportions of the building strike the senses with an oppression of dim and heavy grandeur, enhanced by the incense-laden atmosphere, and the narrow windows still colouring the air with a splendid diversity. From altars and shrines flows the native light of precious stones, and in all directions the twinkling tapers gleam on beauteous columns of exquisite polish, walls of rarest marbles; and the sinking floor, of elaborately inlaid stones; the solemn twilight breathing around, the obscurely rising domes, rich in old mosaics vast and quaint, the sacred altar-slab, which eighteen centuries ago supported the Saviour's form, as he preached to the men of Tyre, the masses of carved oak, black and mysterious; together with the uncertain gleam of the marble statues, moving in the wavering light; the organ's rolling breath, and the holy rising chant—all break upon the wondering brain as an unreal phantasy, wild, splendid, solemn, and overpowering.*

Next in interest are the numberless churches, which, although offering a great variety of architectural style, a few of the most important will suffice for the ordinary traveller's remark. The church of Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari is a large edifice of the thirteenth century. The arched entrance-porch is decorated with elegant arabesques, and some meritorious statues. But between the first and second altar the wanderer's steps are arrested; near him repose the ashes of Titian; and rising over them is a monumental arch of wondrous magnificence—a tomb of towering marble, of virgin whiteness, carved and stuated, erected as the splendid tribute of a proud and grateful country to one of her greatest artist sons. On a slab beneath, run the following words—

*"Qui giace il gran Tizian Vecellio,
Imitator de'Zeusi e degli Apelli."*

Opposite is the less gorgeous, though far more touching, monument

* Beneath the principal porch is an inlaid lozenge of red marble, which indicates the spot where, by the interposition of the Republic, the reconciliation of the Pope Alexander III. and the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa took place on the 23rd of July, 1177. Historians relate that, whilst the Emperor was prostrate before the Pope, he pronounced the words, "Non tibi, sed Petro"; at which the holy father answered, "Et mihi et Petro!"

to Canova, copied from a design of his own, erected to the Grand Duchess Christina, at Vienna—the very poetry of sculpture, and sculpture of poetry.* The entire monument cost, in its erection, in 1827, a sum of 50,000 florins, and every nation in Europe contributed to its payment. The church of San Sebastiano was built, in 1506, by Sebastiano Serlio, the façade being elegantly executed in the Corinthian order by G. Sansovino. Here, on the other hand, is noticeable a sad and most unaccountable change in the affairs of men; for again *here*, in the very midst of his best and most glorious works, glowing down from the spacious ceiling and the wide walls around, lies, in a dark and almost forgotten corner, all that was mortal of one of Italy's grandest painters—"Paolo Veronese." The poor simple flagstone covering these honoured remains bears the following inscription, scarcely distinguishable, from obscurity, dirt, neglect, and the harsh, unthinking tread of men—

"Paolo Caliaro Veronensi pictori, naturæ æmulo, artis miraculo, superstiti fatis, famam victuro."

The church of the Scalzi is the pride of the Venetians, on account of the richness of its architecture and decorations—and certainly with good reason; for in the wonderful torturings of a hundred precious marbles into the gracefully twisted columns of its altars, inlaid in the floorings before them, encircling the most lovely paintings, giving life to elegant statues, and brilliancy to its arches, and in the entire architecture and arrangement, the whole seems, as the door admits the traveller, like a casket of precious treasures breaking suddenly upon the sight, and a place where religion is at once *felt* upon entering. The Academy of Fine Arts (Academia di Belle Arti) contains the usual amount generally found in all galleries of pictures, of Infant Jesuses and Madonnas, saints and martyrs, dead Christs and live apostles, virgins, portraits of venerable gentlemen and cherubim. Yet there is also to be seen there a picture to which the world contains no equal—the master-piece of Titian—"The Assumption of the Virgin." Among the *cognoscenti* of to-day it is incontestibly the finest artistic production, of not only Venetian painters, but of Italians universally. The sentiments of an enthusiastic mind, tolerably acquainted with the art, can never fully be described in contemplating it. To see it, to stand unmolested before it, and drink in its wondrous beauty, is the sole method of understanding it. Let not those who have never wandered within the influence of its amazing splendour hastily condemn us as exaggerated in description or weak-minded in enthusiasm, when we boldly assert that it may seem as a work fresh from the finger of a god rather than of a mortal. This picture renders deathless the memory, perhaps, of the first of Italian painters; and the Divine grace of the Great Spirit, perchance, floated around, and especially guided the brain and the hand during so marvellous a conception. On the immortal canvas the great master has thrown, as our Phillips observes, "the whole strength of his palette" and overwhelming power of his mind. The countenance of the Virgin is radiant with holy joy and exultation, softened by an expression of awe, of reverence, of bewilderment, and yet of surpassing dignity, though,

* For the artistic description, see Murray's "Handbook of Venice."

withal, so simple and so gentle, as for the first time the glory of her God beams upon her from the heavens above. The attitude is erect and noble; the arms outstretched, half in devotion, half in supplicating helplessness, towards the Great Father, who is smiling benignly upon her. The colourings employed in the work are incomprehensible in their intensity and duration; vivid as the juice of some rare and wonderful fruit. The figures of the twelve apostles beneath are grandly grouped, and worthy of the whole, which leaves on the mind a lasting impress.

Our last two days in Venice, when all the sights had been dutifully seen, and nought left but the simple enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*, passed away like a delicious dream. Softly gliding in our gondola, stretched upon its soft cushions, the scenes—ever new, ever bright—of varied interest and splendour, seemed floating by, wrapt in extraordinary silence, broken alone by the gentle plash of the oar. On we went, skimming through the water-streets, and amongst the water-columns of the fairy-like city, and over the broad Lagunes; past its spires and pinnacles, whose golden summits invade the skies; and its stately marble buildings, rising with equal glory from the universal and noiseless wave: past clusters of gorgeous houses and fantastic villas—balcony, arch, and column—all overflowing with the richest colours and graceful sculpture; under the Rialto, where in fancy still walked the fierce Jew of Shakspeare; by palaces and prisons; past theatres, churches, piazzas; Saracenic, Gothic, enormous piles of architecture of all times and countries; by noble basilicas, rich golden domes and cupolas; mean black streets, crazy houses, and loathsome stench; green vines and hanging gardens; street upon street starting from the water everywhere; and the house of Othello, the Moor of Venice—all passed by in trance-like confusion, like the gaudy phantasm of a dream. The entrance to the Grand Canal, crowded with shipping, and gay with the dancing flags and banderols of a hundred nations; the gleaming of colours in the sheeny waves; the gentle motion of our black gondola, as she darted over them like some dark bird of night; far, far away over the broad blue expanse of the Adriatic, the horizon softly melted, streaked with purple, and flooded with the golden glory of the sunset; while gently over all smiled the peerless sky of Italy. Thus, in spite of time and circumstance, the spirit of a dead glory still breathes around; and thus, robed in all her spotless beauty, is Venice, the Ocean Queen.

Amongst the peculiarities of this city, are the number of young girls—mostly very pretty and well dressed—who have to earn an abundant livelihood by selling flowers, which they carry about with them on the Piazza and crowded arcades; and although in Venice flowers are rare enough, it is still remarkable that those damsels who approach the nearest towards the Divinity whose votaries they are, in the estimation of the youth of Venice, invariably succeed in being the first to empty their baskets, and in having their senses of propriety tested to the utmost by repeated kissings, squeezings, and other dalliance for which the sex have such an especial *penchant*. One beautiful evening in particular, a little, neat, golden-haired and blue-eyed Flora came under our especial notice. In the city and clime of the love and old romance whose embers are yet faintly glowing, it was not thought

surprising when our little tight-waisted goddess was shortly seen adorning the cushions of our gondola, as we softly bounded over the moonlit wavelets of the Adriatic; and then song and story beguiled away the beauteous hour. "Preposterous and immoral," says the *Elder*. "Mummy! *thou wert once young, and a man,*" say we. Our little companion's turn having arrived to tell her tale, she suddenly composed her hitherto smiling face into an expression of sweet and gentle melancholy; then, in a trembling voice, like the notes of that beautiful bird who sings the sweetest ere it dies, thus began:

"Pardon me, *cari signori*, if my story breathes of sorrow. I am but a poor simple flower-girl, and my thoughts are ever of my flowers, and *they* speak always to me of a fair and gentle brother. He was so good, so young, signori; so kind to the flowers and to me, alas! who am now alone and unfriended. Lost! lost, my brother! And once, oh! how beloved!" Her voice then became still. A storm seemed to be gathering within the heaving breast of the flower-girl. A few bright silver drops fell heavily on her hand, which seemed, however, to awaken once more her gentle voice, as the dew awakens the perfume of a flower:

"In the glorious season of spring, when all nature rejoices, revives, glows, and resounds, we often meditate, signori, upon those quiet flowers, to whom the good God thus granted only the gift of beauty—to whom he has denied all perfume, which is the flowers' language. Our weak minds might perhaps be inclined to cavil at the will of the great Creator, and to mourn over the sad fate of these charming ever-silent creatures of his hand. But, strange to say, these pitiable little flowers never appear sad or dejected, however compassionately the eye of man may look down upon them; they even smile, and that so mysteriously, so furtively, that the hard human heart is touched at the sight. There is a secret, signori, attached to the lives of such dumb flowers; and if you will be pleased to lend me an attentive ear, I will impart it to you:—

"On one warm and summer night a pale young man knelt on the grave of his beloved—of one whom, although she had never been his own, but another's bride, he had loved untiringly, more dearly than life itself. A cruel autumn came, and the beauteous leaf paled, withered, and fell, and so destroyed for ever the bloom of his young and cloudless life. The live-long and desolate winter followed, and blew coldly around the far-reckless footsteps of the wanderer, and tossed him wildly on the trackless seas. Once again the soft summer smiled, and its breath fanned the wan and altered cheek of the returning mourner; and thus for the first time he knelt on the last resting-place—the grave—of his departed love, in the trembling moonlight of the summer night. Solemnly were these broken words wafted away heavenwards on the sighing of the breeze: 'Oh, my lost darling! my I——, bride of my heart! sweet sister of my soul! Parted—lost; never more to meet while day follows day—never more the holy kiss till the grave has closed on both! Angel of heaven, look down on thy lonely pilgrim, and hear his agony! Now still more mournfully does the memory of our last meeting rush over my spirit, when the faltering tongue and the tears rolling down from the heart's broken fountains told too well of our deep, deep sorrow.

Since that hour the bitter taunts and cold advice, the cunning lie, the biting sarcasm of the base and selfish world, had for a time deceived me, and weaned my weak soul into forgetting our old love, our vows, and that sacred kiss, when our lips first felt the union of our souls. Oh! mercy, mercy! I——, spare me! Pity and pardon the poor child of earth; the wretched and lonely one—the wanderer thou hast left behind thee! O God! how inscrutable are thy ways, and the means of our well-being! Here, beneath the sod where I kneel, are those once deep and earnest eyes, which the light has for ever fled, and those warm lips, on whose arch once played the smile of Heaven itself, locked and rigid in death! Now, I feel how devotedly I loved thee, and the utterness of my desolation. For what care I to whom in *life* they gave thee? for in *spirit* were we always wedded, and *the grave shall be our bridal bed*. Now, now I see thine angel-eyes smiling upon me from thy spirit-home, and the words of the old song thou wast wont to sing to me sweep in mournful strains over the desert of my heart—

‘And when my weary course is run,
And the green sod shroudeth me,
Oh, J——, I ask no *elegy*,
Save one *brief sigh* from thee.’

I——, thou hast thy *elegy*; again and again, till these lips be clay too often will it be uttered, till that day when on my bed of death the sigh that thou asked for will carry away my spirit on its breath to stand by thy side in Heaven!”

* * * * *

The maiden paused, and the silence was broken alone by her gentle sobs and the splash of the oar. Again she continued—

“The good God acknowledged the sacred grief of that true heart, and had illuminated the windows of his eternal mansion with all the stars that rule the night, so that by the light of their glory the angels could reckon the tears which fell upon the grave from those sorrowful eyes; while the angel of the lost one kissed them, unseen, away. And all the flowers on that little mound were lighted up, and every bud was visible. At the foot of the sleeper stood an ancient tulip-tree, dark in the starlight, and the lonely wind was sighing requiems through its branches. At her head blossomed a thick cluster of white violets, pure as the being who slumbered beneath them. The delicate little anemone seemed smiling mournfully. Nay, laugh not, signori, at what I say, for the wild fancies of the poor flower-girl can harm thee not; and dearly does she cherish them,” said the maiden. “The rhododendron drooped in the moonbeams, the bluebells bowed also their heads, and the wreaths of convolvuli, full and brilliant, clung to the quiet home of the slumbering dead. Then the pale young mourner placed on the grave, with a trembling hand, the *favourite flower* so often twined midst the dark tresses of his departed love: it was a white camellia. But as his hand extended it, and no soft hand received it—his gift taken for the first time without a kiss of thanks or a look or smile of love—his heart seemed bursting, and, with one wild cry of anguish, he threw himself upon the grave, enclasping the cold turf with his arms, and pressing his

lips convulsively upon it. Brighter seemed to stream the stars, and louder the wail of the dark tulip. Then implored a bright and pitying angel the great Creator: 'Send—oh! send to him, Father of Mercy, thy kind angel of slumber, to soothe him in his deep sorrow.' And God granted the compassionate prayer; and forthwith the gentle angel of sleep—the truest friend of poor oppressed mortality—with eyes overflowing with love and poppy-encircled brow, touched the forehead of the poor mourner.

"For one full hour he dreamt happily. 'Only one hour?' say you. All happy ye who so ask; for know ye not that such an hour to the heart-broken and bereaved is an eternity! The old tower clock tolled forth the hour of midnight. Scarcely had 'the last clang of the iron hoofs of the steeds of Time'* died away upon the air, when from the dark tulip-tree there emanated a melody soft and deep as men produce from the violincello. The white violets sang together in wild harmony, the little bluebells rang their silver chimes, and the murmurs, low and sweet, of the ericas and rhododendrons, charmed the listening air, like flutes, violas, and harps, 'in mingling measure played.'

"The sleeper awoke, and listened breathlessly. Then at once the leaves of the white camellia moved and raised themselves. The proud flower expanded, trembled, and sounded also, but with tones of unearthly sweetness—in a voice of wondrous beauty; far and near it spread around, increasing in power and in richness. The desolate shades and the heavy airs of the night echoed enchanting melody; and a world of flowers, and their host upon host of minutest petals, imperceptible to the eye of day, now raised their tiny heads, and joined in the heavenly strains, and the mourner felt relieved from his heavy earthly burden; his sorrow and his very life seemed gradually to melt softly away as the snowflake before the sun, for there seemed to breathe around him a voice which awed him not. Still it poured forth its holy, well-known, and most beloved accents, entrancing his soul, and wrapping his whole being in ecstasy. Softly, so softly it yet breathed on: 'Be happy, poor mortal! thou hast heard that which the summoned alone are permitted to hear. Be comforted; soon in heaven wilt thou be.' Then was there struck a chord, as of an angelic harp, which seemed to carry away his very heart on high; and on a sudden all was still as the grave on which the moonbeams were yet slumbering. The youth's head sank on the faded and now silent camellia; the dark and melancholy eyes slowly glazed, and closed. The mourner no longer heard the dull iron-stroke from the old church tower, announcing the first hour of the new-born day. No; for the *elegy* had again been uttered, and for the last time. In the breath of that *one brief sigh* his spirit had been borne away, and *he stood by her side in Heaven.*"

Thus is man's poor history: to live, and love, and die.

The poor little flower-girl still struggled on, well nigh exhausted, to the end of her brother's sad story.

"This, signori, is the secret of the *scentless flowers*. 'They may sing every night,' each with a different voice; and all the angels

* Longfellow.

listen to their songs. Ah! and what is the sweetest earthly music, in comparison with such sounds from the higher spheres? Those weary and unhappy beings whom their God summons from this world are alone permitted to participate in such divine harmony. And he who has heard a flower sing may prepare himself for his flight into eternity.

“Protege la tua povera sorella abbaudonata. O anima benedetta del mio carissimo fratello in cielo.”

* . . . *

The gondola's prow struck suddenly the marge of the shore; the little flower-girl glided like a dream-thought from before us, waved a hearty farewell, and “Felice notte, signori?” then, almost before we had shaken off the charm her simple narrative had thrown around us, the last flutter of her dress disappeared beneath the arcades and shadows of the Piazza di San Marco.

T H E H E R O N .

BY AUCEPS.

Although the above bird is not, at this day, entertained in such high estimation as it was wont to be some centuries ago, nevertheless, as it holds a prime feature in the catalogue of sporting annals, it may, perhaps, on that account, be allowed to claim a particular share of attention under the accepted varieties of winged game.

As the *Ardea* family does not constitute a legitimate *viant* at Apician tables, it may not be considered, on that account, worthy the powder and shot that might be otherwise bestowed upon it; and, furthermore, as it is a wandering visitor of moors and marshes, it does not frequently occur to the notice of the ordinary sportsman, as do other varieties of objects which he is in common pursuit of, unless, indeed, he should be in the habitual practice of passing his hours, devoted to field recreations, amid the fens and miry savannahs of such sequestered districts as are remote from populous neighbourhoods and the obtrusive and unwelcome interruptions of man.

At a period when the favourite sport of hawking was encouraged and followed up by the heads of royal and baronial houses distributed throughout this kingdom, heronries were regarded, in a sporting point of view, secondary only to the forest-deer holds; and, in the chequered reigns of the Stuarts, and before their time, a stand of falcons was looked upon as an almost indispensable feature pertaining to the establishments of the jovial halls of the country squirearchy.

Since the art of shooting flying has been introduced, and been so largely improved upon in modern times, the pursuit of falconry has been less popular among the country gentlemen, and may be now-a-days contemplated as an obsolete class of sport: indeed, with the exception of a few instances in which a private flight of falcons is preserved and

occasionally exercised, the above diversion supports an existence only in name: it is, nevertheless, yet upheld by royal patent, and is identified with the office of the Grand High Falconer of England, to which a salary of one thousand pounds per annum is attached, hereditarily enjoyed by the representatives of the dukedom of St. Albans.

In an ancient legend I a few years since accidentally inspected, I discovered that a falconry was kept up by "the ladye of the nunnery of Soperwell" (now known as Sopwell), so early as the reign of King Henry the Fourth. This religious house, for the reception and maintenance of the female recluses of that time, is now a tottering ruin impending over the placid waters of the river Ver, which laves the walls of ancient Verulam, and intersects the venerable town of St. Albans in Hertfordshire.

The fascinating sport of hawking appears to have affected the tastes of even the native princes of India; for that intrepid encounterer of our Highland mountains, Dhuleep Sing, of Punjaub notoriety, has recently established a falconry on his estate in Scotland, and takes extravagant delight in entering on the moors with his accipitrine train, accompanied by a select band of quarry questers.

Heronries are, now, rarely to be witnessed in this kingdom. The last of the kind, of any note, was kept up on the estate of the late Sir Assheton Lean, Baronet, the hospitable owner of Cressy Hall, near the town of Spalding, in Lincolnshire. But since that manorial lord's decease the fens and morasses in the above county have been, from time to time, drained and raised to a state of high cultivation, so that both the heron and the bittern (*Ardea stellaris*) are at this day comparative strangers to those districts, in which they were formerly plentiful.

In a social point of view, the habits of the heron may be considered of a solitary tendency; although, during the season of nidification, they are wont to congregate, invariably selecting the most exalted branches of the loftiest trees they can select, for the purpose of carrying on the seasonable duties of incubation. It is truly astonishing to find the large quantity of fish a few birds of the above description, when acting in concert, will devour in the course of a short time! A gentleman residing some years since at the village of Totteridge, in Hertfordshire, kept a domesticated heron, which he had had presented to him as a *rara avis*. Being told that the creature subsisted principally upon frogs, lizards, and other aquatic reptiles, he caused one of its wings to be depennated, and suffered it to frequent an extensive fish-pond situated on the premises, which was surrounded by a thick circular belt of fir-trees. This water was plentifully stocked with carp, tench, and roach, as well as gold, silver, and other fancy fish, which he had originally been at a great expense in purchasing from an eminent live-fish salesman in the London market. There must have been some hundredweights of the above piscous commodity in this stew, which had on no occasion been known to have been dragged, and seldom was it that a line was wetted in it by the angler. It was, however, noticed by his sons (who, on their return from school for the holidays, were in the habit of angling in the pond), that, where they on former occasions were in the practice of capturing two or three dozen fish at a standing, they could not succeed in taking as many units; and they related this circumstance to their parent, who concluded that the pond had

been, during the nights, netted surreptitiously by poachers, who had availed themselves of the piscous contents of his well-stored *aquarium*.

One morning early, however, in the month of July, as a mower was proceeding on his grass-cutting mission adjunct to the shrubbery adverted to, he suddenly surprised no less than eight herons, which had been engaged, there can be no doubt, in fishing throughout the night in this ichthyous preserve. The above fact being communicated to the owner, he gave orders for the pond to be dragged, to ascertain the state and condition of his fishery; when, upon trial, it was discovered, to his great mortification, and to the no little share of disappointment of his sons, that not one single tench was to be met with, and very few roach and carp, and what remained of the latter had arrived at a large size. It now became too palpable and obvious that the water had been poached by herons; and so effectually had they carried on their work of spoliation, that a dozen otters could not have exceeded them in the prowess of their ichthyo-voracity. The tame pensioner had, doubtless, by indulging in his nocturnal utterance, attracted others of his fraternity to the spot, who, collectively, had succeeded in exterminating almost the whole of the fish in the pond. The "pet" stork, as in the fable, having been proved to have fallen in with bad company, was summarily executed for his perfidy, and the strange obtruders were afterwards shot, as opportunities offered themselves to the gardener for so doing.

In the course of my observations, I have noticed that these birds, during the day, are in the habit of occupying the margins of expansive lakes and exposed waters, wherefrom they can command a distant view of all moving objects around them; for the heron is exceedingly shy of the presence of man, and will take wing the moment it becomes suspicious of danger.

These birds have their particular fishing haunts, which they constantly frequent, unless disturbed. When I resided at the village of Finchley, near London, some years since, my attention was directed every night, as I sat in a summer-house in my garden, to the harsh, discordant note of a heron, that invariably wended its flight to some favourite water. The usual time of the bird's volitant transit was about eleven o'clock p.m.; and, as I was aware that there was no park or wilderness for many miles around, which could afford umbrage to the itinerant wayfarer, I concluded that he must have come from some distance off; and upon instituting an inquiry of a neighbour into the matter, I learned from him that a *nidus* of herons had, two years before, been taken by some boys in the forest of Hainault, in Essex, and that the parent birds had retired to that secluded spot from the low boglands abutting on the tideway of the Thames, eastward of the Romney marshes in the same county.

One morning early, on my way from the village towards Hendon, I observed the effigy of a large bird infixed to the planks of a barn on the roadside, and, on my approaching closer to the object of my curiosity, I discovered it to be that of a heron which had been shot the night before by a gardener upon the estate of Finchley park, hard by, through which the river Brent flows, which is well furnished with chub, dace, perch, gudgeon, and other fish. As I never afterwards recognized the well-known note of my volucrine friend on his aerial passage

near my domicile, I suspect that he fell a victim to the above gardener's vigilance.

The heron is instinctively gifted with a perfect knowledge of the powers it possesses "*in se defendendo*." I was one day traversing with my gun, accompanied by a small female terrier, over the meadows which are irrigated by the Coln, near South Mims, in Hertfordshire. The stream was sheltered by hazel hedges, briars, and rushes. Unexpectedly I surprised a heron, that did not prove sensible of my near approach, which, having been wounded, at the discharge of my fowl-piece, in the wing, contrived to walk away and give me "leg bail." The terrier immediately attacked this feathered imp of mischief, although I kept calling her off, and before I could get up to the combatants, the bird had thrown itself upon its back, and by a single stroke of its acicular-shaped horny beak, had managed to strike the animal in one of the eyes with such malignant violence, that she became effectually stunned. I carried the poor thing home; but inflammation of the brain rapidly ensuing, she died two days after the event, in the greatest agony. I knocked the bird on the head, and nailed it over the door of the stable which had been the ill-fated terrier's dormitory. Upon another occasion I was snipe shooting, when I roused a bittern from an islet of reeds, situated in the river Test, which runs through Broadlands, near Romsey in Hants, the estate of the late premier, the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Palmerston. The bird fell, at the discharge of my gun, into the stream, which flowed rapidly seaward—the great Southampton basin being only five miles off. I had with me, at the time, an old one-eyed spaniel of the Devonshire breed, an invaluable retriever. The dog immediately bounded into the stream in pursuit of the wounded bird; but strange to observe, although he approached it upon three different occasions, he would not fasten upon it, and he returned to the shore without it. This fact caused me some uneasiness, as I never before detected him behave himself in a similar manner; and it was not until I met with an old sporting friend, some time afterwards, that I could account for the failure, who explained the cause of the circumstance to me. The animal had, when young, whilst in the possession of Captain R—ll, been struck in the eye by a bird of the above description, whilst that officer was in the habit of bog-trotting amid the fens of Cambridgeshire; and, moreover, the defect in Dash's *os frontis* was the result of the punishment he had so sensibly received upon that occasion.

I have met with the heron in various parts of the world. The *Ardea major*, or common blue stork of this country, is an inhabitant of the tropics, as well as of more northern latitudes. Some of the *Ciconia* family possess the most elegant plumage, and their feathers are held in high esteem by the Chinese and the natives of Japan. The painted heron is a very beautiful bird, and is to be met with in the marshes of Ceylon and other parts of the East Indies. The whole of the above tribe are waders, and will advance knee-deep in the water, and stand in one position, if not disturbed, for hours together, in the act of vigilantly awaiting an opportunity of seizing upon some unwary, unsuspecting fish or frog that may be unfortunate enough to stumble in the way of its unsparing enemy.

There is a credulous conceit prevalent among the inhabitants of

Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire, as well as other counties of England, that the booming of the bittern (aptly! in those parts, appelled the *mire drum*) proceeds from the operation of that bird submersing its beak in the water, and, by a peculiar organization of the thoracic muscles, expelling the wind from the lungs into the above element. The poet Thomson alludes to this theory, when he uses the words

“ With bill engulfed,”

in reference to the booming of the bittern. But this striking faculty is not confined to the *Ardea stellaris* alone; for, during my residence in the province of Orissa, East Indies, which is a rice-growing country, where the fields are submersed in water four months during the year, storks of every denomination abound, which are designated in those parts *paddee birds*; and there is one sort, in particular, having a white plumage, which daily frequented an aged mango tree, immediately facing my bungalow, and uttered its booming monotony for hours together, whilst it was perched amid the branches. Sometimes six or more of these birds would be booming at one and the same time. I have reason to believe that this sound is propelled by these birds during the breeding season, after the manner of male birds of other kinds, which possessing a more varied and extensive vocabulary of song, are known to throw forth their charming music whilst the females are performing the sedentary and less active duties of incubation.

The people bordering on the Hampshire coast do not hold the heron in contempt, as a cibous commodity. I, once in my rounds, overtook an old pensioner from the 23rd regiment of Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who, with a musket on his shoulder, was carrying in his hand a heron, which, it would appear, he had shot. “What are you going to do with your winged trophy, sergeant-major?” I enquired of him (for he had obtained that non-commissioned officer’s rank, and had lost an eye in Egypt, when serving under Abercrombie).

“Eat him, to be sure,” rejoined the veteran.

“Why,” I added, “it must be very rank and fishy, surely.”

“Not a bit of it,” he replied. “My old woman, you know, stuffs him well with sage and onions, and bakes him; and when he comes to the table you would not know him from a goose.”

I learned further that the people, hereabout, are in the practice of indulging their esurient appetites in cormorant pies, gulls, and other marine birds. The only advantage I myself ever derived from the heron, after I had killed one, was from the consistent yellow fat it yielded, which, melted down, proves an excellent preservative for gun stocks, fishing rods, and other like portable furniture. The feathers of this bird are valuable, but their scarcity renders them a neglected feature in upholstery.

Gamekeepers and millers are inveterate enemies to the heron. I remember to have seen, exposed upon the outside of a flour mill near Redburn, above fifty winged skeletons of herons, which had been captured and killed, from time to time, on the premises.

That this bird is “omnivorous,” is unquestionable. Some time back a lady, residing in a cottage near *Fly’s Wash*, in Herts, kept a tame heron, which had the run of the garden and grounds, through which a

small rivulet coursed its waters. On one occasion a lad, belonging to the premises, perceived the bird in the act of gorging, what he at first sight took to be an eel; but, on approaching nearer the spot, he discovered it to be a common grass snake (*Coluber natrix*), which was too large to be received into the bird's *œsophagus*.

As the woodlands throughout England become disforested, and the marshes and lowlands effectually drained of the superfluous waters which encumber them, the heron and its congener, the bittern, will become more and more scarce in the calendar of our sporting fauna; and the same will, there can be but little doubt, in the course of a comparative handful of years, become *rara aves* in the interior of our island, although not so absolutely extinct in their personal character as has become the *Otis gigantea* (bustard), which, not a hundred years since, was to be met with on the open champagne downs and uplands of Wiltshire, generally known as Salisbury Plain, on which are still, up to the present day, to be witnessed those Druidical vestiges of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country, in that mysterious rudely-constructed fabric called Stonehenge, "*rudis indigestaque moles.*"

R I D I N G T O H O U N D S .

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

I am tempted to enter on this somewhat hackneyed article, from a very young friend of mine (in saying "young" I mean scarcely twenty) having complimented me by asking my advice under the following circumstances: His father's residence is in a good hunting country, where only a little judgment and nerve is wanted to go in the first flight. Oh that little word "nerve"!—how much does it influence our conduct, not only in hunting, but in many, I may say most of our transactions in life! I am totally unaware whether the want of this causes the acknowledged failure of my young friend. I cannot suppose it arises from not feeling the enthusiasm the sight of a pack of fox-hounds and a field calls forth; for at twenty we must suppose such a sight to cause our young blood to tingle to our fingers' ends; at least, it did so with me when twice twenty had gone over my head, and thirty-two years of fox-hunting might be supposed to have sobered me down. My young friend professes himself ardently attached to the thing; yet he owns he cannot go in front. My advice to him was this: if you have no great reason to compliment yourself on your judgment as to riding across country, or that of the powers of horses, in whatever country you hunt make yourself master of the men held to ride the most forward, and with the best judgment; take any one of these as your pioneer; keep your eye on him, and go where he goes, and (if you can) as he goes. My young friend answered, so far as words went, pluckily enough, "Yes, but one does not like always to be seen going second." "Then," said I, "go in front by all means; but recollect this—you have told me you cannot so do. Now, with submission, I think it far better to be seen

second to a good man, than nowhere ; by which I mean, among the tailenders. I can only say I have very often been quite content if I could keep in the first situation ; but to the latter gentry I should take off my hat, wish them good morning, get forward or go home." I shall hear, when hounds get to regular hunting, whether my young friend has taken my advice, and contented himself with being seen second-best—in many cases a flattering position—or prefers, or is by circumstances only seen in, the ruck.

There are many circumstances that militate against some men riding boldly to hounds : first, after want of nerve, want of seat—that is, want of that firmness of seat that prevents a man being chucked about in his saddle, and twenty times a day feeling and letting his friends see that "that was as near as a toucher." Personally, I would rather have one good rattling fall *with* my horse, than feel I had half the day nearly got one *without* him. I knew a gentleman who was one of these. In the ordinary sense of the word he was a good horseman, and a very bold one ; but he never could sit firm at a leap. I have seen him, in all sorts of positions, half off his saddle ; but somehow or other he always contrived to get back again without a fall ; and no man more laughed at his predicaments than himself. A friend of mine and his used to say, his horses were so accustomed to him that they used to shake themselves, and thus shake him back into his saddle. Few men having so loose a seat would have had the courage to ride as he did ; but it seems he and his horses were used to it. "A miss," they say, "is as good as a mile ;" yet I have no doubt but a man with such a seat must feel that though he misses a fall ten times, he is quite aware he may come a cropper the next fence they meet with. Now, such a man may have practised his horse and himself at common sheepfold hurdles, also at water courses, six or seven feet over. Such we can imagine him to ride at and over well enough : the motion of the same horse at similar jumps will generally be the same, and he is prepared for it ; but let him see a yawner before him, or even a fence of a totally different description to such as he has been accustomed to, what unusual exertion his horse may make use of in taking such, he is by no means prepared for ; they consequently (I will not blink the word) frighten him ; nor can we blame him if he hesitates, in other words will not "have them." It is only having ridden over all descriptions of fences, in different countries, that makes a man, with a little alteration of words, "equal to all, and armed for either field." This does not fall to the share of every man ; consequently I have known crack riders in their own country, who could make no figure—at least not such as they would wish to exhibit, in any other. But if some persons cannot go in front in the country to which they are accustomed, I think the advice I gave my young friend good ; namely, to follow those who can. There are men whose *forte* is the getting through intricate places, and handling their horses over intricate fences, being in no way particular as to the nature of the ground they ride. Such men would no doubt jeer and laugh at such men as myself ; but give us "a clear stage and no favour," we should in time have the laugh against them.

Here is another case in which a loose seat intimidates its owner very much at large fences. However trained or steady a horse may be, he will not always take them in the same manner. It is true, a flight of

rails, a moderate brook, or a stiff-made hedge on a narrow bank he has but one way of doing (save his falling over or into them) ; but even at these a horse quite fresh, excited by hounds and other horses, will sometimes take an unusual spring. Where is the man with a loose or careless seat then ? Probably over his horse's head, or peradventure his tail ; for there is no calculating when, where, or how such men may "take flight."

It is not for me to give advice to men better horsemen than myself. It is quite enough if I can advise such has have no pretensions to such character, so as to promote their safety. Whatever fence you ride at, be it a common hurdle or any other requiring no greater attention, keep your body in such position as not to be affected by the motions of your horse. Such position should incline a little out of the perpendicular, backwards : take a firm grip of your saddle the whole length of your thigh ; stick your knees close to your saddle flaps, and ram your feet down on your stirrups ; keep such hold of your horse's head as may indicate to you, as far as possible, whether he goes fearlessly and freely, whether he does not much like the looks of it, or whether he contemplates a baulk. And here I will offer a little advice to the tyro. Let him not fancy (supposing him to have pluck enough to do it) that increasing the pace will always prevent a baulk. Some bull riders will tell you they take their horses too fast at large fences to permit them to refuse. This is quite a mistake. If a horse makes up his mind to baulk, baulk he will, somewhere or somehow ; and the increased force only renders the baulk a severer shock. At the same time, there is a certain resolute manner of taking a horse up to a fence, that shows him you have no baulk in you, if he has ; and this often succeeds. But with timid riders, let it proceed from what cause it may that they are so, I strongly suspect that though they may *pro tempore* screw up their courage to half-ride at a strong fence, they in reality feel much obliged to him for so doing. Even though they may pretend to rate him, my life on it they do not put him at it a second time ; but the field having got ahead, they find out some gap or broken part, over or through which they ingloriously creep. Then, no men will ride harder ; and if told they have been missed, "Yes, this confounded brute refused the fence out of (so and so), and I put him at it three times before I could induce him to take it. It is unaccountable ; for I never knew him refuse before." Query, did he ever try him ?

To those not much accustomed to the ways of horses let me offer this remark : if your horse is a bold jumper—and I hold none to be worth a farthing that are not—if, on such a horse, in riding him up to a somewhat large fence, you should find him slacken his pace, do not from that infer that he intends refusing. He may see it is one that, instead of taking it in his swing, he can with greater ease to himself, and safety, take it at twice. Here comes in the advantage of the firm seat, and the reverse in the loose one. The man not prepared for the manœuvre, and expecting merely a nice easy swing over, the check a horse gives in doing it at twice very probably ends in the loose rider being thrown over the fence by jump No. 1, and sent into the next field in advance, to see what jump No. 2 will produce. The difference between a good horseman and a bad one is about this : the first only looks at the fence to see if it is in his horse's powers to clear it ; the other looks to see if

there is a chance of his sitting his horse if he does so. The judging whether a horse can take it or not (supposing him to be a good jumper) is easily decided by acting as I recommended my young friend to do; namely, see some one go over first. The deciding whether he may be able to keep his seat is quite another affair, and must be left to the quantum of confidence the rider has in himself. But very possibly there is another cause that will sometimes induce very shy riding, which is this: if the rider felt convinced his horse could take the fence without a mistake, and if we were to make the covering of the saddle of a stratum of shoemaker's wax, so as to ensure the rider not being thrown, he would still decline the attempt. This proceeds from the truly fatal deficiency in a foxhunting rider—the *want of nerve*. We are not to blame a man because he does not exhibit an attribute Nature has denied him: it is a real misfortune to a man fond of foxhunting; do not let us make it fall heavier by making him a subject of ridicule. I am quite sure that to a certain extent (but no farther) nerve is to be acquired—never so much so as to make him a bold horseman; but perhaps enough may be acquired to cause his mode of going not to be noticed; in fact, to render him, in the slang phrase often applied to horses, “a good 'un among bad 'uns.” We will suppose a man with such want of nerve so enthusiastic in the cause, that he determines to make himself a horseman, come what may. My respect for his determination is such, that I will give him the best advice in my power to effect his object.

It is quite clear, let him at present hunt in what country he may, if he can neither lead nor follow, the country for some reason or other is too difficult for him. Either the fences are too intricate and occur too often, or they are too big, independent of his always riding in a state of mortification, and he gives it up “as a bad job;” and so it is. Such a man, in the Holderness country, Leicestershire, parts of Warwickshire, in Northamptonshire, or the Vale of Aylesbury, would never have nerve; the example set him is too difficult for him. Let him send his horses into Surrey, where the fences are mostly small ones; into parts of Hertfordshire, which though somewhat thickly inclosed, is so by small fences, easy and safe; or into the open parts of Hampshire, where he will rarely meet a fence—and if he does, they are usually only such as will confine sheep, and indicate the land belongs to somebody. The nervous rider, in selecting a country, may depend on one thing—*all* cattle-breeding countries have large fences of some sort. Now by going into those I have mentioned, he sees nothing to mortify him; no fences that would appear to him *impossible*, did he not see them taken by men who, like Bonaparte, never hold anything impossible till they have tried at it. But such things *are* impossibilities to the timid rider; for he cannot command his nerves. A man may command them so far that, where he feels his honour concerned, he may stand his opponent's shot; but give him the best rifle in the world, or arm him to the teeth, he could not bring himself to walk steadily up to a lion: the latter would be his own act and deed. In the former case he is a passive sufferer of what others may do: in the latter he would be an active agent in a case that requires the strongest nerve to enable a man to act with coolness and determination. In this predicament he will always find himself in riding to hounds in very strong country.

Again, a man may occasionally nerve himself, if compelled by duty

or honour, to brave a hazardous act; but the riding in such a country requires the nerves to be firmly strung from the time hounds find to the kill. There are some men who will really ride boldly up to hounds for a few minutes, but who, according to dramatic description, find their courage "ooze out at their fingers' ends," and ooze so fast that in a very short time it all runs out. This is often seen in difficult countries. Now, if a rider selects an easy country, he sees no one performing wonders—sees perhaps more true sportsmen than he would in one where the greatest portion of a man's time is taken up in attention to his horse. In the easy one he will see men admiring the hunting of the hounds, as their chief incentive to hunt at all; nay, some of these are esteemed as forward riders in the country they are in. So our nervous man sees nothing to prevent him, with a little practice, obtaining the prestige (for it is only that) of being held as a forward rider too: his vanity becomes flattered, and he resolves "to do or die." Bravo! my heart of oak! Determine on a thing, and it is half done. Before the season is over, he finds he can go off with hounds, and stay there. He begins to hold himself to be, as Lady Anne did Richard, "a marvellous proper man." Next hunting season he even hesitates whether he shall or shall not try his hand in the locality of his former failure. If he should ask my advice I would give it him in one word, as *Punch* facetiously did to a gentleman who asked whether or not he should marry: I should make as curt a reply—"Don't."

A man may run, play chess, or billiards, among a certain set, till he can vie with any of them. Bring him to Charles Westhall, who, on seeing him run, might say, "Make it eight miles, and I will beat you in a walk, and you may run"—this may seem a little out-Heroding Herod; but let me say it is not every man who could run nearly eight miles in an hour, though to a runner it would be only a jog-trot. And speaking of billiards, I will mention a circumstance that took place at a bathing-place I was staying at.

A gentleman living a few miles off used to come perhaps twice a week to play billiards: I should mention he had a table at his own house, where he used to play with a certain set, till he was the best of them all, and consequently held himself as no small beer. He came into the room one day when only the marker, myself, and another person were there, and seemed, by his enquiries as to who was expected, to want an antagonist. The quiet stranger modestly offered to play a game or two with him. It was agreed: they played: the stranger won. Another game, with the same result.

"I think," modestly said the stranger, "I can give you a couple of points."

"Well," said the gentleman, a little chafed, "if you will do that, I will play you three games, and make it a sovereign a game."

"As you please," said the stranger.

They played, and the three sovereigns went into the stranger's pocket.

"Will you give me a red hazard?" said the beaten man, in an absolute rage, "and make it two sovereigns a game—six games?"

"Agreed," said the stranger.

They played: the gentleman lost every game. He was foaming with rage. The bystanders—for the room had become full—highly enjoyed seeing the gentleman, whose somewhat overbearing manners

caused him to be disliked, beaten. This made him worse. He threw his cue on the table, and said he would play no more.

The stranger, who saw the kind of customer he was, determined he would either make a good thing of him, or mortify him to his heart's content (or rather discontent), walked up to him, and said, "Now I will tell you what I will do: I will give you sixteen, and play you for what you like as long as you please."

The gentleman made no reply; but snatching his hat, he rushed out of the room. Whenever, or whether he ever returned to it, I know not; but he did not while I was there.

Thus it would seem I should be right in advising the supposed character not to return to, or go into a stiff country, because he has learned to meet small fences without shuddering. For let it be recollected that, figuratively speaking, men who have only ridden in countries where the fences are small, are apt to have small hearts too, in the jumping way. Everything is small or great, good or bad, pretty or ugly, by comparison. Thus persons accustomed to see fences three feet high, and ditches four or five feet wide, would call a hedge and bank five feet high a "rasper," and a ditch or brook twelve feet wide a "regular yawner:" quite unlike a character who many years ago came to Melton for three or four weeks, to hunt there. He only brought three horses, but very fine ones. He was like Nimrod's snob—a farming-looking man; and his servant as unlike a Melton-man's groom as anything could be. He kept himself, as his master did, aloof; and nothing could be got out of either but that they came from Lincolnshire. The master created—I will not say astonishment, but somewhat of surprise at the boldness of his riding and the jumping of his horses: in short, he in the usual acceptance of the term "never turned their heads." If he was complimented on the way he and his horse took some formidable fence or brook, his only reply was, "It was naught to jump at." He stayed only a fortnight, when he and his groom went off together, and never I believe were seen in that country again.

"He came—he went like the simoom."

It should be borne in mind that horses, like men, estimate fences (I must not say in their ideas, but) in their fears, or the reverse, in accordance with what they are accustomed to see and be ridden at. For instance: I bought a mare of a gentleman in Hertfordshire. She pulled rather stronger than he liked; had been well ridden; and was one of the cleverest fencers I ever rode. I was assured, and I am convinced in good faith, that her little impetuosity would be no objection in a country where the enclosures are large. Her owner was perfectly right in his theory, but mistook as regards the mare's practice. Gates, low or high, she would, in the common expression, "hop over like a dog:" for fences of an intricate sort she had always "a leg to spare;" but at a bullfincher, or any unusually large fence, I have felt her absolutely tremble under me: she would refuse in spite of all you could do. I could not find it in my heart to brutalize her, to make her face it; for I knew it was not from laziness, obstinacy, or temper she refused, but, like the nervous man, from sheer fright. I did what I trust my reader will think was the wiser and more humane proceeding—I sold her, at a stiff price, as a lady's hunter: for this she was perfection.

Timid or loose riders are apt to do themselves injustice in the selection of horses to carry them. We will say Mr. or Lord Somebody's horses are advertised to be sold at Tattersall's. Knowing their own want of nerve, they very prudently put a sovereign in the groom's hand, and ask him which horse he considers the safest jumper among them. He perhaps honestly enough mentions (we may say) "Vaultor," adding—"He never baulks, or makes a mistake, and can jump anything practicable for a horse." Now, a horse doing this with a determined and bold rider on his back, is no earthly guarantee that he will do the same thing with or for a timid one. The purchaser then calls the groom all the rascals his tongue can muster, for having deceived him. The truth is, the purchaser deceived the groom, not the groom the purchaser. He put into his hands an animal capable of doing all he represented: it is not his fault if the purchaser cannot ride him, or make him do what his late master did. He has a right to suppose that the person applying to him can ride as well as the man the horse has been accustomed to carry. Had he said to the man, "I am very fond of hunting, but am a timid nervous man. Is there among your horses one calculated for such a rider? I should wish to get a horse that will go at anything I put him to, with a willingness that shows me he intends to take it, but at the same time not with such determination as to convince me I could not stop him if, on approaching it, I found it larger or more intricate than I choose to ride at. I have, moreover, not the firmest seat in the world; so I would him wish to be an easy horse to sit, at his leaps, and one I can have perfect confidence in his doing them safely." Here is quite a different story! Probably the horse the groom pointed out was the highest and widest leaper among them, and, added to this, peculiarly safe, but at the same time one that requires a man to be glued to his saddle to sit. The error was committed by the purchaser merely saying he wanted a safe and perfect jumper. The fault was in his not honestly avowing his own deficiencies; and why should he not? Every man in not born, or to be made, a bold rider; and though I have pointed out the riding in a country easy to cross, and practising in that, as a mode by which a man may improve his riding and his nerve, I do not wish to mislead or flatter him. As well might a man hope to become a good workman as a watchmaker if he has imperfect vision, as to become a good workman across anything of a strong country if he has imperfect nerve or seat.

It is true Count S——, when in Leicestershire, had not a very secure seat, or the best of judgment. This accounted for the various falls he got. He, however, improved in both these particulars. But the Count had not the slightest deficiency in nerve: had he had, he never would have improved; for some of the situations he got in were so truly awful, that had a nervous man been placed in only one of them, he would have taken especial care not to have put himself in the way of a chance of getting into another—consequently would have remained what he was *ad infinitum*.

If I had a friend who was passionately fond of hunting, but a shy rider, from the cause I have mentioned, I should hint, if my opinion was asked, at the propriety of his keeping a pack of clever harriers. This, supposing him to be a man of fortune, would give him *éclat* in his neighbourhood: this would render all attempt at becoming a bold rider

out of the question. No one need know his private reasons for what he did, but it would be supposed he felt greater gratification in being a M. H. than a mere follower of fox-hounds. Each man has, and in such matters has a perfect right to have, his taste and predilections; and moreover, in setting up a pack of harriers he may "lay the flattering unction to his soul"—that many of the best sportsmen England can boast prefer the intricacies of hare hunting to the flying burst of fox-hounds. With harriers there is no jealousy, no contention for superiority of riding. Hare hunters go out to see hunting, and only ride as convenience or keeping the hounds in view induces them. It is rarely we find even a huntsman or whip to harriers really bold horsemen: there is no occasion for, or at least the occasion occurs but seldom for their being such. It is true a huntsman or his whip may occasionally find it necessary to take a large fence in order to get to their hounds, but this need never be done by the master, for whether he be in the same field with them, or the next, matters not; and he has the satisfaction of knowing they will not get away from him: if they do, as hares nine times out of ten run rings in an enclosed country, in a few minutes they are sure to come back to very nearly the same place; and in an open one, where they frequently run straight, as there there are no fences, of course the most timid rider finds no difficulty in riding up to them, barring badness or inequality of ground, or ruts coming as thick as the strings of a harp, which (of course figuratively speaking) in such countries they are very apt to do. But this does not impede them; for, odd as it may appear, I have remarked that shy riders show less apprehension of bad going ground than do the bolder horsemen. I can only account for this in this way: If they saw a rabbit warren, or a big staring jump, they would infinitely prefer the crossing the former to riding at the latter, and such mode of riding brings them acquainted with bad ground. I believe I have had horses come down with me at fences in every way a horse can fall; but bad ground makes me shudder. I have had, though but very rarely, to (as the print portrays it) charge an overflow: this I could accomplish, trusting to Providence for my safety, and, as any coward could do, brave danger I did not see. I held my breath; and when safe through it, I gave a long inspiration, and had grace enough to say, Thank God! It would be very desirable could diminishing glasses be made that would cause every fence to look small as it was approached by nervous riders; whereas they on the contrary seem to wear natural magnifying goggles, that make all fences appear to them twice as big as their natural size. The old taunt—"Don't look at it: the longer you do, the uglier it will look"—is most true.

I was saying that harriers were pretty sure to come back to nearly the place they had left: thus there is no occasion for any of the field to ride boldly: those who do will mostly be found boys, who have never seen other hunting; men who wish to show off; farmers, or dealers, with the hope of selling their horse, or others making a young one a hunter. Now it is quite clear that with fox-hounds it is necessary to ride boldly; for when they go off, it is something like a locomotive: let it once get away from you, you must be content to remain behind until it comes to a stop.

In saying I should advise anyone fond of hunting, yet being aware he does not possess the requisite nerve for fox-hunting, to keep his own

harriers, I in no way mean he should keep a pack of old tow-wows that finally were, we must admit, certain of their hare, from the length of the real journey they had driven her. There is no reason why his harriers should not be very nearly as fast as fox-hounds. Hares, we know, are quite as fast—nay, faster than are foxes; the difference being, they cannot last as long when driven the same pace. The only possible inconvenient result that can arise from harriers being too fast, having too much of the fox-hound in them, or being dwarf fox-hounds, is this: unless entered very early they are a little apt to have too much dash in them, and being over fast may occasionally overrun so slight a scent as the hare leaves; and moreover (the reverse of that of the fox) it is known to grow weaker as the hare is near sinking. The nose of the harrier must, or should be, infinitely more keen than that of the fox-hound, and he is required to be also infinitely more steady and patient in pursuit of his game. If I kept harriers, I should be most particular in awing them from owning the scent of any kind of vermin, and for this purpose should be very shy of permitting them to enter covers where any frequented; nor would anything induce me, however steady they might be, to permit them to hunt fox at the end of the season.

That I am not alone in such particulars, I will mention an anecdote of a friend of mine, who kept harriers in the west of England. He did not keep them from liking hare hunting, still less from not liking fox-hunting, and very few men rode better or bolder; but he was attacked with an affection of the chest, that rendered fox-hunting too severe exertion for him. So he set up a pack of harriers; and very choice he was of them. They were nearly all fox; but being entered early, they never threw a tongue to anything but hare. A friend of his, thinking to oblige him, at the end of the season sent him a brace of bagmen to hunt. His characteristic reply and acknowledgment were as follow:

“DEAR ———,

“I am obliged by your sending the bagmen. Now had you sent me the d——, my hounds would have hunted him with much pleasure; and I think I may say, had he remained on earth long enough, they would have run into him and pulled him down. But bag foxes I eschew, so have sent them, with your compliments, to the ——— fox-hound kennel.”

I trust in what I have said on the present subject nothing has been said to cause mortification or anger on the part of the nervous rider. I have borne in mind all along that he probably is as keen and true a sportsman as the most forward rider that ever crossed country: as such I respect him. My sole object has been to assist and advise to the best of my ability. Let those who please sneer at such men; they will only gain the very unenviable credit of ill-nature, or overbearing presumption. I only feel that the nervous man has disappointment enough in finding his peculiar temperament precludes the pleasure of enjoying a pursuit to which his heart tends, just as we should regret to see an enthusiastic lover of cricket prevented joining in the game from lameness: the one may and does regret his want of nerve, as much as the other does being unable to run. I cannot but feel for an otherwise fine fellow, when I see him undergoing mortification from such or similar circumstances.

"THE CONWAY FISHERIES."

MR. EDITOR,—I have read in your Magazine two articles, entitled "Twenty-eight Days' Fishing on the Conway"; and if I had perused the second before the first, I should have been much pleased, as an old Conway fisherman, by the graphic description of sport therein contained. But, unfortunately, the impression produced by the first has been so unfavourable, that it has completely destroyed the pleasure that would have been created by the last, if taken unconnectedly. I must confess I was both vexed and surprised that a gentleman, whom I had every wish to regard as a sportsman, should have written a letter so full of pique and prejudice, so thoroughly unsportsmanlike, in fact. The lessee of the Conway is a personal friend of my own, whom I have had the pleasure of knowing for several years; but it is not so much on that account that I take up the cudgels in his favour, as because I think it but fair and just that facts should be stated as they really are, and not depicted with the highly-fallacious colouring used by Mr. Theophilus South. I do not mean for a moment to insinuate that the gentleman in question has wilfully misstated anything; I only think that a temporary feeling of pique, operating upon a mind prejudiced by the exaggerations of others, has induced him to yield assent to feeling rather than judgment, and to say what his maturer consideration might cause him to regret. I will now try and divest some of Mr. South's remarks of the plausibility with which they are clothed; but before I do so, I wish to say that any observations I may make are the result of my own personal knowledge and experience, and are not dependent upon hearsay evidence.

Mr. South objects, firstly, to the scale of prices for the Conway fishery tickets, and considers the season ticket absurdly low in price, while he thinks the daily ticket ridiculously extravagant. I agree with him that the season ticket is far too cheap. I know no river (and I have fished upon a great many in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales) where the payment of five guineas will empower a gentleman to fish for salmon from the 1st of May till the end of November. But at the same time, if it were possible, I would do away with the daily tickets altogether, and for this reason: there are many persons who, during the season, visit or reside in the neighbourhood of the Conway, who cannot or will not take either season or monthly tickets, but who, when a flood comes, and when the river is in good fishing order, take a day ticket, and frequently catch one or more salmon. Many of the best throwers are consequently occupied on a favourable day, and very often during the whole of the day, to the exclusion of the season-ticket holders (sufficient in themselves to occupy most of the casts on the river) who have persevered in vain, for weeks perhaps, during inauspicious weather, and who therefore, in my opinion, have the prior claim. Now if the price for the daily ticket was reduced, *à fortiori* we should have a much greater number of these "day-tickers" on the river. As a fact, however, the price has been reduced; for, some years ago, when Lord Willoughby had the fishing in his own hands (*i. e.*, did not let it), the

payment necessary for a daily ticket was the same as for a weekly, viz., ten shillings. Of course the doing away with the daily-ticket system would prevent "a sportsman" passing through the country, and only having a day to spare, from pursuing his favourite amusement; I would therefore make it optional for the lessee, in such cases, to grant a ticket.

Mr. South next objects to the term "unsizable salmon." Here again I partially agree with him, for I think the expression *de trop*, and might be struck out altogether. The object of the rule, as I understand it, is to prevent the taking of "salmon fry" (which term I consider to comprehend all such fish as come within the restrictions of the Act of Parliament) and not of "morts," which vary from 1½ lb. to 5 lb. The enforcement of any such rule I have never known; and as my friend Mr. South, from his own showing, has not practised the amendment he suggests. of returning fish under 6 lb. to the water, I think the less he says about it the better. But with regard to his objection to the rule which "riles him most," I have more to say, as the exhibition of feeling which he has most unequivocally displayed might, if unanswered, tend materially to damage the reputation of the lessee, who, as all who know him will admit, is a most "liberal" sportsman in all cases where he can be so. To many a poor man who loves the sport, but cannot afford to pay the price of the ticket, has he given a day's fishing; and to those only who are "reputed poachers" (which term I understand to apply to persons who are morally guilty, but against whom there is no legal evidence) has he refused the privilege.

Again, Mr. South thinks it hard that gentlemen, like him, whose frames are enfeebled by years and a long sojourn in a tropical climate, should not be allowed at intervals to pass their rod to their attendant; and at first sight it appears so. But I will tell him why that rule has been enforced, and not so much by the wish of the lessee as by the general expression of feeling from gentlemen fishing on the river. Last year a gentleman came to the Conway, who from physical incapacity was utterly unable to throw a line; consequently, his attendant, Peter Hughes, was fishing with his master's rod through every hour of the day, and even during a temporary absence of the said gentleman. Now whether this gentleman was actuated by love of sport, or a mere desire to possess a certain number of salmon, I will not question: be this as it may, the regular "*habitués*" were not prepared to find a professional fishing a favourite cast when his master was in Shropshire or elsewhere, and therefore made a strong representation to the lessee, who consequently put into force the rule which has been the cause of so much annoyance to Mr. South. It was never the wish of the lessee to prevent the sportsman, wearied by many hours' unrequited toil, disgusted by unrewarded perseverance, from passing his rod to his attendant for an occasional cast; but it was necessary to adopt some stringent measure to counteract the abuse which had arisen, and the above-mentioned rule was, therefore, put into execution, but, as I before observed, at the generally expressed wish of the gentlemen fishing on the river. Mr. South, however, fears that it was from jealousy of the skill of his attendant, and he also mentions that he had observed one of the keepers fishing for a gentleman. Now, as I believe I am the individual alluded to, I must say a word or two on this point. It was quite true that a keeper was taking a few casts with my rod, but by the express permission of the lessee. The keepers were allowed to

take an occasional cast (the rule not applying to them) if a gentleman wished it, and I suppose Mr. South will allow that the lessee as temporary owner of the fishery was entitled to permit, if he chose, his keepers to fish, while he refused the same privilege to the ordinary attendant. The occasions, however, on which the keepers are thus made use of are very rare, as I am happy to say that most of the gentlemen who frequent the Conway are too thoroughly sportsmen to transfer their rods to the hands of any one, except in moments of sheer hopelessness: and if it will afford Mr. South any satisfaction, I can assure him that during the whole course of my piscatory experience on the Conway (and I have now fished the river for twelve or thirteen seasons, during part, at all events, of each season), only in two instances has either gentleman, keeper, or attendant ever hooked a salmon with my rod. As to the "jealousy" of which Mr. South speaks, I can assure him, that though Peter Hughes is a good fisherman, there are many equally good, and some better, and that the principal objection to that individual specifically lay in his being (to use the words of the rule) a person "not approved of by the lessee." And why not approved of? Peter was for several seasons my own attendant, a good fisherman, an honest man in my opinion (though perhaps a little too avaricious), and, as far as my own experience goes, not addicted to poaching. But in some respects he has behaved very foolishly and very badly of late. He has taken every opportunity, by writing silly and contemptible letters and otherwise, of prejudicing strangers against the lessee; and though that gentleman may have entertained somewhat unreasonable suspicions against him, Peter's conduct has not been such as to remove those suspicions. He has also so often infringed the rule by fishing with his temporary master's rod in spite of repeated warnings, and has evinced such a determination to thwart and oppose the lessee in every possible way, that I am not surprised at that gentleman's entertaining a bad opinion of him. Mr. South must recollect, too, that by allowing Peter to fish for him, he himself was infringing the rules, and was therefore liable to the forfeiture of his ticket. Not once only was he warned of this: the rules printed upon his ticket told him so; the keepers told him so; the lessee told him so, though in perfectly courteous language; his friends and acquaintances told him so. And yet after all these warnings Peter was again caught fishing by the lessee himself, with Mr. South's rod, and with that gentleman's sanction! Under such irritating circumstances, I must confess, I give the lessee credit for great forbearance in not at once taking away Mr. South's ticket. Mr. South was, it seems to me, very much to blame—more so perhaps than his man; and I cannot but think that he himself, on calm consideration, must have come to the same conclusion.

And now I have said my say, and will only add, as a concluding remark, that while I am perfectly prepared to adhere to all I have said, I have made these observations from no ill feeling towards Mr. South, but solely from a wish to defend the character of the lessee, who has always shown the utmost anxiety to afford sport, and whose only enemies have been made by his keenness in maintaining the preservation of the river.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. DRUMMOND GRIFFITH.

3. From Conway, Tuesday, 30th December.

WILD-FOWL SHOOTING,

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY HOARY FROST.

“ An icy gale, oft shifting o'er the pool,
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream.”

THOMSON.

The succession of mild winters, and the absence of long-continued and severe frosts, have done much of late years towards inducing some wild-fowl shooters to look with indifference upon this good old-fashioned diversion. Since the best and most extensive breeding-haunts of wild-fowl, in this country, have been destroyed by the drainage of meres, the wild-fowl shooters' sport now depends chiefly on the migratory fowl; and not, as in old times, when, in mild as well as severe winters, abundant sport might be had with those bred in our own country; but the modern sportsman should not despair. England will ever be visited in severe winters by thousands of wild-fowl; situated as she is, a salubrious island in the direct track of the myriads of migratory fowl, and offering the first and most favourable resting-place, with food and shelter, to such birds as are driven from the northern countries through severities of frosts.

Let the dubious sportsman only glance at the pages of northern travels and voyages, both ancient and modern, and it will be a rare omission if, in any volume he refers to, some allusion is not made to the numbers and abundance of wild-fowl in almost every northern country of the globe; and many such authors speak of immense flights of innumerable fowl in the northern latitudes. Reason, therefore, very readily suggests, and instinct teaches, that whenever severe weather sets in, those birds must of necessity seek a milder climate; and though thousands and thousands are consequently scattered upon various coasts of distant islands and continents, England, from her favoured position, receives at least a lion's share of these interesting and eagerly-sought feathered tribes of the north. The rarity of the sport may eventually make it the more distinguished; but, certainly, if mild winters continue to follow one season after another, as of late years, the tales of sport, of numbers killed, and extent of space covered on the water by the immense flights of fowl in past seasons, will in after-years appear so extravagant as to cause expressions of incredulity; and I myself may, for aught I know, in years to come, be accused of asserting romantic tales of improbabilities in these pages, as to my own humble performances and inferior success. But, be it as it may, it has never been my intention so to mislead, either present or future readers; and, so far from overstating or exceeding the boundaries of facts occurring under my own immediate notice, I have rather preferred keeping within, and under, actual extent of sport, and numbers seen and killed.

Wild-fowl are always objects of great attraction, not only to the

sportsman, but to every one who may chance to observe them ; and to such persons who have never seen a flight of these aerial wanderers, on a cold, bright, winter's day, we would say—they have yet one of the most interesting objects of the natural habits of the feathered species to look for : as they—

“ Part ranged in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravan ; high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Essing their flight.” *

Gilpin, a very observant and interesting writer, in his observations on Cumberland, speaking of the most attractive objects of his travels, says of wild-fowl: “ Let the naturalist declare their names and classes, the painter has only to remark the variety of forms in which they appear—sometimes sitting in black groups upon the water, rising and sinking with the waves ; at other times in the air, circling the lake in figured files, or, with hesitating wing seizing some station on its banks or surface.”

The present season has truly been very unfavourable for wild-fowl shooting, and, indeed, we look in vain for one of those old-fashioned winters, connected with which are some of our greatest achievements in this particular branch of sport ; and in absence of modern adventures in pursuit of the species wild-fowl, we shall be excused for referring to days gone by, as to an anecdote of sport, which has hitherto been passed over without record, beyond the deep impression made upon my memory.

The severest weather of the season alluded to, occurred in the month of February ; the snow lay thickly upon the ground ; all the ponds, lakes, and rivers were frozen ; and the navigation stopped of many a salt-water river. Pyramids of ice and crystallized snow were driven to and fro by every tide, and little arctic islands drifted here and there, and ugly bits of massive ice glittered in the rays of a winter's sun, having been left upon the ooze by the receding tide : some in positions almost curious to look upon, with edges upward, sloping, and askew ; thus offering admirable opportunities to old Sol to melt the surface of those stolid blocks, and assist the freezing element in forming thousands of sparkling icicles along the edges of those pyramidal substances, and leave them in graceful clusters of stalactites. On one of the very coldest days of that memorable season, I returned home with a boat-load of wild-fowl, the result of a few hours' sport ; and, what most astonished me was, that among some six or eight other punters, no one of them returned with more than two pair of birds. The proceedings connected with my adventures on that occasion form by no means a dull page in my sporting history ; and as I believe it may interest some of my readers, I now purpose giving a description of the day's sport : and with that view, and to be as brief and *à propos* as possible, I will at once draw attention to my frail bark, as it glided slowly down the current, a mere speck among numerous masses of ice, and scarcely distinguishable to a distant observer ; indeed, so small did it resemble a block of ice, that the eyes of the punters would fail to notice it unless passing close by, the garments of the occupant being

one and all of the same snowy colour as the scenery around. Never in England have I, before or since, experienced such trying severities of frost: at every dip of the oar-blades ice congealed thicker and firmer upon them, just like candle-making, so that every now and then the oars became so heavy, that I was obliged to knock one against the other to lighten them of the burden of the ice. Every dash of spray that flew upon my punt, or upon any part of myself or accoutrements instantly congealed into ice; and even the few dashes of spray which now and then fell upon my worsted gloves, froze into ice before I could brush them away. Wild-fowl were flying about in every part of the river; some in little trips of from six to twenty; others in large flights, hovering over the frozen element, as if lost in the interminable regions of space; whilst many others sat on little islands of drift-ice, huddled together closer than chickens, when crowding beneath the wings of their mother on a cold night. But, notwithstanding that the birds were so numerous; the large flights were very wary, restless, and apparently difficult of approach. I could have shot several pair of ducks and widgeon with my shoulder-gun, as they were constantly passing over my head, within easy range; but not wishing to disturb the waters by popping off a small gun for a single pair of birds, when there were such tempting-looking opportunities of killing ten or twenty pair at a shot, I did not once lift my double-barrel to my shoulder. It was no easy task, among so much ice, to avoid the dangers which everywhere surrounded me; situated as I was, in as frail a bark as can well be imagined: in a strong tide, which drove the ice to and fro with fearful violence, and threatened to crush a punt as if a mere eggshell between the finger and thumb. More than ordinary caution was therefore necessary in the navigation of a gunning-punt amidst so many perils. It is sometimes the very height of imprudence to venture in a gunning-punt among such obstructions; but on this occasion the wind was north, and consequently the north side of the river was tolerably free from ice; and to that identical side I was making the best of my way, though encountering many difficulties and incurring many perils; having frequently to row a considerable round-about, and at times at a rapid rate, at others with the slowest movement, and these all to steer clear of the moving masses of ice. After two hours' perseverance I found myself in the open water on the north side of the river, a noble expanse, of near two miles in width and twelve or fourteen in length. Arrived at this locality, I encountered two punters, neither of whom had a bird in their boats, though they told me they had been in the open water several hours, in fact, ever since daylight. One of them said:—

"I'll tell you what it is, sir: them aire critturs know what punting means as well as we do, and they've made up their minds as how they arn't a-going to let us get nigh 'em. Wha, I a'most know the wuds o' their conversation; and as how they ha' told one another, and all the t'others, that we be punters wi' big guns, what'll kill 'em all, if they doan't look sharp."

The other man followed in similar strain to that of his companion, but at the same time throwing out a very broad hint that he was jealous of my presence in the capacity of a punter. He said—

"Punting is all gone to squash since there be so many go arter it now-a-days; the fowl know a gunner as well as we know one another."

I knowed the time when there was ne'er a ge'man in the land who'd condescend to enter into a punt; because wild-fowl shooting belong to we poor folk, and pheasants and partridges and the loike, belong to such swells as carry guns ashore. Goramightly meant the wild-fowl for we, and the land game for ye. But you ge'men have game laws to protect your sport, whilst we have none to protect ours. You come and poach over our preserves just as you loike; but if we set a foot on your fields, or snare a gopetty old hare, we are handled directly. And this here is what ye call a christian country, where right and justice be done! Dom my eyes if I can see the christianity o' such a land, or the right and justice o' such laws."

The weather was really too cold, and the scene too enlivening, to enter into an argument with the punter, whose notions of right and wrong were so ridiculous. The conversation alluded to, took place as we proceeded in trio, rowing side by side, to a beautiful bay, where a large company of widgeon were assembled. I took less heed of the remarks than of the men, their punts, and equipment, or at least I affected to do so; for I felt no surprise at two such thorough bunglers being disappointed in their attempts to get within range of wild-fowl by daylight. Their punts were of dark and dirty-looking colour, whilst every object around was white with snow. They might occasionally make a successful shot by night; but I should scarcely think it probable, with such an equipment, and such bungling performances, they ever did much, if any, execution by daylight.

I therefore preferred withdrawing from their company on arriving within sight of the widgeon, and permitted them to make their attempts to obtain a shot by themselves, well knowing it would be an attempt, and nothing but an attempt. As soon as they took in their oars and proceeded to paddle towards the birds, I stopped to watch their proceedings at a convenient distance. They forced their punts ahead at great speed, more like racing to see which could get at the birds first, than ordinary punting. Their movements were rapid, irregular, and unsteady. The consequence was, the whole company of widgeon rose in the air ere the bungling punters had arrived within two hundred yards. It was a remarkably fine company, consisting of several thousand. I surveyed them as they flew over my head high in the air, and smilingly asked myself in silence "How many of them would be marked with some of my shot ere another hour had passed?"

The two punters came to me again to inquire if I had marked the birds down, which I had; and accordingly we again proceeded in trio to the spot where I saw them alight.

"There! you see, Sir," said one; "it is just as we told you; the birds will not stand it to-day. They won't allow us to look at 'em, much less get a shot at their blessed carcasses."

I suggested another effort with greater precaution: which, finding them both bent upon, on arrival of the birds I again declined the honour of punting. I made some objections, and requested them to make another attempt. They need scarcely say their efforts were again unavailing. I again retreated to a wild distance, and I again watched their proceedings, and then proceeded at a distance as before. The birds were again thoroughly disap-

pointed at their useless efforts, and loitered in dismay near the scene of their last attempt.

To my great satisfaction these men kept quite aloof, and permitted me to "set up" to the birds by myself, which I accordingly did, and at the same company of widgeon which had twice defied the efforts of the two men. And, I may add, without pretension to vanity or egotism, I never experienced less difficulty in getting within range of widgeon by daylight. I approached them steadily, cautiously, and with apparently motionless precision, but with the utmost confidence of obtaining a shot; and, long before pulling trigger, I knew by the position and indifference of their movements that I need not hurry myself, but approach within fifty or sixty yards before scattering my shot. They sat huddled together very closely; and when once the muzzle of my gun bore upon them within deadly range, I began to reckon on the numbers which would fall to my lot. But these were anxious moments; and, with my whole attention devoted to the one object of my pursuit, I pulled the fatal trigger. A cloud of smoke rose before me, through which I dimly saw thousands of the company take wing, and soar high in the air; whilst the echo of my murderous artillery resounded from afar across the frozen waters. The smoke clearing off, I beheld, as it were, a pathway of dead and dying widgeon, extending a long distance in line with the position of my gun. At first sight this line of slaughter appeared compact and unbroken, but as I approached to collect the victims of my charge, one by one there emerged from the dead and dying some less severely struck, winged, and wounded birds, which made off in rapid pace; and thus the imaginary pathway soon became a broken and scattered extent of fluttering, diving, and disabled victims. I had gathered up most of the dead and badly wounded birds ere my two companions again joined me; and, being satisfied with what I had got, (which, on counting over, I found was seventeen pair), I offered the two unsuccessful punters the whole proceeds and amusement of the cripple-chase, which consisted of some eight or ten pair of winged and wounded birds; most of which they succeeded in capturing, after more than an hour's diversion.

Leaving them with my cripples, I re-loaded my gun, and proceeded to another part of the bay, where I had not been long waiting ere I saw some more birds on the water a short distance ahead: which, on looking through my telescope, I discovered to be wild ducks. Towards these birds my efforts were then immediately directed. I lay down in the punt, and proceeded as before to approach them. There were about sixty or eighty in the paddling, and I found no great difficulty in making up within range; when I scattered a charge of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of shot amongst them, killed eight dead, and captured nine others which had been wounded more or less by the shot.

I had thus made two, apparently very easy, but highly successful shots within an hour; and both at birds which the two puntmen alluded to had during the same day made repeated but ineffectual efforts to approach. The event is but an ordinary occurrence, and such as any one familiar with the science of punting might perform during severe frost, when wild-fowl are always abundant on the English coast, and easy of access to a sportsman, though not so to such bunglers as those alluded to. On arriving at the landing-place with the result of my sport—quite a punt

full—every “gunner” was waiting to know “what sport?” and jealous indeed were those fellows to find I had been so successful, whilst not a man among them had shot more than two pair. Myself, punt, and gun were objects of severe scrutiny as I stepped ashore; my dress from head to foot was also the subject of remark, being white as snow, beyond a few marks of blood from my birds. My punt and gun were also painted white; and, from remarks which passed from lip to lip, I found the jealous punters attributed all my success to the whiteness of my equipment; and next morning I felt much amused at seeing every punter in a white jacket or shirt, and with white calico wrapped about his hat or cap. But, notwithstanding the virtue contained in the white, I did not hear of any one of them being more successful on the day following than on the previous one; and I have generally found that there are few punters who are able to do much execution among the wild-fowl by daylight—their success is generally to be traced to the witching hours of midnight, or the still better and preferable hours of morning and evening twilight.

It is such days of success as those recorded, which make sportsmen delight in this scientific diversion; for such it has become since the days of the ancient punter. It is only of late years that this most exciting and attractive sport has become practical, and been thoroughly understood. It is an art which well repays study and practice; and such as no man who ever pursued successfully, ever relinquished, so long as he was able to practise it. None but the effeminate and inexperienced will complain of the cold or hardy endurance attending the sport; and no man who has the smallest knowledge of the migratory habits of wild-fowl, or the faintest idea of the myriads which inhabit the northern countries, and are driven southward by severity of frost, will pretend to say there is not a *certainty* of a fair share of those numbers of water-fowl visiting these shores whenever the winter is so severe as to drive them from northern latitudes. None but the most ignorant, and such as are quite unacquainted with the pages of northern voyages and travel, will pretend to sing a dirge over the incomparable and unbounded varieties of the manly and healthful recreation of wild-fowl shooting, with no better reason than because of the recent succession of mild winters; which are so much regretted by scientific wild-fowl shooters. Those who are well acquainted with the sport, as past and present, and who have been accustomed to take note of the habits and migrations of these attractive occupants of the waters predict, that if we are again visited with a severe winter, the birds will flock to our shores in greater abundance than ever, on account of the succession of favourable seasons to their breeding and increasing in the northern regions, and because of the comparatively small numbers which have been killed of late years by the punters, and the still smaller numbers which have been captured in decoys.

When the weather is mild, and the air free from frost, wild-fowl are sometimes exceedingly wary, and defy the best efforts of the most practised sportsman; and I verily believe they know a sportsman from a harmless boatman, and a fishing-craft from a guunning-punt. Of the one they take no heed: of the other they evince the most susceptible suspicion.

I have often observed fishermen rowing indifferently up or down a river, within gunshot of wild-fowl, when a punter could not be allowed to look at them: they would take wing soon as he "have in sight." But wind, weather, and time of day have a great deal to do with the habits of wild-fowl. On some days they are unaccountably tame; on others, the very reverse. As a general rule, whilst the weather is unsettled, they are unsettled. During the calm which precedes or follows a storm or gale, they are invariably tame, and easily approached by a practised punter; but daylight punting is now become quite an art, and can only be successfully engaged in by practice and familiarity with the habits of wild-fowl. The annoyance often experienced by those who know little or nothing of either the art of approaching or stalking, or the habits of birds, is thus amusingly described, in dialogue, in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ:"

"*Shepherd.* It's a trial that Job would never hae come through without swearin'—after wading half the day through marsh and fen, sometimes up to the houghs, and sometimes to the oxters, to see a dizen or a score o' wild-dyucks a' risin' thegither, about a quarter o' a mile aff, wi' their outstretched bills and droopin' daups, maist unmercifully ill-made, as aye might mistake it, for fleeing; and then, makin' a circle half-mile ayont the reach o' slug*, gradually fa'in' intill a mathematical figure in 'Euclid's Elements,' and vanishin', wi' the speed o' sigles, in the weather-gleam, as if they were aff for ever to Norway or to the North Pole. Dang their web-footed soles!"

In Warner's "Antiquities Culinariæ"—a work of high authority and great curiosity—are the following remarkable recipes for cooking a wild mallard, as recommended during the fourteenth century:

"MALARDES IN CYNE.

"Take malarde, and make hom clene, and chop hom, and sethe hom with gode brothe of beef in a pot, and do therto onyons mynced grete, and do therto wyne and powder of pepur; then take bredde, and step hit in brothe, and draw hit up, and do hit in a pot, and clowes and maces and pynes, and colour hit with saunders and saffron; and put therto sugar or honey, and in the sethyng down, do therto a lytel vynegar, and serve hit forthe."

"MAULARDES IN CYNE.

"Take maularde chopped, and sethe hom, and when thai bin so, then in brothe of beef; cast therto cloves, maces, pynes, sugar, wyne, onyons mynced gret, and draw up a liour of chippes of bred; and put therto powder of pepur, and colour hit with saffron and saunders; and in the sethyng doune put therto a lytel vynegar, and luke that hit be runnyng, and serve hit forthe."

Surely such peculiarities of *culinare* are worthy the attention of the dinner-party scribblers, whose dissertations in the *Times* during the past month have been the subject of so much discussion; and we will venture to say that, if a "maularde in cyne" were served up as a side-dish, after the manner of our ancient recipes, at some of the dinner-parties given at the present day, it would not share the accustomed fate of side-dishes, by being permitted to be removed untasted.

In recent researches among the Harleian Manuscripts, the following curious document was discovered, and which, during the present dinner-party mania, may afford consolation to the bashful gourmand,

* "Reach o' slug" means, within gun-shot.

as a very early precedent of "ye good feeding of ye Englyshe" in centuries long past.

AN APOLOGY FOR ENGLISH GLUTTONY*.

"There was a merchaunt of Ynglond whyche wenturyed unto ferre contres. When he had byn a monyth or more, there dwellyd a grete lorde of that contre whyche badd this Englysse merchaunte to dener. And when they were at dyner, the lord bad hym prophesy as ow myche good do hyt hym, and he sayd that Englysshemen ar callyd the grettyste fedours in the worlde, and one man wolde ete more then vj. of another nacyon, and more vetelles spend then in ony regioun. And then the Englysshe merchaunte answered and sayd to the lorde that hyt was so, and for iij. reasonable cawsys that they were seruid with grete plenty of veyll; one was for love, another for phesyke, and the thyrde for drede. Syr, as towchia for love, we use to have many dyvers metys for awr frendes and kynnesfolke, some lovythe one maner of mete and some another, because every man shulde be contente. The second cawse ys for phesyke, for dyvers maladyes that men have, some wyll ete one mete and seme another, because every man shold be pleasyd. The thyrde cause is for drede; we have so grete abowndance and plente in ower realme, yf that we shulde not kyll and destroye them, they wolde dystroye and devoure us, both beste and fowles."

R A C I N G P H O T O G R A P H S .

BY ARGUS.

No. XXI.—MR. C. GREVILLE.

Mr. Greville has occupied so long such an important a position on the Turf, that in a series of sketches which purport to illustrate living characters, the Clerk of the Council, as he is sometimes called, must not be omitted. Mr. Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville, as his patronymics would imply, is a member of one of the most aristocratic families in England, and was nephew of the late Duke of Portland. Mr. Greville has filled, for very many years, one of the most important and confidential appointments in the service of the Crown, viz., Clerk of the Privy Council, in which capacity he has served several Administrations, with no other enemy than the gout and the *Daily News*, which journal, from some political cause, a few years back, devoted a series of articles to him; which, however pointed and elaborate, had as much effect upon him, as a drop of water on a duck's back; as, although a first-rate political writer, and one of the best classics of the day, he never condescended to reply to them. But it is not in his political capacity, but as a sportsman, that I have to treat of Mr. Greville, whose standing in the Jockey Club may be judged, by the mere fact of his managing the late Duke of York's stud at Newmarket. Consequently, there are few left with the same experience, or who are qualified to give a more satisfactory opinion on those knotty points, which so frequently occur on the Turf. To trace Mr. Greville's career from the number of horses he has owned, would far exceed the limits, which are prescribed for me. I must therefore

* From MS. Harl., 2,252, fol. 84, temp. Hen. VIII.

only turn to its leading features, a perusal of which may perhaps bring to mind many old familiar names of men and horses. During his time Mr. Greville has had many confederates; for shortly after Lord Chesterfield came out, he was associated with him, and upon their separation he joined Lord George Bentinck, with whom he remained some time, parting with him, it is asserted, because he would run Preserve for the Goodwood Stakes, to which the Napoleon of the Turf was averse. His present confederate is Mr. Payne, with whom he has been connected for a very considerable period, and which alliance, from the almost Damon and Pythias friendship which it is alleged exists between them, will only be dissolved, by the severer of all ties. Frequently as Mr. Greville has attempted "the great races," he never was successful but in one instance, viz., for the St. Leger in 1837, with Mango, who won him a very large stake, as he backed him for a hatful of money after honest John had tried him for him, with The Drummer on Winchester racecourse. And the latter still tells the story, in his very best style, how Mr. Greville shook hands, and thanked him when the horse pulled up; and how Lord George Bentinck afterwards made him a present of five hundred for the trial; a similar sum to Sam Day, junior, who rode him, and to whose courage in rushing through Abraham Newland and The Doctor and fairly splitting them, he was indebted for the race; and a like sum to Montgomery Dilly for training him, accompanying the *douceurs* with the most complimentary encomiums, which, from regard to the feelings of others who had not been so successful with the horse, I repress. It was in this year also Mr. Greville called "Craven" to apologize for asserting that Mango had been reported lame for the purpose of sending him back in the market for the Newmarket St. Leger, and as by the evidence of Lord George Bentinck, Col. Anson, and Admiral Rous, there was not the slightest pretence for the statement, the writer made the *amende honorable*. Again, Mr. Greville, anxious to preserve his reputation as a man of honour, brought an action against the late Mr. Chapman of the *Sunday Times*, for charging him with having "milked" Canadian for the Derby, when the two hundred and fifty pound damages he had to pay was the best proof how little foundation there was for the assertion.

But, although severe with some Turf writers, there were others to whom he was more tolerant; as, for instance, when the "Racing Times," which is the *Weekly Dispatch* of the "Sporting World," came out with a thundering Publicola style of article against him, because he lent Cariboo to Lord Derby to make running for Canezou in the Goodwood Cup instead of trying to win with him himself, which of course he could have done had he thought him good enough. Instead of filing criminal informations, or setting Edwin James to work, he quietly rode down the Strand to the office of the paper, outside of which, on the week bill, among other contents of the number, was to be seen the following line:—

"OLD GREVILLE AND HIS CARIBOO! BOO! BOO!!"

and purchased a copy of the astonished clerk, who, when he saw him coming up on his roan hack with his faithful groom, thought all the

powers of the Crown would be put in force against him. However, the only revenge Mr. G. took was to laugh heartily, and to tell his friends he was called the d—st villain under the sun.

Unfortunate as he was with Canadian, Mr. Greville was still more so with his other celebrated Derby horse Alarm, whom he purchased of his breeder, Captain George Delme. This horse he had tried good enough to win any Derby, as his subsequently winning the Cambridgeshire with 7st. 9lb. upon him: and in Merry Monarch's year he was third favourite for the Derby. His chance, however, was completely put out by his being knocked down by The Libel; and Mr. Greville's feelings may better be imagined than described, when he heard Lord George Bentinck, with whom he was then not on terms, remark with icy coldness, while looking through his long telescope, "There is a horse down on the ground—he is kicking violently—his jockey is insensible. I don't think he will be able to ride again this season. He has a dark blue jacket, and I believe it is Mr. Greville's Alarm." Pleasant remarks these in the ears of an owner, who stood forty thousand on his horse, and had the first call of Nat; and Mr. Greville was of course the object of universal attention by the group which surrounded him, and who were aware that Lord George, although pretending ignorance of his presence, was perfectly cognizant of his being near enough to hear every word he had said. Those who know Mr. Greville's expression of countenance when he is disappointed can well imagine how he looked now; but chagrined as he had reason to be with the accident, he made up for it afterwards, as, besides the Cambridgeshire, he won the Ascot Cup, and the Orange Cup, at Goodwood, with him besides The Claret, and three out of the four great matches he made with him, viz., with Alamode, Oakley, and Sorella. The only one in which he was beaten, was when he attempted to give John o'Brien's Traverser a stone over the T.Y.C.

Adine was another useful animal to him, as with her in 1852 he won the Ebor Handicap, at York, and in 1853 the Goodwood Stakes, when Captain Scott, then in his zenith, backed her to win £15,000 in ten minutes, merely from a casual hint of John Osborne's to him, as she cantered by, "That she went better than any thing." With Frantic he also did well, as he beat Daniel O'Rourke with him at York, and saw him come in before a large field for the Union Cup, at Manchester; and so well are the movements of owners of horses watched, that I perfectly recollect hearing "a party," when Mr. Greville was taking his ticket at Euston Square, for Manchester, tell his friend to telegraph the circumstance to an agent there, and to back Frantic, "As the old gentleman would never have gone down to such a place as Manchester, if he had not got at least a stone in hand." But if unfortunate at some places, at Goodwood Mr. Greville has been particularly lucky, as after having won the Goodwood Stakes for himself with Adine, he won it for Lord Bruce, the following year, with Bribery, and the subsequent one with Quince, for himself again, being three mains that are rarely thrown in succession. Muscovite was his next "crack;" and had fair play been given him at Dockeray's, there is no doubt he would have proved before his Cesar-ewitch that he really was the racehorse he proclaimed him to his

friends. In fact, Muscovite never ran but once on his merits while he was at Epsom, which was for the Metropolitan, when he was beaten by Virago, which Mr. Greville thought to be beyond the pale of probability; and in all probability he would have been "shinned" there if "the nobblers" had not got on before his owner, and had an interest in his success. Indeed it was no secret that old George Dockeray, who was as honest and faithful a trainer as any in "Ruff's Guide," frightened at his own inability to protect the horse, begged to have him removed to Littleton, where he arrived with his legs in such a state, that William Dilly gave up all hopes of getting him to stand for the Ccsarewitch. He did so, however; and although he came to Newmarket fine as a star, and went like a bullet, and was located in Nat's own stables, the same fearful hostility was displayed against him in the ring as had been exhibited on previous occasions; and so frightened were both Mr. Greville and Mr. Payne, that they hardly dare back him. The same fears were shared by others; although William Dilly gave out he had no excuse for him, if he was "done," as Mr. Greville, Mr. Payne, Nat, and his own head lad (who had been with him twenty years), alone had access to him, and "if he was not shot on the heath" he would go in alone. This he did, as all will recollect; and none more so than those who stood against him. His greatest opponent, who lost twenty-seven thousand pounds by him, paid near twenty thousand of it down, and had time given him for the rest. Others, who had followed suit, and who had been told "it was good to lay," and that the animal was of "no account," caught it also. One gallant Captain, who likes a hundred out of "a dead-un" as well as anybody, not thinking he had done Muscovite justice with his pencil, but who had some qualms at the last, by his keeping so firm in the market, upon being shown by Barber the halves of the twelve one-thousand-pound notes which he had received from "the great operator" against the horse, could hesitate no longer, and rushing in to get two hundred more, found he was shot for an additional six hundred. Tom Perkins, a great commissioner of Mr. Greville's, also "went," after drawing all the money he had backed the horse for; and never was there so complicated a settling, or did any horse leave such stinging recollections of his success behind him at Newmarket, as Muscovite.

With this horse William Dilly gave up Mr. Greville's stud, and retired from the Turf, after having served his employer with unflinching integrity for many years, and being able to say, what few trainers of the present age can do, that, like his brother Montgomery, who is now living in wealthy independence at Southampton, he never backed a horse for more than ten pounds, and then only with his master, and that he never borrowed a hundred pounds of a betting man in his life: and if there were a few more of that school about now, we should have more noblemen and gentlemen racing.

On the retirement of William Dilly, Mr. Greville sent one or two horses to Tom Taylor, and some others to Alec Taylor, at Fyfield, who, from the retirement of Mr. Stanley, had plenty of room for them, and with him he has since remained; but with the exception of Merryman, for whom he gave the Squire of Wantage 2,000 guineas and contingencies, he has not had for some time a racehorse, although

the public have annually persisted in making Rosati first favourite for the Goodwood Stakes, when in truth she cannot go faster than a man in boots ; and in 1851 he was unfortunate enough to run second for the Cesarewitch to Mrs. Taft with Barcelona, and second to Truth for the Cambridgeshire with Ariosto. But if Mr. Greville has reduced his racing establishment, he has increased his breeding stud, which for blood and quality is without comparison the finest in this country. Orlando, whom he purchased of General Peel, is the most fashionable sire on the Turf ; and the mares are selected with a carefulness and knowledge of blood, such as might be supposed to be possessed by such a racing Debrett. The annual returns of this breeding establishment, as the newspapers show, are very great, and proves that breeding, when conducted on scientific principles, pays. Located as Mr. Greville's stud is with that of the Queen's at Hampton Court, and indebted as that stud has been so much to Orlando, it would have been thought there could be no objection to the yearlings being sold there : but after they had been so advertised last year, the *Times's* and *Punch's* Col. Phipps made the awful discovery that, it was not according to etiquette that the subject's animals should be offered for competition, on the same spot as those of her Majesty. The venue was therefore changed to the Green, and although the sale was not injured, such stickling for formality met with a very bad reception. For it was justly said, the dignity of the Royal yearlings was just as much hurt by their association with Mr. Greville's, as they would have been by being sold with them.

But valuable as Mr. Greville may be as a supporter of the Turf, there are other capacities in which he is equally conspicuous, and in which he has rendered signal services to the community. A Whig of the old school, deep in the mysteries of Lansdowne House, he has been officially brought in contact with all the great statesmen of the day, and by his knowledge of men and measures, has gone far to smooth the complication of parties. Each side recognizes his *status*, and although they may dissent from his convictions, they are always willing to acknowledge their conscientious honesty. As "a man of the world" also, Mr. Greville may be said to have no equal of his own standing. Brooke's unanimously admit him to be the best arbitrator they have, and at White's he is equally powerful. With the Jockey Club he is omnipotent ; and at Tattersall's, while the upper class of betting men respect him highly, the lower class look on him with wonder, and his quoted opinion is rarely appealed from. In him the young nobility of England have ever found a most excellent master, one who has extricated them from follies, and reconciled them to relatives from whom they may have been estranged. More "affairs of honour" he has prevented by his matured judgment and knowledge of the world, than all the Acts of Parliament and Bills of Pains and Penalties that ever were invented ; and if Charles Greville justifies any step taken by a public man, St. James's-street and Pall Mall at once bow to his decision. It may not be generally known also that Mr. Greville is one of the deepest read men, not only in English, but in classical and foreign literature, that we have ; while his memory is of that retentive character, that it enables him to thoroughly appreciate such advantages ; and there is no disputed

passage in history, poetry, or political economy, which he could not at once set at rest, and explain the origin. With such extraordinary attributes as these, and with such a fund of Court and political anecdotes at his command, there is no wonder his society is so much courted, or that he should have attained such a celebrity as a conversationalist. As a sportsman he is one of the good old school, that are gradually becoming extinct. He tries his horses, as he ought to do, without assistance, and from what he hears about the trials of the horses of others, who often are glad of his opinion, he wins good stakes; although he has not had a real good Derby since Teddington's year, when Davis put into his hand on the following day a crossed cheque for £15,000, in case his mind might be at all uneasy on the subject of his claim. In his costume he adheres as rigidly to the single-breasted green coat as "The Duke" did to the blue frock and white trousers; and he and his servant are quite as well known at the West-end, as the Hero of Apsley House and his trusty groom, and, as types of the past generation, are almost equal objects of interest. To his jockeys he is liberal without being extravagant, and he quite won Wells's heart when a boy, by refusing to take the change out of a five-pound note, when paying him for a three-guinea ride at Ascot. At the same time he is quite opposed to the modern system, adopted by some trainers, of demanding of their employers "how they stood with them, on a great race, on the eve of its coming off;" nor does he see the utility of giving jockeys the Derby if they win it, or making them enormous presents for winning, and so not unfrequently ruin them for ever. Although Mr. Greville looks older than he really is, there are in all probability very many years yet before him, during which he may exercise his abilities in preserving the best interest of the Turf, while pursuing his favourite amusement; and when he is taken from us, which he has been more than once by the newspapers, who are as fond of killing him as they were the late Charles Mathews, it will not be denied that an attachment to the Turf is incompatible with the higher attributes of Statesmanship, and that an English gentleman of the old school may be quite as much at home with a trainer as with an ambassador, and be quite as cognisant of the merits of a handicap, as those of at treaty.

SPORTING ANTIQUITIES.

BY HOARY FROST.

CHAP. I.

There is not a more interesting subject, or one so much meriting inquiry and discussion, as the bibliographical rarities of sporting literature. It is extremely curious and amusing to trace the origin and character of English sports from the earliest records; and to mark the gradual development of science in the various branches of manly diversions.

Recent researches in the public libraries, among manuscripts and records, upon the subject of sporting literature, have enabled me to collect

many curious and interesting antiquities, which I feel confident will not only amuse, but assist those who may desire to pursue a subject so full of historical interest and ethical and antiquarian instruction, by furnishing them with references to works of extreme rarity, and standard authority.

Black letter works are daily becoming more and more valuable; and the possession of such can now only be obtained at costly prices, if at all. A few scattered fragments from such works may therefore be acceptable as a humble substitute, if not a useful relique to the sportsman and student of antiquarian literature. It is very remarkable that the first treatise on sporting which ever issued from the press, was written by a lady (Damo Julyans Barnes, alias Berners) who flourished during the reign of Henry VI. The character of this distinguished sports-woman is very peculiar, and has been the subject of discussion by many authorities. She is described by Hollinshed as "a gentlewoman endued with excellent giftes bothe of body and minde; she wrote certaine treatises of hawking and hunting, delighting greatly herselfe in those exercises and pastimes." She has also been described as "a second Minerva in her studies, and another Diana in her diversions."* Bale speaks of her as "an illustrious female, eminently endowed with superior qualities both mental and personal. Among the many solaces of human life, she held the sports of the field in the highest estimation."†

There are but few original copies of this treatise in existence. There is one in the King's Library of the British Museum; there are two in the Bodleian Library, and some few others in possession of private individuals. There have been reprints of the work in the original character of the black letter type; the best production of which, is that re-printed in London, by Harding and Wright, in 1810, which contains valuable introductory matter, with references and notes by Joseph Hazlewood, tracing the history and pedigree of the interesting authoress. So eager has been the desire of bibliographers to become acquainted with the contents of this work, that the reprint has become extremely valuable and scarce: not more than 150 copies having ever been printed; and wherever a copy has been offered to public competition, it has been sold at a very high figure.

The copy in the British Museum is one of the original edition; and is in an excellent state of preservation, though "Emprynted at Westmestre by Wynkyn de Worde, the yere of th'yncarnacion of our Lorde M.CCCC.LXXXVI."

The work is also known as "The Boke of St. Albans;" and by various other titles, as "The Boke of Hawkyng, Huntynge, and Fysshing," "The Gentleman's Academie," &c.; and from a manuscript note taken from the fly-leaf of a copy in the collection of William Burton, the historian of Leicestershire, the authoress is described as "Lady Julian Berners, daughter of Sir James Berners, of Berners Rhoding in Essex, Knight; and sister to Richard Lord Berners. She was Lady Prioress of Sopwell, a nunnery neere St. Albans, in which Abby of St. Albans this was first printed, 1486, 2 Hen. VII.

* Oldys, note L. Life of Caxton, Biographia Brit.

† "Ivliana Barnes illustris fœmina, corporis et animi dotibus abundans, ac formæ elegantia spectabilis, inter alia humanæ vitæ solatiæ, venationes et aucupia in magnis habebat deliciis."—*Script. Illus. Autore Joanne Bateo, Basile, 1550.*

She was living 1460, 39 Hen. VI., according to John Bale, Centur. 8, fol. 611." The book is, to this day, and probably always will be, a work of the highest authority; many subjects with reference to the arts of hawking, hunting, fowling, and fishing; with the sporting terms applicable thereto, owe their origin to that treatise, and more especially that of falconry, subsequent writers upon the subject, treating the "Boke of St. Albans" as their text. And when it is considered that this remarkable work was written as far back as the year 1486, the knowledge displayed by the lady authoress of the passing world, with familiarity of the sports of the field, will strike the modern sportsman with surprise. They prove also, that there was an unreserved mingling of society in those days; for the compilation could not have been made from mere local or casual gatherings; but must have been the production of one familiar with all classes of society, and enjoying unreservedly the diversions of the field. It is, therefore, the more surprising to find in a lady prioress, a character so remarkable. But the researches of Mr. Hazlewood prove beyond doubt that the work, or a greater portion of it, was from the pen of that extraordinary personage. The acuteness of research displayed by Mr. Hazlewood, assisted as he was by several learned friends and members of the public libraries, enabled him to bring to light an elegant and curious fragment, which he confidently pronounces* never before to have been printed, or even noticed as in existence, the burthen of which is as follows:

"A CAROLL OF HUNTYNGE.

As I came by a grene forest syde
I met with a forster yt badde me abyde;
Why go bet! hey go bet! he ygo, howe!
We shall haue sport and game ynowe.
Vnderneath a tre I dyde me set,
And with a grete herte† anone I met:
I badde let slyppe, and sayd—hey go bet!
With hey go bet! hey go bet! howe!
We shall have sport and game ynowe.

I had not stande there but a whyle—
Not the mountenaunce of a myle;
There came a grete hert† without gyle.‡
There he gothe, there he gothe—
With hey go bet! hey go bet! howe!
We shall have sport and game ynowe.

Talbot my houde§ with a mery taste,
All about the grene wode he gan cast;
I toke my horne and blewe him a blast,
With tro-ro-ro-ro! tro-ro-ro-ro!
With hey go bet! hey go bet!
There he gothe, there he gothe, howe!
We shall haue sport and game ynowe!"

The first edition of the work is without a title-page. But there is displayed on the front page an exceedingly grotesque engraving, exhibiting a landscape, with various species of both land and water fowl, probably to represent the diversity of the game afforded in hawking. In some of the old editions, but not in all, is a second engraving, repre-

* Page 58.

‡ Gulle, or without suspicion.

† Hart.

§ Houud.

|| Vide Hazlewood's reprint.

sending a group of nine persons, which are supposed to be intended for the master of the game, the forester, and attendants. There are also two dogs, like hounds, coupled together; and the attendants have hunting spears, bows and arrows. The principal personages in the engraving are apparently in costly attire; and Mr. Hazlewood conjectures them to be intended for Prince Henry, with his uncle, the Duke of York, giving orders for the chase.

That portion of the work which comprises the Treatise upon Hunting, is in rhyme; and probably, thereby intended to become the more readily impressed upon the memory. A short specimen will suffice to give the reader an idea of the quaint style in which the ancient authoress sought to impress her scientific instructions upon the minds of her followers:

“BESTYS OF VENERY.

Wheresoeure ye fare by fryth or by fell,
My dere chylde take hede how Tristram* dooth you tell:
How many maner bestys of venery ther were,
Lystyn to youre dame, and she shall yow lere,
Fowre maner bestys of venery there are;
The first of theym is the *hert*, the secunde is the *hare*;
The *boore* is oon of the, the *wolff* and not oon moo.”

“BESTYS OF THE CHASE.

And where that ye cum, in playne or in place,
I shall yow tell which be bestys of enchace.
Oon of theym is the *ducke*, a nother is the *doo*;
The *fox* and the *martoon*,† and the wilde *roe*.
And ye shall, my dere chylde, other bestys all;
Where so ye hem fynde, “Rascall,” ye shall hem call,
In fryth or in fell, or in forest I yow tell.”

In the reprint of the “Boke of St. Albans,” with bibliographical notices by Joseph Hazlewood, the learned author, speaking of that part of the work which treats of the ancient diversion of “Hawking,” observes—

“Hawks, heretofore the pride of royalty—the insignia of nobility—the ambassador’s present—the priest’s indulgence—companions of the knight—and nurslings of the gentle mistress—are now uncared for and neglected. Again they roam the unchecked tyrants of their native element; and the diversion founded upon their ravenous appetites is become obsolete and nearly forgotten. The sports of our ancestors in the field were assimilated to the hardiness of their manners. To toil in pursuit of the changing movements of the hawk, now soaring, circling in flight and aerial combat, until the devoted heron was conquered, blended amusement with unceasing novelty, exercise, and health; and to curb and render docile those voracious birds, was accounted in this country, for near a thousand years, a manly and noble pursuit.”

We shall have occasion, in subsequent discussions, to refer again to this work, which is of itself one of the most remarkable relics of sporting literature in existence.

* Allusion to Sir Tristram—a great hunter in those days. † Marten,

L I T E R A T U R E .

SPORT AND ITS PLEASURES, PHYSICAL AND GASTRONOMICAL. By the Author of "Highland Sports," "Sayah," &c. *Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly.*

We have had a variety of cookery books from the days of Mrs. Glass to those of the late lamented Alexis Soyer, but the great drawbacks to all of them has been the absence of entertaining matter, and the difficulty of understanding the professional language employed. In point of fact none but a well-informed culinary artist could make out the terms of the general recipes. Within a few years a new style of book has appeared, combining amusement with practical information; and Mr. Walker in the original, Mr. Hayward in the "Art of Dining," Lord William Lennox in a clever little volume entitled "London at Table; or, Where to dine, and where not to dine," and Linton, whom we believe to be Major Herbert Byng Hall, in "Sport and its Pleasures," have all succeeded in producing most sparkling volumes, replete with racy anecdotes, gastronomical hints, and valuable suggestions for the modern Apician.

To return to the two works under notice: "London at Dinner" reminds one of some of Theodore Hook's best works, and the author has evidently associated much with that talented writer. Not that he is a copyist; but the description of a picnic at Twickenham, with the sayings and doings of "The author of Maxwell," Parson Cannon, and other wits, can only have been written by one who was present on such an occasion. The account of the dinner that ought to be avoided is equally graphic, and shows a vein of fun and satire that is *impayable*. The recipes for summer beverages are invaluable; and for one shilling a person may obtain a dozen, each of which if purchased from a butler would cost at least half-a-guinea. We met the volume, which is admirably illustrated, at Hardwicke's in Piccadilly, and strongly recommend it to all who study good living. The author of "Sport and its Pleasures" gives such an animated insight into "La Seance de Gueule," that it makes one's mouth water at every page. We see in our mind's eye dishes that would have gladdened the heart of every *gourmet* from the days of Heliogabalus to those of the fourth George. Dr. Kitchener would have revelled in a *salmis* of woodcocks, forced with truffles and olives à l'*Espagnole*; Lord Sefton, grandfather to the present Earl, would have loudly extolled the grouse pie; the late Sir George Warrender would have pronounced the boiled pheasant with celery sauce faultless; and the roast hare would have passed muster at one of the snug round-table meetings at Carlton House. Nay, even in our time, when the living is far superior to that of our ancestors', the aromatic little snipe would shine pre-eminently forth at the best dinner tables of all who carry out the principle of those who "do not eat to live, but live to eat," and whose mottoes are borrowed from Martial and the French song-writer—

"Prandeo poto."

"La table est mon seul amour;
Manger, chanter, rire, et boire—
Voilà mon ordre du jour."

In conclusion, Linton has added another wreath to the laurels which have crowned his literary labours. Messrs. Chapman and Hall never fail in critical discernment; they can see at a glance the classical beauties of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," and are not less blind to the merits of a light agreeable volume like the one under review.

OCEOLA. By Capt. Mayne Reid. *Hurst and Blackett.*

We have only space to say, that "Oceola" is one of the most spirited productions of the year. It reminds one of the most popular works of Defoe and Fennimore Cooper. The illustrations by Harrison Weir are life-like and original.

We understand Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will shortly publish "Sporting Sketches," by Lord W. Lennox.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

"I belong to the unpopular family of Tolltruths, and would not flatter Apollo for his lyre."—*Rob Roy.*

The present may be considered one of the strangest seasons on record. On Boxing-night all places of public amusement were crowded beyond precedent. Then for many successive nights they were almost deserted. Now a reaction has set in, and we have the crowding of Boxing-night over again. Generally speaking, the holiday entertainment has been admitted to be under the average. With the exception of really splendid scenery, the majority of this year's pantomimes are sadly deficient in all those salient hits at public events which formerly constituted the very essence of this species of amusement.

An excellent feature of the pantomime at DRURY LANE is that it is concluded at so early an hour as to admit of no misdirection in the announcement of "Carriages at eleven." The scenic wonders worked by Mr. Beverley excite the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm rarely witnessed in these days of apathy and cold approval. Robin Hood in this instance, there is no doubt, has preserved his fame as a marksman. He has indeed made a successful hit.

To thoroughly understand the advantages of the "early closing" system practised at Drury Lane, it is only necessary to point, by way of illustration, to the opposite house. At COVENT GARDEN it is now always "We won't go home till morning." The consequence is, the visitor tired, weary, and dissatisfied, retires to rest his aching joints, with the determination of postponing his next visit to the play to that indefinite period known as "ever so long." With all the charms which the singing of Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison holds out, there is a certain point beyond which the most enraptured admirers of harmony cannot travel. *Toujours perdrix* may be too perseveringly persisted in until taste begins to pall.

Of all the transformations ever effected by the wonder-working bat

of harlequin, never was such a surprising change wrought as in the interior of that theatre in the Strand, for so many years known as THE ADELPHI. Where formerly all was discomfort, now the very opposite is to be met with in all parts; the stalls, boxes, pit, and gallery being so arranged that the audience can really be at their ease. Not only here is the alteration so apparent, but the whole aspect of the house is surprisingly improved. A larger theatre than the former one, it is also in every way better constructed. Now from any part of the house a view of the stage can be had without the slightest difficulty. The whole arrangements before the curtain are in the best taste. Civil women now have the places hitherto filled by a race of Lockits, who before helping the visitor to a seat, invariably demanded a toll of him. All this detestable business is entirely banished; that is, at Mr. Webster's theatre. With these recommendations, this most elegant and convenient of theatres only requires one more, by no means an unimportant one, addition to its list of attractions, and that is, good performances. Sooth to say, thus far there has only been one really telling introduction to the new programme; this is, the *début* of Miss Henrietta Simms—one of the best importations from the provinces we have had for some time. Her acting in the trying part of *Elmire* in "Tartuffe" is highly creditable. With a nice knowledge of her art, she unites a handsome and an expressive countenance, and a figure remarkable for grace and dignity.

The new comer at the HAYMARKET, Mrs. Forbes, from the United States, has not, on the contrary, raised the estimate formed of the American stage in this country. It is true the comedy of the "Soldier's Daughter," in which she has appeared as the *Widow Cheerly*, is not a very favourable specimen of a dramatist's skill, and therefore the part for the actress to play perhaps becomes more onerous. The return of Miss Amy Sedgwick is a far more interesting event, particularly as so long a period has elapsed since she shone in this her favourite sphere. "Undine" is the most poetical of pantomimes; with all the seasonable nonsensical ingredients, there is a certain charm running through it, which loses nothing by having so graceful a personator as Miss Louisa Leclercq.

Madame Celeste is the great card at the LYCEUM. The last production, entitled "A Sister's Sacrifice," is not only well put upon the stage, but is moreover exceedingly well cast. The strength of the company is strikingly shown in the performance. Madame Celeste, Mrs. Koeley, Miss St. George, and Mr. Emery make the most of their characters; and the interest of the drama, added to such good acting, cause the public to be no unwilling spectators of "A Sister's Sacrifice." "The Siege of Troy," by the compression principle which has been exercised, is improved.

Burlesques may be pronounced without any fear of contradiction to be on the decline. The present season's batch forcibly illustrates this. To the one above spoken of may be added "Mazeppa," which, although it has all the power brought to bear by Mr. Robson, may be considered in no other light than that of failure. After naming the mad scene, there remains nothing worth remembering. Then, again, it must be borne in mind the same actor has given the same scene before; so that with this important drawback, "Mazeppa" may be truly declared to be found wanting.

So with "Kenilworth;" as far as writing is concerned, nothing could hardly be poorer. All the jokes are of that conventional character that evoke pity rather than raise a laugh. But the acting and scenery redeem it. The actors one and all perform wonders; Mrs. Selby as *Queen Elizabeth* is significantly and queenly grand. Such solemn stateliness could not be surpassed. Miss M. Wilton has a very bad part, but she contrives to make something of it by her happy and original vein of humour; likewise with Mr. Clark and Miss M. Ternan—both of them supply much that the authors have omitted. As for the scenery, Miss Swanborough has earned managerial renown for introducing such gigantic effects on so small a stage as the STRAND.

All is once more in working-order at the POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, where a fire-proof specimen of the human race is daily to be seen bidding defiance to the flames more energetically than even Ajax did to the lightning.

STATE OF THE ODDS, &c.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.

On Tuesday, January 4th, at York, by Mr. R. Johnson:—

	THE LATE MR. DOBSON'S STUD.	GS.
Yearling colt (brother to Riseber), by Chanticleer (Mr. Smith)		58
Brood Mare (the dam of Conmore, Riseber, &c.), in foal to Chanticleer (Mr. Scott)		56
Just in Time, by Malcolm out of the above mare, 3 years (Mr. Dawson)....		34
Brown Filly, by Launcelot out of Helen Faucit, 2 years (Mr. W. King)		21
Brown Colt, by Annandale out of Miss Parkinson, 2 years (Mr. Kirk)		20

By Messrs. Tattersall, at Hyde Park Corner, on Monday, January 10th:—

Gemma di Vergy, br. h., by Sir Hercules—Snowdrop, by Heron	750
Sprig of Shillelagh, b. h., by Simoom—Thorn, by Harkaway	270
The Turk, b. h., by Melbourne out of Agnes, by Pantaloon	61
Kingmaker bk. h. (bred in France), by The Baron—Victress	50
Cossack, by Sultan	30
Kent, ch. g., by Chatham out of The Landgravine, by Elis	23
Yorkshireman, b. h. (h.-b.) (brother to Mr. Sykes), by Sir Tatton Sykes, 5 yrs.	22
Brown Colt, by The Confessor out of Ribaldry, 2 years	14½
Bay Colt, by Andover, dam by Slight of Hand, 2 years	12
Mountain Nymph, b. f., by Sir Tatton Sykes—Giselle, 4 years	11½
Black Yearling Filly, by The Confessor out of Lady Peel	7
Bay Gelding, by Confessor out of Black Doctor's dam, 4 years	6

On Monday, January 17th:—

	THE PROPERTY OF GENERAL PEEL.	
Palma, by Plenipotentiary out of Palmyra; in foal to Orlando		180
Chesnut Filly, by Orlando out of Palma, 3 years		150
Precursor, by Pyrrhus the First out of Hurry Scurry, 3 years		105
Bay Colt, by Kingston out of Mulligrubs, 2 years		100
Bay Colt, by Loup Garou out of Isis, 2 years		80
Isis, by Slane out of Io, by Taurus; in foal to Barnton		70
Desdemona, by Iago—Aveline, by Gladiator; in foal to Barnton		70
Hurry Scurry, by Pantaloon out of Confusionée, by Emilius; in foal to Wild Dayrell		70

Messenger, by Orlando out of Hurry Scurry, 5 years	61
Forerunner ch. c., by Orlando out of Hurry Scurry, 4 years	50
Baybreak, by Chanticleer out of Desdemona, 3 years	47
Brown Filly, by The Flying Dutchman out of Hurry Scurry, 2 years.....	32
—	
Damocles (bred in France), b. c., by Lanercost or The Baron out of Cassica, 3 years.....	25

On Monday, January 24th:—

THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE MR. B. WAY.

Nugget (sister to Brocket), by Melbourne out of Miss Slick, by Muley Moloch; served by Acrobat	97
Black-eyed Susan, by Bay Middleton, dam by Whisker; served by Brocket	42
Matin Hell, by Surplice out of Cinaminta, by Bay Middleton; served by Brocket	29
Vesper Bell, by Surplice—Miss Slick; served by Acrobat	27

The Heir of Linne and Pretty Boy have been purchased by the French Government; Stork has sailed for the Cape of Good Hope; and Bashi Bazouk has gone into Hungary. Mr. E. R. Clarke has sold Vandermulin to Mr. Phillips, of the Willesden Paddocks; Fisherman has been again transferred to Mr. F. Higgins. Colonel Tevis has bought the yearling Crocus; Mr. Barthomew, of Goltho, the stallion Morpeth; and Mr. S. Jacobs Ubique and Attraction. Lord Zetland has sold Ralpho into Joseph Dawson's stable for 2,000gs.; and Admiral Harcourt Gildermire, Summerside, and the grey filly by Chanticleer out of Ellerdale's dam, to a noble lord.

DEATHS OF BLOOD STOCK.—Melbourne either has or is about to be destroyed. Bran died during the month; he was a good race-horse, but did not fulfil his promise as a stallion. Clementina, equally famous on the turf as in the stud, sank in giving birth to two fine foals by Orlando, at Lord Jersey's seat, Middleton Park. She was bred by his Lordship. The Druid is also dead.

The Earl of Orford and Mr. Ben Way are in the obituary of the last few weeks. Neither were ever very strong on the Turf for any time together, but Mr. Way of late years had been making up a good breeding stud. Lord Orford at intervals had such horses as Ascot, Footstool, and Alcoran; but fortune was terribly against him. His Lordship's own comments on his horses while running were often amusing enough; and, like Mr. Way, he was a bit of a character. W. Mizen, trainer to Messrs. Barber and Saxon, is also just dead; as well as Mr. Dalton, the owner of Joe o' Sot and Iron Duke.

"Ruff's Guide," useful alike for reference to the season past and the promise of that to come, is just out. It is now both a Racing and Steeple-chase Calendar, and equally perfect in its detail of what has happened over a country or across the flat.

The Chester Cup Handicap must be considered so far a good one that it promises a large acceptance, and lets nothing "particularly well in." The Irish horse first fancied for the race is still first favourite; and with him are a number of better known ones that really, at their respective weights, can scarcely fail to find friends amongst the public. For the Derby The Promised Land is worse by a point or two than we left him last month; and Musjid, Marionette, Reynard, and Balnamoon have the best of it. The latter, a second horse of John Day's, and said to be a good thing,

has a very rising look. Viking has gone quite back ; and the sale of his companion Ralpho has put him out of all favour for the Guineas. John Scott is coming here with Phantom ; and three or four influential stables seem preparing to send a trial horse for it. Mr. Merry has Lord of the Manor, Goater Hal o' Kirklees, and William Day another venture in Nimrod.

GOODWOOD CUP, 1859.—We have been favoured with a private view of a most beautiful design executed by Messrs. Emanuel, of Portsmouth, for the Goodwood Cup. It is unquestionably one of the finest works of art we have seen for some time ; and we trust that the stewards, who have a public duty to perform, will follow out the good, although somewhat hacknied adage, and select the right man to do the work, irrespective of private influence.

THE DERBY. (Run June 1.)	Jan. 8.	Jan. 10.	Jan. 17.	Jan. 24.	Jan. 27.
The Promised Land	—	11 to 1	12 to 1	12 to 1	12 to 1
Electric	—	—	100 .. 6	20 .. 1	20 .. 1
Musjid	—	—	20 .. 1	20 .. 1	20 .. 1
Marionette	—	100 .. 6	20 .. 1	20 .. 1	20 .. 1
Cavendish	—	20 .. 1	20 .. 1	—	—
Merryman	—	20 .. 1	20 .. 1	—	—
Gaspard	—	25 .. 1	—	28 .. 1	—
Balnagoan	—	30 .. 1	—	30 .. 1	30 .. 1
Reynard	—	50 .. 1	—	30 .. 1	—
Rainbow	—	30 .. 1	—	—	30 .. 1
Gamester	—	—	—	40 .. 1	33 .. 1
Volcano	—	33 .. 1	33 .. 1	—	—
Schuloff	—	—	—	40 .. 1	—
Viking	40 to 1	1000 .. 15	—	1000 .. 15	—
Cynricus	—	—	—	1000 .. 15	—
Enfield	—	50 .. 1	—	—	—
Touchwood	—	1000 .. 15	—	—	—
Hal o' Kirklees	—	1000 .. 15	—	—	—
THE OAKS. (Run June 3.)					
Ariadne	—	—	—	5 .. 1	—
THE 2,000 GS. STAKES. (Run May 10.)					
The Promised Land	4 .. 1	5 .. 1	6 .. 1	5 .. 1	5 .. 1
Phantom	—	10 .. 1	—	—	—
Hal o' Kirklees	—	25 .. 1	—	15 .. 1	—
Nimrod	—	—	—	—	15 .. 1
Lord of the Manor	—	20 .. 1	17 .. 1	1000 .. 60	—
Ralpho	8 .. 1	10 .. 1	20 .. 1	—	—
Indifference	—	—	—	1000 .. 30	—

THE CHESTER CUP (run May 4): 17 to 1 agst. Drogheda, 3 yrs. 5st. 8lb.; 25 to 1 agst. Polestar, aged, 7st. 6lb.; 40 to 1 each agst. Physician, 4 yrs., 6st. 8lb., Bankrupt, 3 yrs., 4st. 7lb., Gorshill, 4 yrs., 5st. 8lb., and Wilton, 4 yrs., 6st. 7lb.; 50 to 1 agst. Master Bagot, 5 yrs., 6st. 4lb.; 1,000 to 15 each agst. Australian Maid, 3 yrs., 4st. 4lb., and Prioresse, 6 yrs., 7st. 4lb.; 1,000 to 10 each agst. Riseber, 5 yrs., 6st. 8lb., Timandra, 3 yrs., 4st., Barbarity, 5 yrs., 6st. 6lb., Hal o' Kirklees, 3 yrs., 5st., The Argosy, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb., and Thornhill, 4 yrs., 5st. 6lb.

THE LIVERPOOL STEEPLE CHASE (run March 2): 15 to 1 agst. Ghika, 9st. 10lb.; 20 to 1 each agst. Weathercock, 10st. 13lb., and Tease (late Little Tom), 9st.; 25 to 1 agst. Little Charley, 10st. 11lb.; 28 to 1 agst. Miss Harkaway, 9st. 8lb.; 40 to 1 each agst. Longford, 10st. 4lb., and Ace of Hearts, 9st. 12lb.

MARCH, 1859.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

THE WARREN HILL.

ENGRAVED BY E. HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY J. P. HERRING, SEN.

AND

CONFIDENCE,

A NORFOLK COB,

THE PROPERTY OF MR. HENRY OVERMAN, OF WEASENHAM.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. ENGLEHEART, FROM A SKETCH BY H. P. BAKER.

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DIARY FOR MARCH, 1859.

New Moon, 4th day, at 11 min. past 7 afternoon.
 First Quar., 12th day, at 39 min. past 4 morning.
 Full Moon, 18th day, at 45 min. past 9 afternoon.
 Last Quar., 26th day, at 27 min. past 9 morning.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.	Sun rises and sets.			Moon's Age.	Moon rises & sets.		HIGH WATER London Bridge				
			h.	m.	d.	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.		
1	T	St. David's Day.	r	6	46	27	RISES. Morning.		h.	m.	h.	m.	
2	W	Liverpool Steeple Chase.	s	5	42	28	6	6	0	57	1	18	
3	T	Nithsdale Coursing Meeting.	r	6	42	29	6	20	1	38	1	58	
4	F		s	5	45	N	SETS afternoon.		2	15	2	30	
5	S		r	6	37	1	6	49	2	45	3	0	
6	S	Shrove Sunday	s	5	48	2	8	5	3	14	3	27	
7	M	Ludlow Steeple Chases.	r	6	33	3	9	21	3	42	3	57	
8	T	Shrove Tuesday.	s	5	52	4	10	41	4	12	4	28	
9	W	Ash Wednesday.	r	6	29	5	Morning.		4	44	4	59	
10	T	Derby Races.	s	5	55	6	0	4	5	16	5	34	
11	F		r	6	24	7	1	25	5	53	6	15	
12	S		s	5	59	8	2	40	6	38	7	5	
13	S	First Sunday in Lent.	r	6	20	9	3	39	7	36	8	15	
14	M	Warwick Fair.	s	6	2	10	4	23	9	3	9	55	
15	T	Warwick Races.	r	6	15	11	4	54	10	48	11	36	
16	W	Monmouth Fair.	s	6	6	12	5	16	No tide			0	14
17	T	St. Patrick's Day.	r	6	10	13	5	33	0	44	1	11	
18	F		s	6	9	F	RISES afternoon.		1	35	1	57	
19	S	Gullane Steeple Chases.	r	6	6	15	7	26	2	18	2	38	
20	S	Second Sunday in Lent.	s	6	12	16	8	49	2	55	3	14	
21	M	Derby Fair.	r	6	1	17	10	12	3	33	3	51	
22	T	Coventry Races.	s	6	16	18	11	34	4	9	4	27	
23	W	Birmingham Steeple Chases.	r	5	57	19	Morning.		4	44	5	1	
24	T		s	6	19	20	0	50	5	19	5	37	
25	F	Lady Day.	r	5	52	21	1	55	5	57	6	17	
26	S	Horncastle Fair.	s	6	22	22	2	45	6	39	7	2	
27	S	Third Sunday in Lent.	r	5	48	23	3	24	7	32	8	10	
28	M	Rugby Fair.	s	6	26	24	3	52	8	54	9	43	
29	T	Northampton Races.	r	5	43	25	4	12	10	27	11	11	
30	W	Berwickshire Steeple Chases.	s	6	29	26	4	28	11	50	No tide		
31	T	Southdown Hunt Steeple Chases.	r	5	39	27	4	41	0	20	0	43	

RACES IN MARCH.

Liverpool	1	Nottingham.....	8
Derby.....	10	Warwick	15
Coventry.....	22	Northampton.....	20

STEEPLE CHASES IN MARCH.

Liverpool.....	2	Coventry	29
Shrewsbury	5	Boyle	23
Ludlow	7	Birmingham and Grand Military	23, 94
Knockling	8	Castle Island (Kerry).....	59
Nottingham	9	Llanboidy.....	29, 31
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T H E O M N I B U S .

“ There he sat, and, as I thought, expounding the law and the prophets, until on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse.”—BRACEBRIDGE HALL.

Weatherby's Book Calendar—Stud News—The Combe Sale—The Young Fandangoes—Voltigeur's Levée—Lincoln Races—Mr. Rarey at Berlin—Death of “ Harry Hicover ”—The British Institution—A New Pack—Sir Watkin Wynne's, The Cheshire, The Quorn, Mr. Talby's, and The Belvoir—Dick Christian's Subscription—Fox Destroying—The Waterloo Meeting.

Weatherby's *Book Calendar*, with “ Races to come,” has again come to hand with the crocuses, and holds forth abundant promise. Already there are 50 matches made for Newmarket this year; and there are 13 more down, here and elsewhere, for the present and future seasons. Lord Glasgow virtually gets rid of a £500 forfeit, if the horse stands, by buying Toxophilite; and he has 21 matches in hand, with £4,150 as their half-forfeits; while “ Mr. F. Robinson” has 19, with £4,250 ditto. The last-named amount is swelled by the £2,000 h.-ft. one, between Antonio and Mazzini. Actæon and Indifference are matched three times; and the greater the distance, the more weight has the latter to give. Stockton makes the finest stride among meetings; but, although “ the course commands a fine prospect of the Cleveland mineral hills,” the £800 of added money is a far finer mineral prospect, in our eyes. They may well have a “ Harry Fowler” Stakes. One of the pleasantest entries we see ahead is 63 for the Two Thousand of '60. It has often been matter of surprise to us, why this stake generally stuck at 40 odd. Mr. Merry, as usual, has engaged his two-year-olds very deeply. Brother to Rainbow has 50 engagements, Trovatore 46, and Lady Falconer 42. The yearling Cantatrice, another of the foals of Catherine Hayes, who is now in France, and has to foal to The Baron, has a quarter of a hundred on her back already. The names of some of the yearlings are remarkable. Mrs. Rarey has been given as a companion to the two Mr. Rareys; and there are also “ Pas-op,” “ Billy Dwindles,” and Scrubbing Brush! What a contrast to “ The Organist,” “ Aquamarine,” “ Carbine,” &c., and the other names Mr. Cookson gives his yearlings! Virago's yearling by Flying Dutchman is “ Vir;” and the mare is in foal, we hear, to Stockwell: so that, what with Orlando to begin with, she has courted right noble alliances throughout. Andover, Autocrat, Wild Dayrell, Acrobat, Kingstown, King Tom, Rataplan, Cruiser, Hermit, and Vanderdecken will all give us a taste of their quality this year. Lord Glasgow's Clarissa colt is called “ Young Melbourne;” and we hear that the old horse is still alive. He was ill a short time ago; but they saw he was getting round, and the rifle-ball was ordered to wait a little longer. His

neighbour Maroon's carriage-colts, which are now just rising five, have begun well, as her Majesty has purchased the first pair of that age which were in the market, for £400. This is considerably beyond the recent "regulation price," but the present noble Master of the Horse (whose likeness, by the bye, is in Sams's window,) has done wisely to heighten it. Really breeders get very careless, and fine carriage-horses are hardly to be had for money. We know not what Maroon's guardian, Dick Stockdale, will say when he sees prophecy ripen into fulfilment.

Mr. Harvey Combe's sale was quite as good a one as we expected. Nervous and Premature are the only mares left at Cobham, and are to roam the park in peace, and be put to the horse no more. Will Todd has a £40 a-year pension, and is still in charge of The Nob, who serves farmers' mares in the neighbourhood. Mr. Combe never cared to have blood mares sent to him, and fixed the price so high, as effectually to keep them away. It seems it was The Tumbler, and not The Nob, who was marked as a heriot, along with the bull "The Briar." The first Fandango colt (who was preceded some 24 hours by a filly, Meg Dods), made his appearance at Neasham on the 30th ult. The dam, Bonnie Bee, out of Beeswing, has had her three previous foals only small, to the Dutchman, Touchstone, and "The West;" but this is a much bigger colt, with great bone, and an unusually muscular neck, and roundness of the back rib, all good staying symptoms. Since then four more foals by him, three colts and one filly, have arrived. The best of the lot is Riccabocca, out of Ralpho's dam, who is a short-legged Melbourne mare, and communicates a slight cut of the Carnaby veteran to her foal. There is also a filly out of Miss Worthington, a colt out of Fandango, and a colt out of Marmalade by Sweetmeat, with a good deal of Sweetmeat character about him, but not quite so big as the other colts. All have great depth of girth, and we certainly trust that we shall see something of really Cup calibre rising at last. This is a horse we have always fancied from the time he was beaten off seventh in his maiden race at York, and in our next month's "Pencilings" we were the first to predict his great future. Hence there are no foals we have looked for so anxiously. Voltigeur is looking first-rate at Middlethorpe; and Flirt, with a colt by Robert de Gorham; Nelly Hill, with a colt by Stockwell; Ignoramus's dam, with a colt by Voltigeur; Auld Acquaintance, with a colt by Fazzoletto; Gadabout, with a filly by The Cure; Flighty, with a filly by Newminster (uncommonly like Beeswing); Omoo, in foal to Kingston; Ayacanora, in foal to Loupgarou; and Gossamer and Gaiety, in foal to Stockwell, are already there; with several barren ones. Teddington's subscription is quite full, and no wonder, seeing that he has stamped himself at once as a very smart filly getter. The Americans have offered 1,200 gs. in vain for Oulston! What next?

A dead heat and a "short head," decider at Lincoln, opened the 1859 season most brilliantly, as far as actual running went, though the weighing department was in troubled waters, and the delays at the post incessant. The two-year-olds were very moderate, Lady Falconer (who many declare to be by old Melbourne), Buttercup, Earl of Essex, Ratagoom and Spicebox being the best looking of the lot, with the exception of Pescatore, who was sadly backward. Spicebox is rather

leggy, and by no means handsome, and Wells's jockeyship had something to do with the victory. The first of the Hermits appeared in the shape of Cremorne. Captain Christie, we hear, did not back his horse for a shilling, but entrusted Lady Falcóner with a pony. Mr. Sykes still keeps his form, venerable as he is; but he could not concede half a stone for each of his years to Shafto, who is trained by William Abdale. He is the very image of Colsterdale, and ought to bring that son of Lanercost into good repute, now that The Cure has taken brevet rank at the Royal Paddocks. About seventy horses were stripped, not including the jumpers, among whom Tease, late Little Tom, late Corybantés, successfully ranks both over hurdles and country.

Another of the old school of sporting writers has been taken from us, in Mr. Charles Bindley, alias "Harry Hieover." It is not our habit to speak on the merits of those who are connected with our publication, but we may justly remark that a passage in a recent number of the "Quarterly Review," which, in dealing with a widely different subject, casually spoke of "a theme befitting the pens of the *Nimrods* and the *Hieovers*," showed how his name had gradually become the type of his class, and sunk as such into the public mind. A man must have done a good deal and well, before he earns such a mention. His works are too widely known to need recital here. They were all eminently practical and not descriptive. Hunting and stable management were his favourite topics, and racing and breeding he cared comparatively little for. He sighed for the old turf *regimé* "when George the Fourth was king," and he did not relish the modern, with its list houses, its foal books, and its handicaps. His manners had all the quiet courtesy of that school; and "Give me the old days," was the chord to which his heart and pen were ever the most responsive. It was evident to all who knew him, that he had been gradually failing for some months past. Since Christmas, however, he had been quite unable to do anything with his pen, and his weekly contributions to *The Field* were seen no more. About three months ago he left London for Brighton, and he died at the house of Sir Thomas Lennard on Feb. 11th, in his sixty-third year. There is no engraved picture of him, except one which represents him jumping a wall on his favourite Tilter. It is drawn by himself, and is a faithful resemblance of him in his earlier, and alas! more prosperous times.

Mr. Rarey has been well received at Berlin, and has found many warm admirers of his system. Among them are the Royal family, who ordered, soon after his arrival, a private representation for the Court, which took place at the King's Riding-school, on Tuesday, Feb. 15th. Among those present were, the Prince Regent, Prince Frederick William, the Princess Charles, Prince Frederick, Prince George, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, and many other princes and distinguished persons. He first showed them a beautiful black mare, belonging to Count Galtz, on which he had given a few private lessons, and which performed like the black horse of Mr. Anderson's, which he showed to Her Majesty at Windsor and at the Royal Mews, London. This mare would stand where he placed her, and would, at his command, come galloping up to him in the most beautiful and playful manner, and would run after him all about the school, at his bidding. He rode her without a bridle, and turned her in

any direction by the motion of his hand. She was a nervous, excitable, the rough-bred mare, and yet allowed him to sit on her with his back towards her head, and beat a drum furiously, without showing the least excitement, or offering to move. The second subject was a thoroughly spoiled, large, powerful race-horse. He was considered very savage; would bite at any one who came near him, and was governed with the greatest difficulty by his groom. He was rabid when first introduced into the enclosure; but about a half hour's throwing made a great change in him, so much so, that he allowed Mr. Rarey to handle him as he pleased; he played with his hind and fore legs, led him first with a straw, and then made him follow without leading, &c.

The Prince Regent congratulated him most heartily, and so did Prince Frederick William, who said this was the second time he had seen him operate, the first being the day before his marriage, when one of the large cream-coloured stallions at the Royal mews was the subject.

The public had their first lesson on Feb. 16th, with the black mare; and a powerful sorrell mare, belonging to an officer, which had become so bad, that he could no longer make any use of her; she would bite, strike, and kick, and would not allow even a blanket to be put on her without the greatest difficulty. Like Cruiser, she showed the marks on her legs of having had many a battle of kicking, and she kicked violently in the presence of the company, before the taming process began, and even squealed when her fore foot was taken up. In less than an hour, she too was quiet, and allowed him to handle her all over, and in fact became one of his best subjects. There were many distinguished persons at the public lesson, among them the celebrated Baron Humboldt, several princes, dukes, foreign ministers, members of Parliament, &c., &c. On Saturday, Feb. 19, a large number were going to take a private lesson, and on the Monday he was to give one more public exhibition, and then probably leave for St. Petersburg. The lessons have been at the King's Riding School, and already upwards of two hundred persons have been taught: and to judge from all the Berlin newspapers, Mr. Rarey has been a successful lion.

The British Institution has more than a usual number of sporting subjects. Harry Hall sends a smart sketch of "Queen Mary," (374), (the dam of Blink Bonny,) which we have already engraved for this work. Near it is a "Duck-hunt" (379)—a subject which we never saw attempted before. It is, in fact, a dashing swimming-match between five retrievers, on a lake, among some very pretty scenery. The oddest part of it is, that the duck has turned, and is floating into the jaws of his pursuers. There is also (534), which represents a terrier pouncing on some rabbits at night. The reflection of the moonlight on the brackens and foxglove is very nicely managed; and one of the rabbits seems to come right out of the picture at you: but the terrier's head spoils all, as it gives you the idea of its having a strong cross of the wild boar in it. Armfield has some cleverish terriers (247); but there is a lack of power about them; and it is a far-fetched idea to suppose them to be in such a state of sheepish abasement because a plate has fallen down while they were eyeing the game on the shelf. It is marked "Sold;" so some one sees, or thinks he sees, the drift of the picture—which we do not. Near it is (251) a little interior, with

two horses and two goats, by Mr. Abraham Cooper, R.A.; and a three-compartment picture (254), which represents a stalker in his three stages of the science—looking out, stalking, and firing. A dead pheasant (237) is hung far away, at the very ceiling; but it needs no conjuror to tell that it is full of merit: and we must say that Zwecker's picture, "The Nursery" (167), is incomparably the best picture of a bitch-fox and cubs we ever saw, or hope to see again. The attitude of the mother, as her cubs roll over her, might have been daguerreotyped; and her exquisitely-finished brush would make Joe Maiden's mouth water. It will be strange if the picture does not find its way to the dining-room of some M.F.H. Purchasers seem to have been in the humour, as sixty-five pictures were sold at the end of the first week.

Tom Sebright's subscription goes on very fairly, but we agree with *The Illustrated London News*, that it ought to be something more than a mere locally subscribed testimonial, which at present it is not. In addition to the Wentworth Pack, we hear that Mr. Busfield Ferrand is forming one in a country of about twenty-six miles by ten on the Lancashire side of Yorkshire. Some sixty foxes were turned down last year, and they have had a few days this season, but they will not be in working order till the autumn. The Duke of Devonshire and Sir Charles Tempest are both good supporters of this infant hunt, and Bolton Abbey will, we believe, be its boundary on one side. The country is all grass, and carries a good scent; but the covers are thinnish at the bottom, and the rocks and stone walls will be an objection. However, Mr. Ferrand is not a man to stick at trifles, and will bring as much heart to the cause as he has done to his harriers. *On dit* that a huntsman in a fashionable and somewhat exacting country—who first laud a man to the skies, and then when they put him out of temper by over-riding him, do nothing but "crab" him—is likely to leave at the end of the season.

A friend from the Cheshire side writes as follows: "Sir W. Wynn's hounds have been having very good sport. An account has already appeared elsewhere of the great run which they had from Gredington on Feb. 10th. On the 12th, they met at Whitmore, and had a pretty little run to Cockshut, when the fox went to ground, and was dug out and killed. After this, they drew for the rest of the day in vain. The country on this (the Welsh) side has become almost unrideable from the continued rains, being naturally boggy and heavy. On Wednesday, the 23rd, they had a run of about two hours from Bryn-y-pys, having, as was thought, changed foxes in the middle of it. It was a severe run, and if it had been straighter would have been a very fine one. The Cheshire have been doing very well latterly, and might do much better if the field gave the hounds a fair chance. An undue eagerness to secure a good start, often leads men to over-ride the scent at a check. Of course there are many good sportsmen, who hunt with these hounds, who know that they are only spoiling their own sport by such conduct as this. While we are upon this subject, we may add that it is a pity that farmers, when they send their boys out upon young horses, do not instruct them to keep out of the way of the hounds, as a valuable hound of Sir W. Wynn's pack had his leg broken the other day, through the stupidity of one of them."

Subjoined are a few of the best things in January with the Duke of Beaufort's:

Jan 1: Found at Christian-Malford, and ran to ground at Blacklands.

Jan. 22: Corston. Found at Wangrove. Ran very fast to Draycot Park; then on, by Sidney's Wood, to Bridmarsh. He now took a fresh line back to Wangrove, where the hounds got up to him, and raced him to Rodborne Village, where they pulled him down. Time two hours fifty minutes; hounds going all the time.

Jan. 24: "Horse and Hounds." Found at Shipton Wood. Ran by Shipton Lodge, just skirting Tugwell's Gorse and Easton Grey Village, bearing to the left, through one corner of Byham Wood, to Malmesbury, where they ran into him. One hour and five minutes. Had a racing twelve minutes to a drain, with a second fox.

Jan. 31: THE DUKE'S, at Goadby, found their old friend at home in Melton Spinney. He made for the Quorn country, but spoilt a promising run by getting to ground. Drew Clawson Thorns blank, for the first time in man's recollection; ditto, Piper Hole Gorse; ditto, Goadby. Found at Stonesby. Broke away for Newman's Gorse; leaving it to the left, over the Grantham turnpike, on to Waltham; leaving it to the right, by the Rectory, on to Caldwell; leaving it to the left, on to Goadby Gorse, at a capital pace. From this we got on to the plough; and the scent failed us.

Tuesday, Feb. 1: Mr. Tailby, Withcote Hall, the Duke of Cambridge present. Found at Owston Wood, and ran for an hour in covert. Foxes so numerous, that the hounds could not be kept together. We at last got on good terms with our fox. He broke for Tilton Wood, up wind, turning for Launde Wood; through it, by Withcote, turning to the left, into the wood again, rallying him on, by the Abbey, into the Park Wood, where he got into a drain under one of the ridings. They quickly bolted him, pushing him round the wood, and killed him. Drew Loddington Reddish. Found. Drove him round the covert twice; broke at the bottom end for Tugby Bushes; on to Brown's Wood, skirting Skeffington Wood. He then bore over the hills for Launde, through the middle side of the big wood (scent breast-high), on to the Park Wood, where they pulled him down. A very hard day for hounds and horses, and as satisfactory as a woodland day could be.

The Duke's, on Wednesday, February 2, found at Langar Lane-end Spinney, when they immediately chopped a fox. Finding another, they soon got to work; and he made his way to Colston Bassett, that staunch preserve of the nasty varmint. Finding every earth stopped, he then pointed for Owthorpe Borders. Leaving them on the right and Key Wood to the left, they then came to slow hunting, the weather being stormy and scent bad, and gave him up. We then drew a gorse blank, and trotted back to our old friend at Colston Bassett, where he had another fox in store. Bringing out his beautiful black-tan terriers, they soon made him fly out of the Squire's made earths, which are a treat to look upon. He made a good point, over the Smite, for Piper Hole Gorse; but scent failed us.

Saturday, Feb. 5: Mr. Tailby, Cole's Lodge. Found a gallant fox at Prior's Coppice. He came away for Owston Wood, leaving it on the right; by Cole's Lodge, down to Launde Wood, skirting it back to Prior's Coppice; through it, on to Brooke Hall: leaving it to the left, up the valley, to Martinthorpe Park; over the Brook, to Preston Village, where he got to ground. Up to this point, the pace very good, and over a magnificent country. On going to draw the New Covert, the fox was seen to leave the drain; and Goddard, as quick as lightning, has his good hounds on him again, rallying him through the gorse. He then made his point for his old quarters; but, being up wind, and the scent breast-high, he turned short to the left, and over the Brook to Preston, where he again went to ground, in view; and there he was left, to "fight another day." Trouted off to Wardley Wood; found immediately; rallied him at a good pace to Allexton. He then turned to the right, going up the valley, by the Quaker's Lodge. He then made a sharp turn for Belton, and ran in the direction of Launde Wood, at a clipping pace; but my good steed failed me, and I had to cry "Enough!" Jack Hickman showed himself a rare first whip, and is fairly entitled to a huntsman's berth.

Monday, Feb. 7: Lord Stamford, Loseby. Found at "John o Gaunt" three brace of foxes! An unusually large field, and a vast concourse of foot-people caused the hounds to be wild, through hallooing; and they divided. Five-and-a-half couples got away: and, the scent being breast-high, no one could stop them; and the consequence was, they took their fox to Owston Wood, over a magnificent country, at a slashing pace, where the rest of the pack joined them: and at last a dozen foxes were on foot, and the rest of the day was spent in the woods. This untoward affair is the more to be regretted, as it was one of the best scenting-days, on grass, this season.

Tuesday, Feb. 8: Mr. Tailby, Knossington. Found at Ranksborough. Broke away for Overton Park Wood; leaving it to the right, to Barleythorpe; crossed the Oakham turnpike, making a straight point for Barley Wood; ran up to the railway, where they checked; not very far from the Ashwell Station they got on their fox; crossed the old canal, which was another stopper, and allowed the fox to get a long way ahead; hunting became slow, and finally lost. Drew Ranksborough again blank. Trotted on to Little Dalby. Found at the "Punchbowl." Ran over Burrow Hills; turned to the right, through Sir F. Burdett's covert, on to Gartree Hill; came away at the bottom end, over Wright's farm, straight to Great Dalby windmill. Here we checked. Goddard, making a most judicious cast, hit him off. On they went, at a good pace, to Thorpe Trussels; from thence to the village, leaving it to the right, turning up the valley for Burrow Hills. A heavy hailstorm came on, and destroyed all scent; and we returned home.

Wednesday, Feb. 9: The Duke's. Drew, for the first time this season, Melton Spinney blank; Brentingby Spinney, ditto; Freeby Wood, ditto. Went to Croxton Lings. Found, and ran very fast for a short time, to ground. A pouring-down rain; and most of us came home.

Thursday, Feb. 10: Mr. Tailby, Thurnby. Found almost immediately. Broke away for Oadby; leaving it to the left, at a rattling pace, on to Stoughton, where our fox ran through the Park, amidst hundreds of hares; but the good hounds, and their still better huntsman, held their own in spite of all difficulties. On they went, by Evington, meeting in almost every field a yawner; leaving Thurnby to the right, on to Scraptoft. He ran into the "Mount of Olives," where the hounds got on still better terms. Finding it too hot, he broke for Humberstone; ran very hard up-wind for two miles. Crossing the Uppingham turnpike, he then turned again for Scraptoft, through the spinney, down for Keyham; leaving it on the right, on to Beeby; from thence to Barkby; on nearly to Thurmaston, running breast-high: they in a moment threw up their heads, to the astonishment of every one. What dodge sly reynard performed, I am unable to say; for, my horse being dead-beat, I was too glad to sheer off home. This was a brilliant affair, over the finest part of Leicestershire; we may have had faster runs; but anything better for the true lover of the sport was never witnessed. We were glad to notice a young Yorkshire squire—Mr. Burton—very prominent, and going well at every point. His style of riding reminded me much of a late Meltonian—Mr. Valentine Maher—who always rode with a snaffle bridle. Mr. Gilmour (on Leicester), Mr. Tailby, Captain de Winton, Mr. Jones, and a few others, were well up.

We have received the subjoined budget, dated February 25, from the Belvoir country: "Since I last wrote you, we have had some capital sport, indeed killing most days, and with three weeks like the last, will, in spite of all the bad scenting weather, end most satisfactorily. I just give you a few of our best days this month.

On Tuesday, February 1st, we had a most excellent run from Ogtree Wood of three hours and five minute's duration, and run him to ground under the railroad in the Cottesmore country, near Carey, in view; a capital day indeed.

Feb. 4th, a most excellent run, and fine day's sport, from Barkston Gorse, running all over the country for three hours and twenty minutes, killing him most handsomely late in the evening at Fulbeck.

A clipping hour on the 8th, from Swarby Gorse to ground, not a yard before them, at Osbournby.

A tremendous 45 minutes from the School Flats, on the 12th, and they ran into him at Barrowby. Now for the best day I ever saw in my life:

On Tuesday, the 15th, we met at Weavers Lodge; we first drew Dembleby Thorns blank, found in Haydon Southern, and went away through the Nightingale, and away to the left over Arnsby Hill (a choker, by-the-bye, for novices), and away over the Clays. Pointing for Folkingham, he bore away to the right through Hacey Wood, and away to Sapperton; here he was unfortunately headed back; away they flew over the beautiful meadows, straight away, leaving Braceby on the left, crossing the road by the old Roman pavement, and as straight as he could go to Patmass Wood, where, finding no peace, he struggled on into the village of Culverthorpe, where he had no doubt crept in somewhere,

but unfortunately (or rather fortunately), we were halloed forward to most probably a fresh fox, which had gone on from Patmass Wood, which we hunted slowly for about a mile to Dembleby Thorns, when the real tug of war commenced in earnest, (up to Culverthorpe 1 hour and 50 minutes regular blazing, to Dembleby Thorns 2 hours); away they went like pigeons in flight; the horses, and even many of our good men, disappearing like snow in summer; crossing the road by Weavers Lodge, straight away through Newton Wood and nearly to Walcott, when he suddenly bore away to the left, leaving the Gorse on his right, over the famed old Tally-ho Hill (where many an old veteran has been found); leaving the covert on his right, over Aswarby Park, through the Thorns, leaving Sridington on the left, and right on to Burton Tepwerdine, where they ran from scent to view, and killed him by themselves, in the most admirable well-executed style it was possible for hounds to do, after running, with the exception of about 15 minutes from Culverthorpe, as hard as ever they could split for 3 hours and 23 minutes. Will Goodall was the first into the last field, and the only person who saw them course him; next to him came his noble master, the Duke of Rutland; and these were the only two in the field when they caught him. Those that came up to see them eat him were Mr. Frank Gordon, Mr. Hardy of Grantham, Mr. Housen, Mr. Brooksner, and the Whipper-in, Jem. Sir Thomas Whichcote was well forward, but could not get up, his horse standing stock-still, one field from where they killed. Every single horse was completely beaten to a trot, and could not, I believe, have gone one single field further; in short, every one of them had got to their latter end: if any had a little powder left, it was the noble master and his huntsman. All the hounds were there, and racing altogether like pigeons to the finish. Will Goodall declared it to be the very best day he ever saw in his life, and he has had altogether some thirty years of it.

They had also a regular trimmer on Monday, Feb. 21.—Oh! such a trimmer, which few men live to see, but I have not time to write you it. I hear that the hounds did not get home till one o'clock the next morning. All I know is that they had with their first fox, 2 hours and 10 minutes, to ground nearly in view; and with their second, 1 hour and 50 minutes. They tired every one out, and ran into him by themselves most charmingly; it was all over our very best country, with both foxes. They have also had several other really good runs with "noses" at the end."

Leicestershire has been much agitated this last month by the determination of Lord Stamford to give up the country, in consequence of the unpleasantness with Lord Archibald Seymour, when they met at Burton-on-the-Wolds. Happily it is said to be all settled, and so we are spared giving the details, and commenting on "the reason why" Lord Stamford was compelled to order his hounds home. No-scent has been a great enemy to these hounds this month. Foxes they have in plenty, and those who were busy saying last summer that Gartree Hill had none, must now find how that they sadly misjudged the Squire of Little Dalby, and his equally staunch keeper. Four foxes and two runs from it in one day has been their best answer. The trapping business in the Rufford has been quite capped in one country still farther North.

The master of the foxhounds was invited to shoot with a nobleman who avowedly loves hunting, and would not sanction any treachery; and before they had fired many shots, a fine fox, with a trap round its leg, positively trotted up to the M.F.H., as if imploring to be let out! Of course the keepers had set it for other things, and so on, which is all very fine; but unless owners of coverts will deal with their velvet-traitors as they have been lately dealt with in Herefordshire, there will never be an end of such scenes. In a cover which belongs to the same owner, another pack about that time found a fox with two trap-injured legs, and shot in the hock to boot. We have only just heard that another dead fox was discovered when the hounds drew the same owner's covers last Wednesday week, which makes the seventh or eighth, lame or dead, which has been found there this season! The same sort of thing happened in Cheshire only three weeks since. The trap was laid near the drive, and although seemingly not set for that purpose, was strong enough to hold a fox. Pug was nearly dead when the hounds found it, and none of them would touch it; and we hear that the silence for half an hour, in the field after, was positively painful. Men rode side by side, hardly liking to open their mouths, quite sick with vexation and disgust. Sir Charles Knightley shows the best example, as he never will let a trap be set, except on a pole for the kites, &c., leaving the keepers to look after the inferior vermin. No wonder the Pytchley can always "discourse such eloquent music" in Badby wood.

We regret to say that Dick Christian will most probably never even get on a horse again, and certainly not cross country. In the winter, as he was walking down the street, on a frosty night, with one hand in his pocket, he fell on to the kerb-stone, and one of his legs has been bad ever since. The old hero will be eighty in March; and having had to bring up a family of nineteen children, which gave him no chance of laying by, he has had, since Lord Scarborough's death, nothing to depend upon, but what he has casually received from those who have known him in his prime. His wife is sixty-five, and it is proposed to raise sufficient to buy an annuity for his own or their joint lives. Mr. George Marriott, of Melton Mowbray, has kindly consented to be the treasurer, and will gladly receive any subscriptions sent him for the purpose. The following have already been received or promised:—Duke of Cleveland, £5; Duke of Beaufort, £5; Earl Howe, £5; Earl Fitzwilliam, £5; Lord Aveland, £5; Sir Charles Knightley, Bart., £5; Sir B. Graham, Bart., £5; Sir T. Whichcote, Bart., £5; James Maxse, Esq., £5; H. Wigram, Esq., £5; Duke of Rutland, £2; H. Greene, Esq., £2; Lord Galway, £1; — Tylen, Esq., £1; Rev. W. Wing, 10s.

It was so long since we had seen a levée of crack greyhounds, that finding ourselves at Lancaster (where they all seemed wild about Charge) on the evening before the Waterloo Cup, we "had an uncontrollable impulse" to visit Altcar, and report thereon. Wednesday arose somewhat dull, and the only symptom of the coming fight was a sombre procession of cabs and hackney-coaches, in front of the Waterloo. However, we pursued our old route, and after jogging along in the nine o'clock train six miles to Crosby, with about forty coursers and one dog in sheets, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, we contrived, by making

the pace very strong on foot from Crosby to Altcar, to get there several minutes before they began. The meet there by the North End farm-house is the most cheerful scene we know, and there was nothing to mar it, this time, in point of weather. It was five years since we had been at Altcar, and we sadly missed Lord Sefton with the silver couples slung across his shoulder, leading on the field. John Henderson, who ran up to his lordship's Sackcloth with Larriston that year, is gone too, and many another well-remembered face. Will Warner was no longer at the slips, but had surrendered them to quicker legs in Raper, and Mr. Nightingale's scarlet was worn by Mr. Dalzell, on his grand old grey. Raper sports scarlet as well, and their costumes, with the red and white flags, and the yellow leaping-poles, which might be counted by scores (one of them in the hands of a gentleman with a blue swallow-tail and yellow kids) "gave colour" to the scene. The meet did not seem to be much above a mile from the shore, whose outline was marked by broken shingle heaps, and a succession of watch towers. The remainder of the prospect is dreary enough—long and interminable flats of plough and fallow, and broad ditches, with here and there a patch of wood to relieve the eye as it wanders hopelessly along a line of embankments. Beneath these, towards the end of the day, the hares moved in huddled masses, so thick at times, that they might almost be crows. The crowd was good-tempered, but enormous, say 3,000. We observed one man with a wooden leg go bravely through the day. Then there were betting men, one of whom walked backwards and forwards along a bank, with a restless hyæna step, his little book open, and, with the old enclosure twang, offering 20 to 1 against Clive for the Cup. Phil Sampson of course was there—no doubt backing Pugilist, as in duty bound; and we were pointed out a gentle giant, who people said was Jackson the great wrestler. Having our doubts on the point, we applied to a Cumberland man, who said he had been dead for years. Mr. Bake in his neat grey tights was also at his post, and right keen for the success of Restless Junior, whose triumph he surveyed from a cab-box, and Dr. Bellyse, that patriarch of coursers, on a grey pony, was generally a good beacon for the best point to make to for a sight. Mr. "Cerito Cooke" was the mounted field steward; and right well he kept back, by his tact and firmness, a very thrusting set, when the three policemen could do little. Lord Sefton left all to him, and quietly followed in the crowd all day, pole in hand, and with no other badge than the couples on his left arm. Provision carts were there, enough to feed a regiment for a week, and they hung on our flank with untiring tenacity, while orange and nut baskets were a perfect drug. One of the victual waggons was a phaeton, with three barrels on the front seat, and counters like two red wings stuck on each side. Ballad singers were alone absent.

It was quite half-past ten before Malibran and Drunken Tom the 2nd were put in the slips, and they had scarcely run fifty yards, before they separated, each getting a fearful single-handed bucketting; so much so, that even when a fresh black dog in sheets had been at last slipped out of sheer pity, to help one of them, they could hardly manage the hare between them. Mr. Dalzell fairly groaned, and said it was "a sad bad beginning." But we are not going to enter into any elaborate

account of the courses. The editor of "The Courser's Record" was there, following the dogs along with the slipper, every inch of the way, and with "the sleepless eye of *Bell*" fixed on them as they ran; while "*Stonehenge*" skirted a bit, and took his observations, *Field-marshal* like, through his lorgnettes, apart from the crowd, and occasionally lay crouched like a rifleman behind a friendly bank or root heap. Deacon and Black Eagle were a very popular pair, and never did dog look brighter or better than the fawn, with his well-arched rib and glossy coat; while the black puppy was narrowish, and anything like a 150-guinea purchase over night, and did not seem half to like it. However, it was just the other way when they did get to work. Deacon soon made up his mind what to do, and went along, with his head right up, and not in his old low persevering style, and the puppy quite outpaced him, though it seemed to suffer in the heavy ground, and then to come again. However, Deacon's party were not so much disappointed, as Dalton was, after all, their hope. Limited Liability then won remarkably cleverly, and we never saw one get herself in better, as the hare favoured Juryman. Mr. A. Graham, in the well-known all-plaid, was soon at her side, superintending the rubbing down. Then the interest began to thicken. The much-cracked-of Maid-of-the-Mill was in the slips, but there were two no-goes before she pulled it off. Clive showed great style, and Dalton won his course with Barnton, after some very wide work on both sides, at the turns. Some people did not just "see it," but the racing points were really his. Pugilist and Effort had then a tremendous course. It bid fair to end early in the canal, but the hare got out again like a witch, and we forget whether she was ever caught. A fallow was drawn blank, and then we retired from the line of sight for a few minutes, to see Pugilist "fettled," as they called it. His trainer rubbed him with whiskey from head to foot, then rough-dried him, and wrapping him up in a large rug, bore him as tenderly as an infant to his carriage. It was a blue thing on four wheels, drawn by three donkeys. There was a raised platform made by planks across the two seats, and there he was laid in state, with carpet nailed to the windows, a very king among dogs, and certainly there was no line of back and loins that pleased us more that day. Lord Sefton's elegant blue greyhound cart was just in front, but its cargo was very different in value. This over, we ran to the back of the bank, to see Attermire and Truth. A friend told us that the former had lost two claws, and as we had met with a great rough roaming black dog at the Skipton Station, the day before, whom we were told was Truth's sire, Mariner,— "just does what he likes in Skipton, they dar'nt drive him out of a shop, he's so savage;" we felt a little interested in both. Attermire soon showed in the "No go," that pace at all events was with her, but Truth put in some nice work the next time. Regan we might well look for, as the chosen one of the great Riot lot, and very decidedly he did the thing at last, as Black Doctor (who made a remarkable jump through some gate-bars), regularly tired. Fanny Fern had the flag put up for her by mistake, and it was well for Beadsman's owner that his dog did not go home. It then became Sunbeam's turn to go in, and John Irvine in his green coat and well-known cap, had been sitting with him on the bank, the old dog watching each courser with the most philoso-

phic composure. It seems that he gave Seagull one, if not two good lickings at home, at a time when they knew the black to be in form from Longford; but unhappily they preferred private to public trials, and though they had brought Seagull, Captain Spencer decided to stand on the once crack red. The Captain was not there, as he was detained on a special jury at Carlisle. For a struggle in which the first favourite was engaged, it did not create very great interest, as the old coursers shook their heads, and did not see how a stud dog nearly five years old could be depended on any more than his old opponent, Deacon. He led away first like a shot from the slips; but the hare—"a nasty wabbling one" (as John said)—favoured The Monk, and he seemed to get in and wrench and kill. All was done in an instant, amid some rough ground on the side of a bank, and many expected it to be "a no-go." However, short as the time was, the judge must have thought that Sunbeam "would not have it," and certainly he showed no great fire, the moment he reached this hare.

And now the judge and the field steward changed their greys for bays, and for a time hares were dreadfully scarce. Then Jeannie Deans "the hot 'un" of last year, had a rare-course with Restless Junior; and hares came faster. In fact, when she and her companion were slipped, they crossed one field, with a hare in front and another close at their heels. This and a couple of hares making two somersaults, in front of the dogs, were somewhat novel incidents. The white flag had won eight times running, when Lord Sefton's Shooting Star was beaten, and then luck capriciously whisked round against his lordship, and his Subtle Art was beaten in the very next course, under the white. Baffle went as stoutly and as well as any thing we saw, though not so brilliant in her style as Wild Wave; while Charge disappointed us, and even when her bottom began to tell, she hardly bore out the ceaseless anticipatory eulogies of the Lancaster men. The crowd were all for Zurich, who ran very stoutly with her, in spite of two severe pirouettes.

And so we went on, over ditch after ditch, scoring planks, and jumping them, 200 abreast, for five hours (amid roars like a volley of artillery, when an unhappy one jumped short or rolled in backwards), and at last the first thirty-two courses were finished in exactly five hours. There was no time for dinner, no halting under the hedge as of yore, although some paused to have a cut at a rare piece of boiled beef, which stood on a white-clothed table, with some good dishes of potatoes. And here came a little episode. A party were feeding at the back of a cart, which was full of chickens, sandwiches, and beef, &c., when a rug tumbled on to the horse's feet, and away it went, tossing eatables up in its flight, like chaff from a winnowing machine. Having all but knocked us over, as we were deep in a huge sixpenny sandwich, the horse sped to a ditch, which he refused; and wheeling short round, and turning a lot of bread and plates into the water, made right for a gate, leaving beef, tongue, chickens, and mustard in his track. There were plenty of boys near, but not one of them laid hands on them, but helped the weeping woman to gather them up. The cart itself went headlong to the gate, which the horse jumped, and

there it hopelessly stuck, with a number of cold chickens still in it. One of the stewards was luckily by, and was so touched at the tears that he sent a hat round and got 13s. 3d. for her. Her husband recovered the horse, and spliced the shafts; and so they did not do so badly after all.

The finds, which had been fast and furious out of a stubble field near the church, at the end of which Raper lay behind a potato heap with his dogs, became far slower now; but, as regards good trials, the hares improved as we went on. Pugilist ran all the better for his whiskey-bath, and quite outlasted Regan. Truth lacked pace again, and really Monk of Thorney and Portsea seemed to go faster from the slips than anything all day. The kill was a little too early for Jeannie Deans in her course, and Cardinal, York, and Java had hardly time to get on their legs before they picked up their hare. With this batch and Pretty Boy (an old wooden style of runner) four of the Cumberland hopes fled, and Drunken Tom the Second (a name bad enough to damn anything's chance) alone remained. Charge disappointed us again, even in her work; and Selby led War Office in such style from the slips, that they did not scruple to take 3 to 1 about him at night. Still we did not think that the course was decisive enough, and quite expected to see the judge's hat come off. It was just half-past five when Will Warner dissolved that great coursing committee with "*That's all we have for to-day, Gentlemen!*" and then came another long walk back across ditch and bridge to the Crosby Station. We once more reached the great metropolis at dawn, after a cold weary night in the train. We thought with envy, as we steamed along, of Pugilist in his rug with his three donkeys; and felt a sneaking wish that, after such a dressing as he had with Effort, he might find hares to his taste, and win the Cup.

As it turned out, both he and Baffle—another of our fancies—each won another course, and each were drawn lame after a no-go. Deservedly enough, victory fell on Mr. Jardine's pair—Clive and Selby—representatives of The Judge and Barrator blood, which has run best of anything this year. The two were tried, it was said, on the Friday previous over the same ground, and Selby won very decisively. The same blood ran first and second for the Waterloo Plate, which Mr. H. Jefferson won with his Java, beating Regan; while Mr. Jebb scored the Waterloo Purse with Omega and Sackcloth. Sunbeam and Deacon, both went like trumps the second day, but, in each case, the third course proved fatal, or else the two old warriors would oddly enough have come together once more, and made the most interesting meet of the meeting.

THE BREEDING OF HUNTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DIGBY GRAND," ETC.

"Nobilis hic, quocumque venit de gramine, cujus
Clara fuga, ante alios, et primus in æquore pulvis;
Sed venale pecus, Corythæ, posteritas, et
Hirpini, si rara jugo Victoria sedit."

JUVENAL.

No one can have hunted much in any of our popular countries without hearing complaints, which season by season seem to be repeated with greater emphasis, as to the increasing scarcity of horses up to weight. "I can't find them to carry me!" is the despairing exclamation of many and many a well-grown sportsman, who, from easy circumstances, a happy lot, and a sunshining disposition, backed by the efforts of a skilful cook, finds himself perhaps a stone or two heavier than he used to be; and who does not choose, even for the sake of his favourite amusement, to *punish* himself down to the lean sinewy proportions of a man in training. For the slim undergraduate, or the dashing cornet, who *will* be with them whether the hounds run or no, there are weeds in plenty able to go the pace and stay the distance; nay, for the hard-working man of business, or the toughened veteran, there is many a good honest hunter to be bought at a moderate and satisfactory price; and so long as the enthusiastic sportsman finds himself balanced, boots, breeches and all, by anything under thirteen stone in the opposite scale, he need neither baulk his ardour in the chase, nor his appetite at the dinner-table. It is when the additional pounds, that run him up to thirteen and a-half, fourteen, or even fifteen stone, require to be added, ere they raise his swan-necked spurs from off the carpet, that he begins to find out the true meaning of the phrase "hunting under difficulties."

Now, if we look at any field of gentlemen assembled in any of our English countries, we shall be surprised to find how numerous a portion of these equestrians are men who ride nearer fifteen stone than anything else; and although this may sound at first an unusual weight, our surprise at the fact will disappear, as it generally does, on a careful analysis of its cause.

It is well known in the Ring that a man's fighting weight is commonly about a stone below that of his usual every-day condition, supposing him to be a hard-working mechanic, or craftsman, in good health: also that an eleven-stone man is what is termed a middle-weight. We may therefore put twelve stone as the average weight, not of our whole population, but of a strong healthy Englishman belonging to the working classes. We must likewise consider that the aristocracy and gentry are usually of even larger build than their humbler countrymen; also that those who indulge in the pastime of fox-hunting are not the *least* vigorous and athletic of their kind; and with

good living, robust health, and plenty of sleep, it is not too much to give them twelve stone seven pounds, as a fair average weight. Few people are aware that the difference between a man stripped stark naked and the same man dressed and armed *cap-à-pie* for the chase, in leathers and top-boots, with a warm waistcoat, and scarlet lined with flannel, hat on head and whip in hand, is fourteen pounds! The truth of this statement is easily tested, as any one can try the experiment; and we therefore bring our sportsman to the steps of his own hall-door at thirteen stone seven pounds. No hunting saddle that has been in use a season, with girths, stirrup-irons, and breast-plate, can weigh much less than sixteen pounds; and two more, at least, in these days of nice handling and terrific instruments, must be allowed for the bridle. If our arithmetic be correct, we have added up a sum-total of fourteen stone eleven pounds; and the balance of three pounds is all we are entitled to receive out of the fifteen stone.

Now these are no stout unwieldy gentlemen, who trot out to look about them, get an appetite, and so trot quietly home again, but strong skilful horsemen who must and *will* be carried wherever the hounds go; who object, moreover, to falls and scrambles and all such undignified exhibitions, except where fairly purchased and rendered unavoidable by the pace. Can we wonder that they find some difficulty in procuring the class of animal that can go on, field after field, over a deep and strongly-enclosed country, galloping freely and jumping safely with so considerable a burden on their backs? Again the difficulties of hunting, as regards the *horse*, have been very much increased within the last half-century. We do not here allude to his *condition*. Doubtless good stable management is far more common than it used to be; though we cannot but think that even in the days of the far-famed Billesdon Coplow run, immortalized in the best hunting poem ever written, there must have been grooms at Melton who knew a thing or two, and that when

“Villiers, Cholmondely, and Forester made such sharp play
(Not forgetting Germaine) never seen till that day;
Had you judged of these four by the trim of their pace,
At Bibury you'd thought they'd been riding a race!”

they had racing condition under them, as well as the rough-bred horses, with which to take such liberties; nor when

“Villiers esteemed it a serious bore
That no longer could Shuttlecock fly as before,”

he had reason to be dissatisfied either with his groom or his horse, or the pace at which he had rattled the flyer over the severe dips and wide-stretching pastures which intervene betwixt Tilton Wood and the Coplow.

No: condition is now generally understood; and well it ought to be, when we consider the difficulties which we expect our horses to overcome. In the first place, the pace of hounds is very considerably increased; and this fact accounts sufficiently for the lamentations, to which we are compelled to listen, as to the decrease of sport in modern times. “You never hear now,” says the querulous *laudator temporis acti*, of fifteen miles from point to point! Don't you? Even this

position we think might be successfully assailed; but that you do not often hear of such long and extended runs is very natural; and, for the simplest of all reasons—the same animal is now run down in two-thirds of the distance and half the time. Foxes are continually rattled into and turned up, in from twenty to thirty minutes; each of which, with a slower system of pursuit, would have afforded a run of more than an hour. That the animal is as stout as his ancestors we have no good reason to doubt. There were gorse-coverts, and game-preserves, and poultry-yards, fifty years ago. There are woodlands, and vixens, and travelling dog-foxes, still. But that the pace at which he is compelled to fly for his life is considerably quicker we think none will be found to dispute. Again! formerly one man hunted where a dozen do now; and with increasing numbers has arisen a feeling of increasing ardour and emulation. Half-a-century ago, in a field of twenty or thirty horsemen at most, there were some five or six who rode to hounds, and the others were quite satisfied to follow these pioneers without a thought of ambition, save how to get safely to the end. Now, on the other hand, though out of a field of a hundred there may be no more than five or six who *can* ride, there are some five or six-and-twenty who *try*; aye! and try very hard too, regardless of neck, horseflesh, friendship, decency—alas! that we should say it, of the very hounds themselves! People hunt for pleasure. It is all very well for ourselves and other cautious sportsmen to prefer a well-regulated *journey* over half a county, in which we canter along at our ease, with plenty of time to spare, and destroy our fox at length by *boring* him to death with our protracted attentions; but young blood loves to be in a hurry, and there must be something highly exhilarating in the rattling two-and-twenty minutes that turns up a fox in the open, just before the good horse begins to fail; everything having gone right, and the said good horse having carried his rider, to the entire satisfaction of the latter, quite close to the hounds from end to end!

But the crowd of emulative spirits, at starting, is productive of much annoyance to the hunter. Instead of being nursed and spared for the first ten minutes, till the vessels are gradually filled, and the lungs gradually distended, he must be hustled along unmercifully over the first two or three fields, finding the largest and ugliest places in the fences selected for him, because all the gaps are occupied: he must be hurried over plough, ridge and furrow, all the worst ground, nearly at top speed, and must not expect a refreshing pull and timely canter along a headland, until the crowd has been shaken off by the severity of such exertions; then, indeed, he finds it all plain sailing, and, if not “upset” by his previous efforts, he will probably get safe to the end of the run. But under-bred horses will not bear such liberties. It is only the thorough-bred, or very nearly thorough-bred horse, that has sufficient speed and stamina to recover the effects of thus being, so to speak, knocked out of time in the first ten minutes; and therefore it is to thorough-bred, or nearly thorough-bred horses, that the fifteen stone gentleman must look, if he would be well and safely carried over a flying country.

Now comes the difficulty. Where is this class of animal bred? and how is he to be procured? The refuse of Newmarket is speedy, but not strong. The good *useful* farmer’s-looking nag, short on the leg,

large in the barrel, deep in the ribs, but a little coarse about his mane and tail, is strong enough to carry a castle, and can do anything you ask him, *at his own pace*, but that pace is unfortunately a trot! Where is the combination to be met with? The upstanding sixteen hands flyer, with his neat spare head, reminding you of his sire, and the sunny slopes of Ascot, the day he won the Cup—with his lengthy shoulders, flat sinewy legs; his deep brisket, and long clean flank; his angular quarters, and well let-down hocks, surmounted by the thin tail set on high in his back, and given to whisk upon slight provocation. He may not be very easy to ride; he may have some peculiar whims as to the manner in which he is taken hold of; and a decided objection to turning away from hounds. But with a rider who is as fond of the sport as himself; who is tender with his prejudices, and shares his enthusiasm; who gets him away close to the hounds, and holds him straight at his fences! well—well, we are making our own mouths water. There are moments in life that are worth a great deal! we seldom purchase them, however, at much below their value.

Now these horses *are* bred, and *are* to be procured; but the demand of late years has far exceeded the supply; and such a hunter as we have endeavoured to describe is cheap at three hundred guineas. Let us enquire into the causes of this scarcity of so remunerative an animal, in the greatest horse-breeding country in the world.

The late war, it appears to us, had nothing on earth to do with it. With the exception of a few officers' chargers, and, in so small a force as ours, the exception is scarcely worth mentioning, it was a different class of animal altogether that was used up, in the Crimean campaign. The countries adjoining the scene of strife were of course denuded of everything in the shape of a quadruped—horse, mule, and jackass; but, except as an excuse for the dealers, we doubt much whether the demands of the Service ever affected the market of hunters here. No; the class of animal we require is rare, not because it has been destroyed, but because it is not sufficiently liberally called into existence; and this, from no apathy or want of energy on the part of our English breeders, but from a variety of causes, of which ignorance and inattention to first principles are by no means the least apparent.

There is many a large farmer and wealthy yeoman in the midland districts of England, who, whilst he studies with his whole attention, and all the assistance of science, how to breed fat cattle or unwieldy pigs for Smithfield market and that jubilee of obesity the Baker-street show, neglects, as it would seem purposely, the very elements of success when raising and rearing an animal, the perfection of which would return him one hundred per cent. upon the capital expended. The general course adopted is as follows:—John Bull has a good useful mare (N.B. *useful*, as applied to the equine race, invariably signifies an animal you would not have at a gift); which mare he and his have ridden to market, driven in a tax-cart, put in the plough, and called upon to render every service to which a quadruped can be put. Nay, there is a tradition that young John once rode her with the hounds, and that she jumped everything that came in her way with him—gates, hedges, stiles, and the famous Brimmersley Brook. But this account is rendered somewhat apocryphal by its having occurred when John was returning from a coursing dinner at which much drink was

consumed, and the chase, according to his own version, having taken place by moonlight. Well, the old mare, when completely worn-out, instead of being put quietly into the grave, or suffered to repose upon her laurels, is condemned to the cares of mother-hood, and, for this purpose, is submitted to any travelling stallion that happens to be in the neighbourhood, totally irrespective of all combinations in make, shape, or quality. Both may be weak in the back, long in the legs, faulty in the hocks, nay, touched in the wind, or otherwise afflicted with organic disease. What matter? "Th'old mare was a rum'un in her time sure-ly!" and the horse, though he never started, doubtless was once entered for the Derby. So the produce, as may be expected, turns out a weak, weedy, and undersized foal—bad on its leg, like its sire; coarse in its appearance, like its dam; without the speed of the former, or the strength of the latter, but afflicted perhaps at the same time with the worst qualities of both. Now of all mistakes there is none so fatal as breeding from a worn-out mare. It is true that you will occasionally see a fine promising colt, thrown by an old thoroughbred mare of nearly a score of winters; but this is only the case in large establishments, where the said mare has been doing nothing since she ran at four years old, and has been renewing her constitution with rest and care, till she is actually fresher and stronger at fifteen than she was at five—a far different plight from that of the worn-out slave who, having worked till she can work no longer, is only then thought fit to be entrusted with the reproduction of her species.

It is now, we believe, an established physiological fact that the horse inherits his make, shape, and outward appearance, from his sire; his constitutional qualities, such as speed, courage, and endurance, from his dam. The idea has been long since exploded that what is termed a large roomy mare is likely to produce a big powerful foal. On the contrary, some of the finest horses we possess have been the produce of mere ponies; but then these were ponies only in size; and a monstrous animal, nearly twenty hands high, is now going the rounds of every fair in England, whose mother, if we are to believe the man who shows him, was little more than two-thirds of his height. The mare, however, from which we propose to breed, should be a thoroughly-good one, and still retaining the whole freshness and vigour of her constitution. She should also be extremely well-bred; for if her inner qualities are more especially to descend to her offspring, it is indispensable that she should possess those lasting properties of wind and endurance, without which a horse is the most cumbersome possession on the face of the earth. We would much prefer to put a thoroughbred mare to a half-bred horse, than *vice versa*, though the latter is by far the commoner practice, and that amongst our intelligent and scientific farmers—men who make but few mistakes in the breeding of any other description of stock. We believe there is yet much to be discovered as to the influence of "blood" upon future generations. Several curious experiments have been tried both with cattle, sheep, and pigs. Most breeders, we think, will bear us out in affirming that, to use their own term as regards *quality*, the influence of the female is paramount.

It appears to us that in order to breed an animal that shall eventually become a *hunter*, that mare should be selected who has proved herself

both speedy, courageous, and enduring. In the prime of life, and whilst all her functions are at their utmost vigour, she should be put to a short-legged stallion, with deep hind ribs, powerful quarters, and, above all, a good back. If, thorough-bred so much the better. Nor should we repudiate him because he had won, or run well-up, in a Derby; although a two-mile scurry at three years old is no very rational test of the merits of an animal which Nature seems to intend shall not come to its prime till six, and which, for all useful purposes, must be capable of carrying a much heavier weight a much longer distance than is required to win the Olympic crown of modern ambition at Epsom. Such horses as old Defence, Venison, Johnny, and a few others, strike us as the models on which to form our ideas of a stallion; and to such horses we would look, regardless of trouble and expense, as the sires of our future favourites.

There is no doubt that, under the present Turf system of "small profits and quick returns," involving a multiplicity of two-year-old stakes, and a consequent forcing of foals and yearlings, just as a hot-house gardener forces grapes and pine-apples, the style of horse to which we allude is becoming scarcer year by year; and it is indeed almost a national question whether something cannot be done to check the increasing evil. Our mild and paternal Government (perhaps more mild than paternal) systematically opposes all interference with private enterprise. We cannot but think, however, that a national stake of heavy amount, given yearly at Ascot for animals in their real natural prime, would have a most beneficial effect. Racing men will laugh at us when we say that we should like to see a sweepstakes *worth winning* run off in Her Majesty's presence—for six-year-olds and upwards, four miles, and carrying from thirteen to fourteen stone!

If the money made it worth while, and indeed to do so it would have to be counted out in thousands, what a show of horses should we see, before even the present generation had passed away! We know now, unnatural as is the treatment to which he is subjected, to what fine proportions the six-year-old arrives, when his racing career is over, and he has been put to the stud; and we may easily imagine what a magnificent sight would be afforded by a field of such animals, kept back and prepared from their very foal-hood for this one great event!

To return, however, to the breeder. If, as is generally the case, he is a farmer, he need not grudge considerable expense in procuring the services of a first-rate stallion. The keep of his young one, although, if calculated week by week, it would run up to a considerable amount, is an outlay which he does not feel; and, as soon as it is turned three years old, he cannot do better than make it earn its provender by gentle and easy work. "Shepherding," and such quiet jobs about a farm, form the best possible education for a future hunter: they give him fresh air and slow strengthening exercise; they accustom him to variety of ground, and make him quiet and tractable at gates and gaps, mounting and dismounting &c.: also if his master be a good horseman—and there are few of our English farmers but are thoroughly at home in the saddle—they form his action, and bring his paces to perfection. We may here observe that nothing improves a young horse so much as *trotting* him across "ridge and furrow;" it supple his neck; teaches him to use his shoulders; makes him quick upon his

legs; and beats all the circling and lunging in the world. Now, although he must have plenty of good corn and old hay, in fact the more he can be brought to consume of each the better, we think any farmer will bear us out in affirming that twenty-five pounds *per annum* is a very liberal allowance as the sum by which he is out of pocket from his young horse; this includes shoeing, farriery, &c. On this calculation, with the addition of the twenty-five he may have cost before he was born (and this affords him the noblest parentage going), he would represent £150 on attaining the age of five years; and his master, if wise, would not dream of selling him before that period. Now the sort of horse that may thus be produced with care and attention in breeding, as to size and quality, with good keep, good riding, and good usage during youth, and hard condition when arriving at maturity, becomes, in all probability, a first-class hunter well up to fourteen stone; and a first-class hunter, well up to fourteen stone, is just as safe to command £250 in the hunting field, as a guinea is to fetch one-and-twenty shillings in a counting-house.

He may be sold for a good deal more; and a nice light mouth, with a temperate confident style of fencing—both of which adventitious advantages may be given him by his breeder and instructor—will run him up to an almost fabulous price; but £250 is the *minimum*, and £250 we expect such a horse is safe to fetch.

There are of course casualties and chances in all trades; else why is man gifted by Providence with energy, forethought, and decision? The animal *may* turn out good-for-nothing. He *may* also break his own neck, and his rider's too, in a rabbit-hole! but such a catastrophe is, at least, improbable; and even should the venture never turn out good enough for a hunter, a strapping high-bred horse, sound, and in good condition, will always bring a remunerative price as a charger or carriage horse.

But we must give our word of advice to the farmer who breeds and rides him. *Never* have two prices. If you honestly believe your horse is worth £250, let no consideration induce you to sell him for £249 19s. 6d. Above all, avoid that ridiculous and unworthy practice of selling for £300 and giving £50 back. In horse-dealing, as in everything else, an honest straightforward course, backed by reflection and common sense, will invariably succeed in the long-run. And the chief cause, which has of late years prevented gentlemen from buying their hunters from farmers in their own neighbourhood, has been a practice, which has gradually crept in amongst the latter, of asking the squire a higher sum than will be accepted from the dealer; nay, in some cases, the squire has actually bought the same horse from the professional for less money than it would have cost him in the first instance from his own neighbour and fellow-sportsman. "Honesty is the best policy," quoth the Scotchman, who, as he said to himself, "had tried *both*." And although there may be nothing positively dishonest in thus asking one man a higher price than another for the same article, it is scarcely a very frank proceeding, and tends little to promote that confidence and good feeling which is the very spirit of exchange and barter.

All of our farmers and yeomen, who come out hunting, must have remarked how instantaneously a likely-looking horse is "snapped up,"

particularly in the grass countries. A heavy man might go out day after day with the Quorn or Pytchley hounds, with his cheque-book in his pocket, and find, at the end of a good many weeks, he had failed in supplying himself with a stud of hunters. Horses he would be offered in plenty; but of the real weight-carrying animal, that can go the pace which he considers a fit mount in a burst from Shankton Holt or the Coplow, he would see but few specimens for sale. They are bought-up by the large dealers long before they are shown in the hunting field; and most of the best horses in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire have found their way into those counties from the north and west of England. This need not be the case. If the farmer only knew his own interest, he has the best of markets for his young horses at his own door. If he would pay a little more attention to the first laws of nature in breeding, take a little more pains with education and rearing, obtain the character of being a straightforward man, with *one* price to all alike, he would find customers enough, and to spare, every day he put on his boots and breeches to go out with the hounds.

The demand, we repeat, is extraordinary: the supply, at the present time, totally inadequate. Not only do men of all ages and classes and professions come regularly out hunting, but the fair sex are promising day by day to beat the less-enterprising half of the species clear out of the field. During the last season or two we have seen ladies riding not only better (whatever they do, they contrive to do *well*) but harder and *straighter* than nine-tenths of the men who are out, going, in fact, "in the first flight." And this is no child's-play, as we all know, when hounds are running hard over the shires. For ourselves, we confess we shudder to witness their performances. Beautifully as they do it, it is a perilous exhibition. To a man, a fall is simply a ludicrous mishap—to a woman, a dangerous accident. A lady who goes out hunting should ride the most perfect animal in the world—a fine goer; a temperate and active fencer; in short, a safe and perfect hunter; and then—she should never ride him over anything that can possibly risk a fall. But to carry a fair equestrian *wilk* and not *after* hounds, such an animal is required as we can scarcely hope to find till the winged favourite of the Muses makes his appearance once more on earth; and even he, if we are to believe the poets, good as he was, gave Bellerophon a cropper!

In this commercial and enterprising country, demand is pretty sure to be succeeded by supply; and we hope in a very few years to see a far greater number of first-class horses in the hunting-field than at present; but we need not insist that this state of things can only be arrived at by the attention of farmers and breeders being more exclusively directed to the first principles of generation and reproduction, and their conviction that the same causes, which tend to improve all inferior descriptions of stock, operate with as direct and perceptible an effect on that noblest of all animals—the horse.

THE HIGH ALPS.

BY A DEVONIAN.

No. III.

Vevay—Rifle Shooting—Fish and Fishing—The Rochers de Naye—The highest Pension in Europe—The Diablerets—The Pass of the Sanetsch—The Seven Fountains—The Ober-Simmen-Thal.

Vevay was in a great state of excitement when we got there, as a large detachment of riflemen had just arrived for the "Tir Federal." We witnessed some of the shooting, which on the whole was good; but, as far as I could judge, the Swiss riflemen do not shoot so well as the Tyrolese. They used the old rifle (indeed, I did not see a *minié* whilst I was in Switzerland); and they stood at about 180 yards from the target. Since the affair with Prussia, about Neufchatel, the Swiss have attended much more to their military status than they had done for many years previously; and in almost every canton we saw soldiers, chiefly artillery and riflemen, marching, drilling, &c. *

Vevay is a capital resting-place, and we enjoyed our two clear days—*clear* in two senses of the word—at the "Trois Couronnes" very much. We met several old acquaintances there, and also had the advantage of forming some very agreeable new ones; amongst others, the family of one of our London merchant-princes, with whom we had a delightful excursion to St. Gingolph. I strongly recommend all idlers on the north banks of the Lake of Geneva to cross over and explore the south side of it, which is well worth visiting; and if those idlers be good walkers, I would advise them to go up the little valley immediately behind St. Gingolph, first through groves of chestnut and walnut trees, and then over pasture land, until they arrive at the Col, near the head of the gorge, and then to ascend the Cornettes (from which they will have a magnificent view of the Lake, and the whole canton de Vaud), and from thence he may get down, by the pretty little mountain tarn of Taney, to Vouvry, in the valley of the Rhone, where they will find such accommodation as I think few pedestrians, after a walk of ten or eleven hours, which it will take them, will be inclined to despise.

The beautiful Countess B——, who used to say of herself that, with the exception of the statue of Bavaria, at Munich, she was the tallest woman in the Bavarian dominions, did not enliven the "Trois Couronnes" with her society this year; and those who have had the good fortune of meeting her there, can easily imagine what a loss she must have been. The piano, however, was not deserted, as we had a German composer who played half the day on it, and well-established the proposition that one may have too much of a good thing. I did not go to the Chateau of Chillon; in fact I have not ventured to go there since

* Since the above was written, the Swiss Government has granted a sum of five hundred thousand francs for the purchase of new rifles for the Federal army.

I acted as showman to some American young ladies, and so far exceeded the usual *ciceroni* in the description of the horrors of its dungeon, that I fear they would treat me as a dangerous rival, and perhaps let me feel, if not its horrors, at least more of its solitude than would be exactly pleasant.

I ought to have mentioned that on our return from St. Gingolph our party all dined together, and we had an excellent *petit diner*, our liberal landlord, Mr. Monet Ayet, sending us up a trout that had been caught in the Lake only an hour before, which weighed *nine* pounds, and had cost him twenty-seven francs! When hotel-keepers are the subject of so much abuse as they now are, and generally very deservedly, it is only fair to mention that they frequently have to pay exceedingly high prices for their provisions. The first things a traveller asks for, in Switzerland, are trout and chamois—both scarce, and consequently dear; but if they are to be had at any price, the inn-keeper must produce them. A chamois costs about fifty francs; and good trout is seldom to be bought under two or three francs a pound.

Fishing is not a Swiss amusement; and although there certainly are some streams that would be well worth the flogging, the alpenstock is more useful than the fishing-rod. The rivers are generally either too cold, too rapid, or too muddy, for fly-fishing; and lake-trolling is slow work at all times, but especially in a country where there is so much oxygen in the air, as in Switzerland. At the same time, if you have the patience to troll, or *spin*, your labour may be rewarded with a very good bag, comprising lotte (something between char and barbel), and trout and pike of gigantic size. I have seen a trout, caught near the mouth of the Rhone, that weighed sixteen pounds.

Notwithstanding what I have said about the difficulties the Swiss *maitres d'hotels* have to contend with, the two last proprietors of the "Trois Couronnes" appear to have made ends meet tolerably well. The late respected owner has built himself a beautiful villa close to the Lake, about a mile from Vevay, where he enjoys his *otium cum dignitate*; and a Russian capitalist, ambitious, no doubt, of possessing three crowns, has tempted Mr. Monet Ayet to resign them, in consideration of £50,000.

On leaving Vevay our next point was Comballaz, which the worthy proprietor, Mr. Rock, boasts of as being the highest Pension in Europe. It is five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and therefore about a thousand feet above the summit of the loftiest mountain in the British Isles. Wishing to avoid the beaten track by the Dent de Jaman, we slept at Gllion, and followed the crest of Mont Cau, as far as the foot of the Dent de Merdasson, and then taking a southerly course, we crossed the ravine and ascended the Rochers de Naye, from whence the finest view of the Lake of Geneva unquestionably is obtained.* Here M—— and I deposited our knapsacks, and we enjoyed a long survey of the surrounding scenery, including our old friend the Dent du Midi, in which of course we felt an increased interest since we had scaled its teeth. We descended to the Hongrins, through the primeval

* The Rochers de Naye are higher, and command a finer view, than the Dent de Jaman, which Lord Byron has so praised. There is no difficulty whatever in the ascent from Gllion, the greater part of which might be done on a mule: it is an excursion well worthy of the patronage of fair travellers.

forest of Longevaux, and followed the stream to Lecherette, regaling ourselves by the way with wild raspberries, which abound in all the woods in this neighbourhood, and reached the "Hotel et pension de Comballaz" just after sunset, having had quite enough of a day's work duly to appreciate a good supper and a comfortable bed, both of which are sure finds in this elevated, but otherwise civilized, locality.

It being now the second week in September, we were just in time for green peas, French beans, and other little luxuries which one generally gets in London in the spring; and as we were the last guests our host was likely to have to entertain until the next year, he placed the entire produce of his garden at our disposal. *Rock père et fils* are excellent people, but are regular characters. *Rock fils*, who is about fourteen, is almost a fac-simile of his father, but is rather more discreet; and when the governor rattles on *too* fast, his dutiful son, who is always in his wake, treads upon his foot with such *bonne volonté* as would bring tears into the eyes of most people!

The Lac de Lioson, the Chamossaire, and the Diablerets, are the chief places to be visited from Comballaz. The latter, however, are much more accessible from Plans, at the head of the Valley des Ormonts, where an excellent inn has just been built—*L'hotel des Diablerets*. The Lake of Lioson we saw; and a more delightful walk of five or six hours can scarcely be had, than by going round the Lake, and returning by the Val d'Étivaz—a wild and unfrequented gorge, separated from the Valley of Saanen by the grey and rugged peaks of the Rüblihorn and the Gummfluh. There is a pass from the Val d'Étivaz into the Saanen-Thal, which must be well worth doing, by the Lake of Arnen, which we saw on our road from the Diablerets to Gsteig; and I have a very strong notion that the "Hotel des Diablerets" might be reached from Lioson, by ascending the col immediately at the back of the Lake, and descending nearly due north, or perhaps north-east, although, no doubt, the descent must in some places be rather precipitous.

Combllaz was honoured this year by the company of a young ladies' school; and the fair guests remained there a month. They had unfortunately taken their flight before we arrived; but we found traces of their feathers, and ribbons, and some light literature they had probably left behind them as a *souvenir* of their visit. I recollect the first time I came to Combllaz, which was about five or six years ago, being very much surprised, on entering the sitting room, at finding ten or twelve English ladies, apparently quite at home, in this out-of-the-way, and then almost unknown, spot. I had walked about thirty miles that day, and had lost my way two or three times amongst the *débris* of the Diablerets; but I could not resist the attractions of a polka, that a blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked young lady was good enough to allow me to dance with her in my slippers.

We left Combllaz an hour before sunrise on the 13th of September, and walked to the "Hotel des Diablerets" to breakfast, keeping along the higher path on the north side of the Ormont-dessus; and lovely was the prospect when the eastern sun first struck the snow on the culminating points of the Diablerets. This celebrated range has not been explored nearly as much as it deserves. If this has in any degree been caused by the terrors its name may naturally have excited, I can bear

testimony to the perfectly harmless nature of its Satanic imps, if any of them really do inhabit its vast recesses, formerly supposed to be vestibules of the infernal regions. I can only say that in all my excursions in the neighbourhood I have never seen anything that had the appearance of an evil spirit; and last year I went with two ladies from Bex to Sion by the Pas de Cheville, passing through what is considered the most haunted and terrific part of these desolate regions, and, capacious as were the flowing garments of my fair companions, I believe I may safely assert it as a fact, that they did not even imbibe a smell of sulphur.

The south side of the Diablerets is constantly being undermined by the water, from the glaciers above, oozing through the chalk, slate, and argillaceous schist, of which it is chiefly composed; and the falling of the stones and other loose matter may in some measure account for the rumbling noise that has frequently been attributed to less natural causes. Two fearful mountain-falls, or land-slips, occurred here in the course of the last century—one in 1714, and the other in 1749.

Mr. Ebel, in his invaluable work on Switzerland, which has been the foundation of all Swiss guide-books for the last quarter of a century, gives so interesting an account of the fall of 1714, that I think I cannot do wrong in giving the reader an abridged translation of it. He says that the rocks were hurled down, amidst a thick cloud of dust and vapour, for nearly two leagues, killing fifteen persons, and a great quantity of cattle and sheep, and literally covering the surface for more than a square mile. He mentions that amongst the number of persons who suffered from this fearful calamity was a native of the village of Avent, who was in his chalet when the fall first began; an enormous block of stone fell in such a manner as to get jammed in an angle at the foot of the mountain immediately above his roof; soon loose stones and earth accumulated on this protecting block, and ended by burying the chalet and its only inhabitant in a mass of ruins. In this horrible situation the unfortunate man fed himself on cheese, and quenched his thirst by means of a small stream which luckily penetrated as far as his retreat. After three months of constant labour he managed to fray himself a way out, and found the light of day, which his eyes however could not at first bear the glare of. When the poor fellow, pale and haggard as he was, made his appearance in his village, he was taken for a spectre; the greatest consternation prevailed; doors were shut in his face; and the priest was beginning to exorcise him, when at last, after much trouble and entreaty, he succeeded in getting recognised, and his wants were duly provided for.

From Plans we did not follow the ordinary route to Gsteig, by the Col de Pillon; but, taking a path to the left, we went over the shoulder of the Palette, from whence we obtained a beautiful view of the valley of Saanen, and the highly-picturesque little Lake of Arnen; and from whence, with the assistance of a telescope, we could trace a considerable portion of the mule track over the Sanetsch—a pass which, like the Rawayl, unites the canton of Berne with Sion, in the Vallais. We descended to Gateig by the Studelhorn, and, leaving our knapsacks at the inn, and promising to return to a seven-o'clock dinner, we started off to explore the pass of the Sanetsch, to the utter amazement of the German landlady and her maid of all-work, who, although they had

heard of the mad freaks of Englishmen, could not realize the notion that even a madman would start in the middle of the day for a mountain expedition without having had his "mittag essen!"

No guide is required over the Sanetsch; the path is well marked, and on the Bernese side is chiefly formed by a number of zigzags, which in many places are cut out of the solid rock. It takes nearly three hours to get to the table-land above, and about an hour more to reach the cross at the summit of the pass. The descent into the Vallais is through a long wild gorge, somewhat resembling the valley of the Lizerne from the Pas de Cheville, but not nearly as fine. On returning to Gsteig we fell in with a poor little black lamb that had been lost on the mountain, and was nearly starving. It appeared so delighted to see a human being, and to be so grateful for the small piece of bread we gave it, which it seasoned by licking the grease off our boots, that we felt quite reluctant to leave it. We brought it with us for some distance, and then placed it in a safe spot, where I trust it was found by a man we sent to look for it, who seemed very much delighted at the idea of appropriating this windfall, which the Vallaisan shepherds, to whom the pastures on the mountain had this year been let, and whom he regarded as intruders, had left behind them.

The accommodation at the inn at Gsteig was so bad that we were not at all sorry to leave it as early as possible the next morning, and we walked over to Lauenen to breakfast. Here we were much better off; and having plenty of time, we determined to explore the country between the Lake of Lauenen and the Col de Rawyl on our way to Lenk, instead of following the ordinary route by the Trüttlisberg.

On leaving Lauenen, we proceeded in a south-easterly direction, and ascended the Rothorn, from whence we had a grand view of the glacier of Gelten, the Mittaghorn, the Wildhorn, and the Rawyl—the beautiful valley of Iffigen lying at our feet. Between the Iffigen-horn and the Trüttlisberg are some very remarkable hills, of a conical shape, and having, at a little distance, the appearance of extinct volcanoes. They are chiefly formed of chalk and perforated limestone; and the cones have been hollowed out, apparently by water; at least such is the supposition in the neighbourhood, and we could not trace the cause of these cavities to any other agency.

We crossed the Iffigen valley, and after resting some time near the very fine cascade of the Iffigenbach, we went over the shoulder of the Rüzliberg, in order to visit "The Seven Fountains," which form the source of the river Simmen. These fountains issue from a rock at the foot of the glacier of Rüzli; and from the colour of the water, and the nature of the soil, they appeared to me rather to be channels, through which the waters coming from the glacier force their way, than actual springs. At the time we were there, in the beginning of September, three of these fountains were dry; but we were told that in the spring, when the snow that has accumulated during the winter months begins to melt, all the channels have water in them.

A magnificent view of the Ober-simmen-thal is obtained by ascending the mountain, at the back of "The Seven Fountains," by a steep zig-zag path which leads to a small lake, from whence the glacier of Rüzli, and the snow fields of the Wildstrubel, may, I am told, easily be reached. I must, however, reserve the description of the Wildstrubel for my next and

concluding, number on the "High Alps;" and will only now add, that we ended a delightful day's excursion by a walk along the banks of the Simmen to Lenk, where we duly appreciated the excellent quarters, and the great civility we met with, at the "Crown."

(To be continued.)

OLD REMINISCENCES OF YOUNG FISHING DAYS.

(Concluded.)

Now, Mary, for thy wits!" continued Mrs. Percy. "We were too far from home to go there and return. Nor was our day of liberty half closed, nor cup of sweetness half expended. Mary became poetic, and, writing an impromptu on a slip of paper torn from her sketch-book, gently placed it in her sleeping brother's hand. If rightly I recollect, it ran thus :

' Like gilding fairies though we trip away,
Depend you'll see us ere decline of day.
Sleep, gentle brother! sleep, and rest awhile!
On waking, please you, look o'er yonder stile.
' MARY.'

With this, the laughing Mary dragged me away. We climbed the stile, sure enough; and Mary said, "I care not for myself, dear Marian, though I am hungry; but, if I can aid it, Theo shall enjoy himself throughout this day. At no great distance dwells old Mr. Somers, a goodly farmer, and his homely wife, who have often been to our house—he, to make up the game of cricket with my brothers, fed on good fat beef and ale in store; she, to help our household in preserving. Often have I perceived their kind, honest looks, beaming with thanks and gratitude on me and all of us; but of "Master Theo" oft would they say, "What a fine lad is he!" Have you, dear Marian, strength and courage to hurry on to them, and see if either be at home?" With all my heart, I assented. "If we are fortunate enough," added Mary, "to find them there, I doubt not they will spare us a home-baked loaf, and perhaps a little butter; and Theo will rejoice and be refreshed." Like deer"—

"Like dears, I say," interposed Mr. South :

" ' Jog on, jog on, the footpath-way,
And merrily hent the stile-a!
A merry heart goes all the day;
Your sad tires in a mile-a.' "

"Cousin, stay me not in my flight," expostulated Mrs. Percy. "Like deer, we bounded off, and stayed not till all that was luxu-

* *Winter's Tale.*

riating to the sense of those who love the scents of Flora told us we approached the dwelling of rural taste and industry. Our hitherto-hurried steps now became more stately and demure. We lifted the latch, and entered the neat, trim garden, redolent with odour: we approached the house-door; and, hearing the merry chorus of many a hearty laugh, Mary's courage almost failed. But no time was given for suspense: we heard the good dame's voice, in surprise and delight—'Well, I declare, there's my pretty miss!' The jest was hushed; and out she ran, dropping a curtsy almost to Mary's feet. I was introduced.

"'And what brings my young hearts here, and alone?' quoth she. 'Dear ladies, how proud you make me and our poor cottage! Come in, and welcome heartily!'

"'Nay, good Mrs. Somers,' Mary said—'you're at your dinner; and we shall disturb you.' ('How lucky!' thought I.)

"'You disturb us, sweet miss! nay, you'll always be proudly welcome. Come in, my darlings.'

"Old Somers met us at the door. Oh, what a squeeze he gave my proffered hand! And then we found their hall reeking with odours more delicious than violets, to hungry souls like us. The table, spread with cleanest napery, and loaded with an ample store, was surrounded by their two serving-maids, and a little chubby-cheeked girl, their daughter, a fine, handsome, strapping, ruddy-faced young man, their son, and four or five as ruddy, wide-mouthed labouring men as ever held a plough. All rose as we entered, curtsying and bowing with true old English, yeomanlike, honest respect.

"'Come,' said old Somers, 'take a bit wi' us; young folk must be a-hungered at this time o' day; and you've come all the way from father's hospitable house.'

"'Do, my sweet misses!' echoed his dame.

"'Nay,' said Mary, 'we cannot stay. My brother Theo is waiting for us.'

"'Aye me! and where is he?'

"'We come to beg of you, indeed,' said Mary; and then she whispered all her wants in good Mrs. Somers's ear.

"'Aye! Somers,' cried the comely dame, in ecstasy, 'cut off some slices—nice and thin, mind you, and plenty on 'em—of the bacon. He'll like that, I se warrant; for I cured it myself. Here, Molly! Susan! some clean plates and napkins, and some mugs, and a jug of milk for the sweet Miss Mary, and plenty for her cousin. Master Theo's hungered in the field a-fishing!'

"'Thomas,' cried old Somers to his son, 'startled at the thought, 'go get some of the creaming cider of last October's brew. Mr. Theo a-hungered and athirst in the field a-fishing! Aye me!'

"'Now some of the beans,' continued his spouse. Run, Molly—get some strawberries and some—anything—for Master Theo, out of the garden! and some cabbage, Somers! take it from underneath, where it is reeking hot. Here's a nice loaf, my darlings—don't forget the mustard, Somers!—I baked it myself this blessed morning. Where's the baskets? Dearie me, Master Theo hungry! And, Susan, plenty of cherries for the young ladies. And you, my sweet misses, you won't stay to eat with us! No, you shall enjoy your-

selves with your fine noble brother. Here's sweet cakes,' continued that hearty dame, 'and some nice raspberry and strawberry-jam, for your good hearts. O! that we had known it sooner! Now, Phœbe, my chubby child,' she said to her daughter, 'you, I know, will not be happy if any one but you carries the tray to Master South. Take up the basket, and run away; and say I am coming to see my dear young master as fast as my old limbs will carry me. What! and you will carry the cider too? Don't wait, my young misses—I see you aint easy away from your brother. Stop, here's the salt!'

"Blessing that humble abode for its rough, unhesitating hospitality, almost hugging the fine old farmer in our gratitude and delight, away again we bounded; and when we reached that willow-tree, there stood cousin—*this cousin here*—staring with eyes of wonder!"

"And well I might!" said Mr. South, taking up the tale: "can I ever forget that hour! Ere you left me, I fell asleep; and what strange dreams I had! Dreams! how they wander! and how they dovetail with reality! Methought myself to be Aladdin, entering the subterranean grove of jewelled fruit-trees, whence I did strive to pluck and eat, but could not.—[*I was hungry.*]—Anon, glittered at my feet a silver stream, which, withal, was perfectly pellucid; and, after many others, one large monster-fish, of purest flexile gold, swam to where I stood, caressingly.—[*I was out fishing.*]—I stretched forth my hand; and merrily it came up on the bank. Suddenly 'twas changed into a hideous monster, and attacked me; and I fled. In turn, I turned, and combated right well. But how could even giant strength prevail against such hideousness? It seized me in its iron claws, dragging me along unto the brink of a dark cavern deep. I looked up, to take the last long look of heaven—[*I had a nightmare*]—and then I saw two fairy forms hovering o'er me.—[*They were ye two, Marian.*]—Crushed by the sight of their bright azure wings, the monster fell, and fell, and fell, crashing its limbs against the rugged sides of that dark cavern. It roared, and roared—[*That was the bull.*]—and died. Myself borne in the arms of my deliverers, once more they left me on the verdant bank where we were fishing, placing within my hand the horn of Oberon.—[*And they were you, too.*]—Again I slept; and once again that hideous monster came and breathed on my face, moaning piteously.—[*That was the bull.*]—In terror then I waved my magic horn above my head, trying in vain to press it to my lips—[*That was Mary's poetic effusion*]—and then I roared for help, and woke in earnest. Sitting up, I rubbed my eyes, and looked for my fell enemy. There, half in terror, stood the herd of cattle, snorting with surprise to see the mortal they bemoaned before as lifeless, rise again. The bellowing bull moved slowly off. Poor things! They had been pitying me! I looked in my hand for the charmed horn: instead of it, I found those lines of Mary's; and when I read them, I shook myself again, lest I still slept and dreamed. Where were those dear girls? Again I read her lines, and glanced towards *the stile*; and what did I behold? A walking mushroom! short and round its stem; ample, and white as driven snow, its head. Then o'er the stile skipped Mary; then this

other runaway here—Marian. The procession came on ; and I beheld the little chubby Phœbe, bearing on her head a huge tray covered with damask cloth ; in either hand a basket and a flagon. Mary on one hand bore a loaf ; on the other hung a napkin-covered basket. And you, my *little* cousin, glowing with healthful heat, came r-r-r-running to my side, groaning beneath the weight of a great monstrous nosegay. The rear was closed by the stout serving-maid, Susan ; trudging, with arms a-kimbo, beneath the pressure of a pail of milk. Well might I stare, forsooth, at such an unexpected vision, and after the dreams which I had dreamt. When I had half stared out my eyes in wild amazement, Mary, in a word, told all. Then came my delight, and the unloading and the unpacking, and the spreading of the table—on the grass. And what a bill of fare to hungry stomachs like ours, without a bill to pay ! Rich, ruddy, streaked bacon, beans, parsley, butter, cabbage, bread, onions (they must have been for you, Marian), and cheese ! What red radishes ! and what fat, sturdy lettuces ! and oh, what melting strawberries ! Oh, here's a bottle of cream, and the mustard and salt ! and this is sugar. Why, here's even the pepper-pot ! Oh, what big, fleshy bigarreaus ! Oh dear, only smell at the perfume of the flagon of rich cider. Eh, Mary ! eh, Marian ! only do look—here's a beautiful knuckle of ham, the very thing you're so fond of, Marian ! Mind, mind ! Take care ; don't tumble into that pail of milk : we'll never be able to get you out again. Why—what is this ? Well, I declare—part of a rabbit-pie ! Look at the rich jelly ! Delightful creatures ! (I mean 'the people.')

Here's a pat of golden butter for you. These are sweetmeats for you, Marian, to match the onions ; and these are the sweet cakes. But where are the knives and forks ?

“ Here they—are—good master Theo-flus,' exclaimed Thomas Somers, running, puffing and blowing as though he had not *walked* an inch of the last mile. ‘ Mother's du—ty to you, sir ; and very—sorry—she—forgot the spoons and—knives—and—forks. So I run off as—fast—as I could, in—hopes I'd—be in time ! ’

“ You're a good fellow, Thomas ; always obliging in one way or the other. Had any trout lately ? ’

“ No, sir. ’

“ Come and look at mine. The large one I must send home, you know. They won't believe I caught it else. Will you take the rest and make a mouthful of them at supper ? ’

“ Oh ! sir, it's robbing you. ’

“ Nay, nay ; take them to oblige me. And I say, Thomas, we're not going home yet. Could you contrive in the cool of the afternoon to run to the big house with the large fish, in time for my father's dinner ? Be sure to tell them how many more I've caught ; and say we are enjoying ourselves, and quite safe ; and say to the house-keeper, they are to dress the trout as I dress them, out of Izaak Walton ; remember ? Oh ! and I say, Thomas, you'll come up next Saturday, you know, to cricket, with your father, if he can spare you ; you shall use my bat. ’

“ And how he bowed and scraped his thanks !

“ ‘Come, Thomas, take a glass of cider with me, and drink the young ladies’ health.’ And so he did, and bowed and scraped again.

“ ‘Thank ye, good master : I must now run back ; father said he’d keep my dinner hot, and I’ve got to look to the shears, for to-morrow’s shearing.’

“ And away he ran, with ‘ Good morning, young ladies ; good morning, dear master.’ But I’m taking the tale out of your hands, Marian.”

“ Having arranged everything according to our juvenile tastes of good order and elegance,” continued Mrs. Percy, “ Master South taking by his side the chubby Phœbe, we were not long before we set seriously to work upon the good things before us. Consider how we had toiled, and how hungry we were, and blush not at how we ate. Conversation at once was dropped, save the monosyllabic, ‘ Some ham ? ’ ‘ Please ; pie ? ’ ‘ Beans,’ &c., &c., &c. ; and Mary and I did enjoy those draughts of sweetest milk ! while Phœbe and her beau took glass to glass of cider.

“ ‘ Here comes mother,’ cried Phœbe ; and beside us stood that excellent woman. Cousin rose to greet her, and she looked as if she would, but for her respect, have hugged him.

“ ‘ Oh, my dears, how happy it makes my poor heart to see such good young folks enjoy ’emselves ! Sorry it’s not better fare.’

“ ‘ Better fare,’ cried cousin, never stood before the hungry. King George and his Princes and Princesses never ate a more delicious meal !’

“ ‘ But knowing it was all quite good and wholesome,’ interposed Mrs. Somers, ‘ because I made it with my own hands, I brought a glass a-piece of my currant wine ; it will do your hearts good after your dinner.’

“ With this, cousin leading us, we drank a hearty blessing on that generous old dame. And often as I have thought of that day, I never forget a short prayer in favour of the good farmer and his family and estate.”

“ Appetites appeased, ‘ It’s no use, Mary,’ said Theo, ‘ trying to catch fish just now ; there is not one stirring.’ With this,

‘ There in close embowered shade,
Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
By tinkling rill, on rosy beds,
We lov’d the sultry hours away.’

Mary sat with her back against the tree, pencil in hand. My head lay in her lap ; and so, soothed by our hearty dinner, we rested awhile. In about an hour’s time, as far as I could guess, cousin returned to us. His voice awoke me, and Mary too, I think. ‘ Mary,’ said he ; ‘ I have been down as far as the Powder Mills fence would permit, and have not seen a fish. If you and Marian are refreshed, suppose we walk along the other side of the river, up to Horton Paper Mills. I’ll carry you over the shallow above, and we shall save a good quarter of a mile.’ We both jumped up with, ‘ Oh ! yes ; let us.’ ‘ We’ll try this place again on our way home,’ said he, ‘ if you have no objection.’ And off we started. I was carried over first ; and when Mary was

making the transit, she suddenly exclaimed, 'Let us make haste, Theophilus; look what black clouds are under the sun!' We looked towards the western sun, and simultaneously he dragged us on. The sun soon became obscured; the breeze was lulled; not a bird's note, save the scream of the water-rail, and the 'twit' 'twit,' of the swallow, was heard; no other sound, save the low muttering of the distant thunder, and the deep bellowing of the neighbouring bull. Just as we reached our destination, the thick black cloud was over our heads. Then came big single drops of rain, dimpling the deep dark water of the mill-dam-head.

'That was the very spot, cousin, where I think you told me you afterwards lost that large trout, wanting Mary, and trusting to the miller's man.'

" 'The very same,' replied Mr. South.*

"No sooner were we under shelter of the Paper Mill," Mrs. Percy resumed, "than down came next a light rain, and then such a vivid flash of lightning, instantaneously almost followed by a terrific clap of thunder! Heaven's flood-gates were opened, and down torrented the rain. We staid awhile at the Paper Mill door, looking as 'twere on the intervening space between us and a wind-mill which stood on rising ground not far off. As we gazed, a hissing, vivid, jagged streak of fire ran down that mill, scorching, tearing, and splitting to atoms the massive sail-arms. Simultaneously was the loudest pealing crash of thunder I have ever heard. As cousin said, 'All the artillery of the arms of man might have exploded at that same moment unheeded and unheard.' We paused in horror. We shut our eyes, trembling with terror for a time; we looked again, and saw that the sail-arms of that mill were scorched, torn, and splintered to nought, as though they had been glass. Lessened was each roll of thunder. The heavens grew more bright and brighter still; it ceased to rain; the sun again peeped out. It shone; the storm had passed away. It was a 'summer cloud,' and passed away! The swallow twitted in its hazard flight, and birds began to sing on every bush their notes of praise and adoration. Man stirred again; and when we ventured forth, all Nature seemed refreshed. But oh! how awful are such storms! It makes me shudder even to think of them, even such as we have in England."

"I do not know, after all," interposed Mr. South, "whether a storm so sudden and so short as that, especially witnessing what we did, does not strike to the mind more terror or leave more lasting impressions, than the fierce continuous storms we witness here in the tropics, worse though in reality they may sometimes be. The idea crossing my mind at that moment I have not forgotten: it was, that that lightning bolt might have been mingled into force for the sole purpose of blasting that solitary mill upon the hill-top; that the storm might have come and broken for that sole purpose, and passed away. If so, how terrible! In life we are; a cloud rises; and we are gone."

"Yet," argued Mrs. Percy, "you cannot say the storm was for that alone."

* *New Sporting Magazine*, vol. xix. (1840) p. 228.

"Heaven forbid I should so far presume," answered Mr. South; "I only told you the idea had crossed me. It was so awful! Nay, nay! it is not I that would so far presume to judge the ways of Heaven. I never witness, night or day, or heat or cold, or calm or wind, or hurricane, sunshine or shower, rain or deluge, storm or the sweetest balm that western zephyrs bring, but in all these I say, 'God's will be done, Thy ways are wise.' True at that same spot a man was struck, and left a burthen on his friends for life. It might be for this end or that. We cannot tell for what. And in our ignorance of end to be attained, now or hereafter, can we presume to say if right or wrong? Why even the chain conductor of that mill which was said to be melted link from link into one solid mass of iron in that flash of time, e'en that might serve to teach mankind the power of God! Thousands of benefits, un-noticed by man's mind, doubtless result from every drop of rain!"

"Cousin, dear Theo., Heaven bless you!" exclaimed Mrs. Percy, reverentially. "I recollect," she continued, "at the instant, you cull-d one good thing from out that storm. Now, Alice: what do you think? No sooner had we issued from our shelter, than that youth our cousin exclaims, 'Mary dear; see, see! how the fish are rising! The rain has just tinged the water; now for some good sport!'"

"What happened after that I scarce can tell, so rapidly came each fish into the basket. Mary was all excitement, here and there; cautious she was, keeping out of sight, and sending me below the embankments in search of wild flowers. 'The landing net, the landing net,' was all the cry, and cousin was in ecstasy! At last, as day declined, leaving one-half his pannier's store with the good miller's wife, he led us round the lane, back to our morning's spot, which when we reached, the Moon began to shine on: yet not to shine, for the broad sun of seven o'clock out-faced her. Here again rose the fish at almost every vain delusion cast them. Again the pannier's mouth was filled, and cousin said, 'It is time we homeward wend, and yet, one other throw! Another, and another came. Poor fish! 'And now, 'one' other, which shall be the last.' And what a 'last' it was! The throwing would have lasted as a thought, that comes and goes on the instant, but for that keen and bright-eyed Mary.

"'Look, brother; look under that low-branched bush below the elder. Throw, brother; throw with all your finest art; there lies a monster!'"

"And then away she backed from the stream's edge. Until this moment I had felt fatigued; but now 'twas vanished. Child as I was, I felt my cousins', brother's ardour, and no longer viewing him as tyrant that he was over the finny race, with breath suspended, and out-stretched neck, I watched and longed to see the issue. 'Twas now he 'plied his finest art.' His line upgathered, first he threw his fly towards the opposite bank, measuring his distance; a longer line, and further still he threw, till his fly touched the moss that crested it. Taking one step below, he paused; and now you scarce could see his motion, though the line flew out, and his beguiling fly dropped on the over-hanging opposite branch, and there it fluttered as a thing of life, until it quivered upon the waters. Up came the fish. With gentle twitch and fearful following bend, the rod was raised, and what a plunge ensued! He hooked the fish—the monster Mary spoke of! How it

did rush and plunge, and dart about, "indignant at the guile!" now here, now there, now straining for the clustering weeds, now for the lowest depth, now for the tangled roots. Yet still in vain.

"What shall I do, dear Mary? It is a monster I never hooked before. I am sure it comes from out those stored depths below us. He'll break me my rod, my line, everything; my heart, if I lose him! What shall I do?"

"Courage, my brother; keep you cool, be patient still, and 'ply your finest art.' Mind, mind those rush-flags; keep them far away."

"'Tis vain! I cannot. There, by force he goes, or I lose all."

"Most fatal words! for the fish bending the flexile rod from tip to but, as though it were a willow-wand, with furious rush buried itself among them. Cousin heaved a sigh, and paused awhile; not from his labour, for his hand was steady; but he smiled as though to cheer himself and our sunk hearts.

"Dear gift," said he, "of dearest brother! stand true, and prove thy metal worthy of thy donor; good tackle! look on the eyes which watch thee; shame not thyself nor those that made thee mine! Hold on thy own." The rushes far away, where the fish was, gathered about their roots a muddy bank. The fish's strength grew less, but still the line was so tangled by their strong blades, that hopes of extrication were all vain. We heard one heavy plunge; the struggles were more faint, and by degrees they died away. Now did this Theo lay his heaviest hand on rod, on line, on tackle, and on fish; and so he held his prey. How long he held him thus, I cannot say, but the fish stirred not; till at length, patience o'erdrawn on, he exclaimed, "What's to be done? That fish is dead."

"Such prize you shall not lose," said Mary."

"Marian, you are tired," interposed Mr. South. "Let me once again carry you to the end of that happy day. I remember that, at that moment, the moon was high, and the sun had left us; so was the fish high and dry, as I thought, and as it turned out to be, upon the mud bank. The fish was dead, beyond a doubt; for short-lived is a trout, out of its native element. I plumbed the depth of the intervening water; it was too deep and muddy, for I could not swim. Your 'reeds,' Marian, were 'bulrushes,' and high and monstrous strong; and to drag the dead weight to our bank on shore was hopeless, though I tried. What was to be done? With Mary I held my accustomed council of war:—

"There's no help for it, Mary; if the fish we must have, I must either leave my rod and line, and come for them, with aid, at daybreak in the morning, with the chance of their detriment from the dew, or loss, in addition to the fish being worthless if we get it then, or eaten by otter or water-rat; or I must break away and leave him. What's to be done? But stay; tell me; can you go with me down to the Powder-mills? 'Tis a full mile, you know, that we must walk. Have you strength left for it, and for the same distance home?"

"Her eyes were almost flashing with indignation. But, 'my brother, with you I've energy for anything,' were her words. 'Why ask?'

"You know, good cousin, I was a very foolishly fond brother; so I kissed her dear lips from further utterance of reproach, and then she

hinted—'But little cousin!' 'Never mind her,' said I; 'I'll carry her if she is tired.' Oh! what another storm did this bring on me. 'I tired!' screamed Marian—(your sister, Alice). 'No; I am lively still; quite well; I'll walk it all the way; I should like to go with you; I don't want to be carried; I'm not a child.'

"Heaven forgive thee, Marian, for that self delusion!

"Then, after a whisper with Mary, 'I'll tell you what I purpose, Mary,' said I. 'I must break away from the fish, at all events, if you and cousin Marian will not be offended that I break your gift. It is the chance of war.'

"Oh! get the fish—anything for that end!' cried this enthusiastic pair.

"And then we must go to the Powder-mills, where I know old Joseph at the gate, who'll let us pass; and George Hudson, who has the care of the punts, is a good fellow, and will punt us up to this place again, I am sure; and we shall find the fish and broken line, which I can readily repair.'

"No sooner assented to, than commenced. Dropping my rod, of course, I proved, indeed, how strong the tackle was, which this quondam child here and would-be woman then had contributed to purchase. Laying down the rod, I pulled and tugged with force upon the line; aye, force, until the line broke, leaving, as I afterwards found, not more than a yard of gut with the fish; and now, taking the various bearings of the spot, and leaving it well marked, we made commencement of our moonlight march.

"It was a glorious eve. The moon in her sixteenth day seemed yet at full. The sun had long gone down, yet left his light still lingering upon earth, mingling subduedly with the lesser orb. The grasshoppers chirruped merrily; the glowworm, revelling 'midst the moist grass, strove to outshine the moon; while, save the occasional tinkling of the sheep-bell, or warning bark of watch-dog, 'mute silence hist along,' listening for that shy Queen of Night, that unobtrusive, best of feathered songsters, that bird that shuns the noise of folly, 'sweet Philomel.' At length

—————'The wakeful bird,
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal notes;'

'Teru, teru,' by-and-bye, 'pity me! pity me!' breaking the solemn stillness of that summer night. Oft did we pause, then walked, then list again to those delicious notes that fell upon our souls from out the entangled undergrowth of brake and bush. And then how sweetly smelt that drying new-mown hay, balming the senses! balming them indeed; for poor little Marian seemed almost nodding as she plodded on. I bore her in my arms, and for a while she slept. E'en Mary lingered. I took her arm in mine; and, with the o'er-crammed pannier on my back, was triply burthened. Labour of love! At last we reached the wicket of the mills. Passing right welcome within, George Hudson's punt received us as its freight. Hearing of my distress, with what good heart he used the aspen pole! But now poor Marian awakened from her slumber. Can I forget how merrily I laughed at her young fears as she beheld the charcoal-blackened visage of our

good-humoured, honest Charon, George? And then I saw her tremble at the sound of those great massive stones grinding the powder as we passed along. The 'corning-mill' was silent; so she knew no dread of that which I have often tremblingly fished beside. All chance of danger passed, and confidence restored to the frightened heart of my poor cousin here, how beautiful became that moonlit voyage! the moon's bright beams silvering the rippling water; while the tall poplars ever and anon threw into shade our bark, as it glided past those blackened magazines of death! It was romantic; exquisitely romantic!

"Now, gently Hudson; make for that bulrush, tall above its fellows."

"Hist, sir, hist!" suddenly whispered Hudson in my ear, kneeling down and placing his finger before his lips and mine. 'I see him, sir; his bright sides glittering in the moonshine, and t'other him, too.'

"We three all sat still in the punt. Hudson gave one sly silent impulse to the punt, and raised his pole over his head. In another instant down it came crashing among the bulrushes, with a 'thwack' that startled us to our feet.

"Hah, my boy!" shouted Hudson, 'I caught you, have I? you'd rob Master Thofilus and all of us of our fish again, will you? I'm darn'd not.' With that he lugged into the punt a skull-smashed otter, three feet long. 'That's my prize, master; now for yours, which in another moment this thief would have stoled; quite dead; the goodliest fish I've seen for many a day. The sight of such a fish is worth the labour you've all had. 'Tis not far short of six pounds weight, young master. I'm glad you've got him.'

"Yes; and thank you for it, good George.'

"Upon the bank I sprang, and with me Mary; and how gently, Marian, did that willing man's rough hands guide you in safety to our side! Slipping my solitary half-crown into his pocket (he would not hold out his hand), telling him to give it to his little 'Meg' to buy a doll; with many a 'Thankee, thank-e-e, Master Thofilus,' and 'Good night, young misses, good night, master, and a pleasant walk,' from George, away we started home, and reached it. And what another meal we ate! and how the fish, both fish, were praised! and how my loving father said, 'Theo, you must stick to your books to-morrow!' and yet he ate more fish again, and relished it; and thought—I saw he thought—'He shall not be restrained; he shall enjoy himself.' And how the very servants thanked me for their share of dainty food! and how even the cat, when she had eat the bones, came purring to me! And did I not carry you safely home, dear coz? Oh, what a happy day was that; and how I slept that night!"

"You've carried me safely through 'Marian's tale,'" said Mrs. Percy.

"And wound up beautifully, good South; touching off the nightingale divinely" added Mr. Percy; "and well does she deserve our praises. '*Digna miratu avis*,' says Pliny* in his "Natural History;" but for the benefit of our non-blue-stockinged company here present, I will give you my translation of the passage: 'This bird,' says

* Plin. Nat. Hist., lib. x., c. 29.

Pliny, 'is worthy of our wonder. We are surprised to find in her diminutive body so powerful a voice, so indomitable a spirit. First, a modulated sound is emitted full of music's sweet perfection, and then it is continued with untiring animation; now it attracts by its inflexion, now it strikes by its abruptness; now it is blended in intricate harmonies, now it is recalled and expanded; now it is suddenly smothered. Sometimes she mourns by herself, and then her song is full, dwelling, shrill, rapid, and prolonged; and when she warbles, the thrill is now high, now mean, now low. In short, she emits from her little throat every little exquisite sound the ingenuity of man has tortured from the melody of the pipe. Anon, she challenges a neighbour, aspiring as herself, and the contest is open and animated. Vanquished, she gives up the ghost, her spirit failing before her song.'"

LEAVE BETWEEN MUSTERS.

The annual review and inspection are over. The general of division has expressed himself highly pleased (he always is highly pleased, except when the deputy adjutant-general is bilious), and has dined with us. The colonel is in unusual good humour, and has begun all his old stories over again; they, like wine, improve with age, and grow more novel as to the adjuncts every year, the old foundation alone being retained. There is now some relaxation from diurnal parades and interminable drill. Leave is applied for, and freely given. Captain Grose, who has a sick wife and delicate children, is off to the hills. Lieutenant Buck has gone there too, to see his aunt; his last leave was to the Presidency, to see his uncle. Two or three have gone to the Presidency; Mugger, the interpreter, to pass in his sixth language; Milton to attend the May meeting which takes place in March; Joram to attend his seventeenth cousin, who is a member of Council, and has most unaccountably forgotten to get Joram the appointment he promised him; Rodde the sporting man, Doysdale the doctor, and myself, are off to the Buydulluck jungles and river, to shoot fish and amuse ourselves as we best can.

Rodde thinks of nothing but shooting, hunting, and fishing. He is the busiest man in the regiment, always trying, buying, and selling guns, rifles, and horses, getting ready for his leave; and killing the hot season with the aid of *Blaine*, *Bell's Life*, and the *Sporting Magazines*. What with continued exposure and hard work, he is dyed nearly black, and looks old and worn. He is a very wiry, sinewy man, and can stand a great deal of fatigue. The doctor is also a good sportsman, and a good fellow—dry and humorous. I am a lazy, *far niente* loving man, who ask for little more beyond a book and pipe; and have, until now, done little good in this world to myself, or any one else; and, as matters look, do not seem likely to alter for the better.

Our leave has appeared in orders, and we have signified to our servants our will and pleasure that they should forthwith remove, with tents, guns, dogs, and necessaries, to our first halting-place, some thirty miles from camp. There is a collection of very ill-used and miserable-looking baggage-ponies in our compounds. Our servants are bustling about, obtaining brandy, beer, and pickled salmon from the mess, and other necessaries from the bazaar. By-and-by they have set forth, a motley crew, on their pilgrimage; and we, who are to start at three A.M., have turned in betimes, to enable us to get up so early.

A little before three we are on horseback, making our way slowly under a bright starlit sky, along a dusty and uneven road. There is a pleasant coolness in the air, and we are serenaded by the singular music which is nightly made by packs of jackals in the neighbourhood of Indian encampments, and their unvaried chorus—"Here's a dead Hindoo-oo-oo-oo! Where, where, where?" We ride along slowly and silently at first; men are not, I think, usually talkative in the dark. We are sometimes abreast, sometimes in single file. I do not know what my friends are thinking of; as for me, I feel sleepy, and seem inclined to try the practicability of sleeping on horseback; but every now and then a stumble from my old Arab, Pearl, or a disagreeable sensation of flying through the air, wakens me, with my head nearer the horse's mane than it ought to be. It is dusty, but we have not the clouds of dust which seem to have a partiality for the "reverse flank" on the line of march; and we can also go as quickly as our horses can step out, a privilege which is not ours when accompanying the regiment.

Then comes a cooler breeze from the far-off sea, and there appears the first streak of light in the eastern sky. Things grow palpable, and the stars die out. The road winds away before us, skirting a thick jungle on one side, and paddy-fields in their gay clothing of treacherous green on the other.

There is Rodde on the right, mounted on a dark, wiry, undersized horse; lean, and in great working order, with legs which seem to be of cast-iron. The horse resembles in some manner his master, as being among horses what the latter is among men. Rodde is dressed in a loose jacket, with cord and long deer-skin boots. He has on a basket hunting cap covered with the same material as his coat; and all he has on is dyed of one colour, which he declares is the colour which attracts the least attention in the jungle. His clear, dark, deadly eye, and long, but muscular hands, combined with his equipment, give one the idea of a workman. The doctor, who is a heavy man, is mounted on a large country horse; his costume is a suit of thin tweed "dittos;" and he and I have hunting caps, round which are wound many yards of white muslin, as a protection against the sun. We are clothed as lightly as possible, for the sun begins to burn directly he shows his bright face above the horizon.

We are now able to canter on, and about 7 o'clock we see in the distance a couple of tents pitched under a large tree, and various figures busied in their neighbourhood. We are soon at our destination, and are welcomed by the neighing of the horses picketed close to the tents.

Our horses are given over to our grooms, and we set to work to look at our guns and ammunition while breakfast is preparing. When cool we bathe, and then breakfast. After breakfast, a crew of twenty-five or thirty men and boys (miserable-looking men, with very little clothing, and black with constant exposure—miserable-looking boys, mere flesh and bone) are collected together before the tents. These are to be our beaters for the day, and to receive three-pence each; and glad they would be had they the opportunity of earning three-pence a day oftener in the week or year than they do. They receive their orders from Rodde, and set off in one direction; while we, with an attendant to each, follow another path. We are soon in the jungle, with all its wonders of oriental vegetation, and all its distinctive attributes of nature in its utmost profusion run wild. We push along a badly cleared path or track, and take up our stations, some forty or fifty yards apart, behind a roughly constructed barrier of cut branches. We have our guns and rifles beside us, and wait for the game, which will shortly dash past us driven by our twenty-five beaters, who in the evening will be more than forty, and will try to impose on Rodde, having divided the *wads* which he has given them, with their friends. It is very hot; for, though we are sheltered from the sun, there is not a breath of air, and the compound odours of the jungle are anything but refreshing.

Soon in the distance is heard a confused cry of many voices. The more timid arrivals come slinking softly by us—first a hare; then a jackal; then a wild sow, with her litter following at her heels. We wait for nobler prey: and at last a shot is heard on the extreme left; then one in the centre, from the Doctor; then another, and a dull, sudden crash of some falling animal. I am on the right, and on the *qui vive*. I am anxious to distinguish myself, and not so cool or so collected as I ought to be. A fine sambre dashes by; and I fire. The smoke clears away; but the sambre has disappeared also. "Lugga, you hit him!" says the black in attendance on me; and, though I know that this left-handed consolation means generally a miss, I feel half-inclined to go and have a look for the wounded (according to Bappoo) deer. I am not so foolish, however; and presently I see two bright eyes looking stealthily at me, out of the jungle in front. I fire; and, whatever it is, it is rolled over this time, much to the delight of Bappoo and to mine. I reload; and while I do so, two splendid deer—a buck and a doe) rush by within ten yards. I *have* killed something; but what would I have given to have brought down that buck! Hark! the shouts grow nearer; and the beaters are not more than forty yards off. A mighty boar trundles heavily by; and I break one of his legs in a very clumsy way. This, however, is sufficient detention to enable me to reload, and take better aim next time; but what is a pig to the noble buck I shall not see again! This not being a hog-hunting part of the country, pig-killing was not an offence. Now in the ride are seen the twenty-five beaters, or most of them; and I go to see what it was that I have turned over with my second shot. The secret is soon known; and I say wondrous little about it, for my victim is a jackal. The results, as far as I am concerned, are a lean and wiry-looking pig, with a decent pair of tushes. The Doctor has two sambre—a doe and a young buck; Rodde, a

handsome doe. Their throats have been cut, and the "tralal" performed, with the enjoined words spoken over the operation, after the Mahomedan custom; and the carcasses are slung on poles by the beaters, who follow us back to the tents.

There is only one strip of jungle to which we have not been; and that is reserved for the evening. At the edge of it is a half-dried-up pool of water, to which the various denizens of the jungle come in the evening to drink; and there, under the guidance of Gunnoo, we are to lie in wait, sitting in a damp hole made for the purpose, certain to catch cold, at a great risk of chronic rheumatism for the rest of our lives, and with some hopes of obtaining possession of a fine pair of antlers.

Gunnoo is a particularly dirty and a particularly unprepossessing-looking native, of fifty-five years of age, or thereabouts. He is known the country round as being a splendid shot with his long, unwieldy matchlock; and, if report says true, it has not been always pointed at legitimate game. He was certainly suspected of having assisted the former ruler of that part of the country in which we were, in getting rid of sundry obnoxious personages who did not fall into the meshes of the law; for there is law, after its kind, even in native states under native rule: but law is proverbially tedious—too tedious for barbarians—and a deadly shot in the dark is a more expeditious and scarcely more expensive mode of proceeding. Whether Gunnoo was guilty or not, I do not pretend to say. Under our rule, he was a licensed poacher and spy, paid probably by the suspected and the suspicious. He had been rewarded for showing where a celebrated Lootoo was; but somehow or other the Lootoo escaped; and Gunnoo, I could not help thinking, pocketed the reward, and went snacking in the plunder. I may be wrong; but the man's villainous countenance made me suspicious of him.

At nine o'clock we took up our positions, Rodd and the Doctor in one pit; I, as a novice, with Gunnoo as my "guide, philosopher, and friend," in the other. Smoking was strictly forbidden, and silence enjoined. I sit and watch, with Gunnoo by me; but the moon has scarcely risen, and I see and hear nothing. My eyes can distinguish nothing but the black jungle between me and the sky. So we sit silent; and time goes slowly on; and somehow or other I fall asleep, and dream that I am having a sponge-bath—that the water trickles down my neck, and is deadly cold. I feel a clasp like a vice on my wrist; and I awake, with a convulsive shiver, for a hole within a few yards of a pool of water, and in the night, is dreadfully damp and cold. I remember where I am; and Gunnoo points silently at a black figure immediately in front. I see the outline of a large animal, which seems to be listening, or startled at some noise. I noiselessly put up my rifle, and, pointing it in the proper direction, pull the trigger. There is a moment's silence, and then the fall of a heavy body in the water. At the same time two clear, ringing reports come from the other pit. Our vigil is over. I have killed, not a sambar, as I fondly imagined, but another pig, which seemed to me, before I fired, the size of an elephant. Rodde has a splendid buck, and the Doctor another doe. We light our cigars, and go gladly back; I, for my part, with my teeth chattering, and with the feeling that

an immense wet sponge is adhering to my back, and that sitting up in a pit to shoot deer is absolute insanity. Rodde and the Doctor are in much better spirits: their legs are a little cramped; but they, like Gunnoo, knew better than to lean against the side of their hole, and to go to sleep. I was hot and cold at the same time, and felt I was in for fever, rheumatism, and all the evils that Indian flesh is heir to. I had a warm bath, and went to sleep, firmly resolved to limit my future shooting to the day-time, and not sit up in watery holes, with such a sheitan as Gunnoo for my companion, in future. The next morning I awoke as stiff as a German doll; but this was the only evil result of my ill-timed nap in a half-dug well.

Next day, we progressed slowly to the Bugdulluch jungles, Gunnoo in our company, and promising to Rodde such sport as no sahib had ever yet known—deer, bison, panthers, nay, even a royal tiger, which Gunnoo, out of especial consideration for Rodde, had carefully preserved. I made up my mind to have nothing to do with the tiger, unless I was up a tree, or my shooting improved wonderfully during the next few days. I, with my bran-new rifle, was no match for Gunnoo with his horrible old matchlock; and it disgusted me extremely to see him break bottle after bottle, powder and ball being furnished him by Rodde, who promised him “bucksheesh” to a fearful amount, if by his means the tiger fell before Rodde’s unerring rifle.

P.

A WEEK IN THE WEST.

BY FRANCIS FRANCIS.

CHAPTER I.

“Galway, June 5.

“DEAR BOB,—If you’ve nothing else better to do this hot weather, come over here, and lend us the loan of your company for a fortnight or so. I’ve had a very pleasant trip round from Kingstown, stopping a day or two at the Cove by the way. What a beautiful spot it is! Ah, by Jove! you know, it made me think of Cintra, and the time when—But there! what’s the use of recalling those things? I tell you what you had better do: run across to Dublin, and take rail up towards Enniskillen, and so on to Ballyshannon. I shall be round in Donegal Bay, I expect, in about three or four days, and I shall wait there for you. I find that *The Tern* is a better sea-boat than I gave her credit for, and she won’t stand so dear as I expected. By the way, the hock and soda-water are getting lowish, owing to the great demand. I wish you’d get a couple of hampers from Fortnum and Mason’s, and let them make up another of hams and tongues and potted stuff; and if you can bring a case of Wenham Lake with you, it wouldn’t be altogether unacceptable. Ta-ta! old fellow; I shall look for you in the course of

a week. I've got rifles, and all that sort of thing ; but you'd better bring your own fishing tackle.—So no more. Au revoir.

“ Yours, YORKE BLANY.”

It certainly was awfully hot; not a breath stirred through the Temple-court. The very fountain looked as if the water was lukewarm, and changed into a sort of oil when it did play, but the greater part of its time it seemed too lazy to play at all. I looked out of window, and the passing news-boy was singing languid snatches of “ Johnny Sands,” as though it were a psalm-tune, Old Collection, long metre, and hummed out by a droning clerk with a plum in his throat, such an one as I recollect to have been tormented by, long, long ago, on hot, sleepy Sunday afternoons, when it would have been rapture to have rolled free and unrestrained by watchful ushers, and fears of Scripture History or Greek Testament lessons, under some shady hedge, with fragrant haycocks round me, or upon some shingly seawrack-strewn shore, under the shelter of high-arching rocks and caves, to doze away the dull hours to the lulling music of the ripples on the pebbles. I don't know why that boy's droning lullaby should evoke such a train of thought. Was it the word “ Sands ?” or what was it ? The speculation and inquiry appeared metaphysical; and with the thermometer at 80° in the shade it was too much trouble. However, it served to turn my thoughts towards the fair far western coast, and I read my friend's letter once more. Well, yes, I'd go if it were'n't for the bore of packing up. However, calling my laundress, I set her to do the hard work, and taking the light department myself, we soon made progress; then, chartering a Hansom, I called at Fortnum's, and did my friend's little commissions; and twelve hours after the receipt of his invite I exchanged the inside of my somewhat dreary chambers for the interior of the train.

My friend Yorke Blany, whom I was hastening to rejoin, was an only son of an only son, and had inherited a decent fortune from his father. Yachting was his particular weakness, though he was a sportsman in every sense of the word, and could bag his ten brace on the moors, bogs, or the stubbles, without missing more than a third of his shots; and that, let me say, is not bad work, taking one day with the other, and counting the caps you take out and the caps you bring home, which is a test few sportsmen care to put their shooting to, and which would woefully surprise most of them if they did. It is so very easy to forget a long shot or two, or a snap shot amongst cover, though we never forget to count the heads if we get them. Moreover, he could throw twenty-five yards of line neatly and well, without any bagged line, the fly touching the water first at every throw, and that is more than ninety-nine salmon-fishers out of a hundred can do, who talk bosh about thirty yards. Just measure out thirty yards from the top of the rod, put a good heavy fly on, and see what you can do with it on tolerably level ground—if you don't believe me, friend Salmon-fisher—and if you can get it out pretty well there, try it with a gradually-rising bank behind you—without which you seldom meet a salmon-river—and if you can get it out even there, why then my friend Yorke shall knock under to you, that's all. Besides this, he could ride a steeplechase, break a dog, and sail his own yacht when he chose; and what can a gentleman nowadays want to know more ? To be sure, he was rather just a little soft

on some points—at least I thought so then. Yorke and I had been old schoolfellows, and I had been with him in his first yacht to Lisbon, where— But I have no right to peach upon Yorke's private history. I think he was done as brown as mahogany, still he clings to the recollection: but no matter. Here I am, rolling along forty miles an hour to join him on the western coast of Ireland. I had never been there, nor even in Paddy's land before, so all promised to be new to me. Holyhead is gained and left. I stand on the steamer's deck; it is night; I walk up and down, smoking a short dhudeen, which I always put on when walking plank; I watch the fiends at a species of diablerie down below. Yah! how I do hate the turmoil, and smell of iron, oil, and hot-water, afloat! How I long for the old days of oak and canvas! I can't help thinking we shall all have good cause to regret the change some day. However, after a stiff tumbler I turn in; and early morning shows Howth Head and Kingstown in the distance. Anon I am in Dublin; in another train, and off she goes again. Then I change to coach, the country begins to look mountainous in the distance, and evening drops me at Enniskillen. Oh, what a lovely drive I had the next day along the margin of Lough Erne, that loveliest of Irish loughs, with its hundred islands, to Ballyshannon. I installed myself at a by-no-means-prepossessing-looking hotel, and walked forth. Ballyshannon isn't a very nice place, and, like Cologne, is not remarkable for the sweetness of its natural perfumes. The Erne makes a fine fall here, at its outlet to the sea, where scores of salmon were leaping as I stood and looked at them.

"Deuce of a place," thought I, "to tackle a twenty-pounder in," as I looked at the strong rapid above. I was turning round, after watching the men who were working the nets below, and had just made a good haul of some twenty or thirty fine salmon, when my eye was attracted to a smart sailor-like looking lad, who had been looking on at the men hauling the net, in common with myself and two or three idlers, when, raising my eyes to his natty straw hat, I read the word "Tern" inscribed in gilt letters on the ribbon. "Then the Tern has arrived already," I thought, and I at once put the question, and found that she was at anchor out beyond the bar. The boat had come on shore for some fresh meat, and my friend Yorke was coming on shore in the evening. I resolved, however, to go on board and announce myself at once, and as soon as the stores were got together I got into The Tern's boat and rowed off: a taciturn individual, in a sailor's loose rig, whom I took for the steward, stepping into the stern-sheets as we left the shore.

It was getting towards sunset as we approached The Tern. There she lay, upon a calm sheet of water, her taper spars catching the gilding of the sunset. She was a smart-looking cutter of about seventy or eighty tons; and looked as if she belonged to, and was commanded by, men who knew their business. As the boat approached, something white and fluttering on her deck caught my eye. "Gad," thought I, "I never saw anything more like—eh! why, it is muslin. Hang it, there's another muslin, by all that's flimsy! Yorke's got some visitors on board." As we drew nearer, a peal of silvery laughter rang out over the water, and then I saw two ladies watching the approaching boat, over the gangway. Then I saw Yorke join

them, and they all appeared to regard the boat with curiosity; for Yorke put up his glass, and had a good long stare at me, and then, as if satisfied, handed it to one of the ladies, who appeared *au fait* at the use of a spy-glass.

"In bow!" The boat rounded-to very respectably, considering that the yoke-lines had long been strangers to my hand, and the next moment I stood on the deck of The Tern.

"Why, Bob! old fellow, I didn't expect you so soon. Delighted to see you though, my boy. Well, and how did you—? Lady Betty Lawless; Miss Winchcombe," said Yorke, breaking off, seeing that I was staring with no small degree of astonishment at his lady company, who I at once saw were not chance visitors from the town, as I had at first imagined, "my friend Bob Dalton; best fellow breathing; embrace him for my sake. Your servant?" he continued, looking towards the man whom I had supposed to be the steward.

"No," I answered; "I thought he was one of yours."

Yorke walked towards the stranger, and after a few words had passed between them, he turned his head over his shoulder, saying "Excuse me one minute!" and they went below.

I knew Lady Betty Lawless well enough to know that she was there for the cruise; and I hardly wondered—seeing her there—how Bob had picked her up, for I knew that she had a shrewd method, at times, of picking herself up, and dropping herself down again, in any particular spot she desired to occupy. Lady Betty was a widow: that is, she would have been if her husband had been dead; as it was, he was only dead to society in general, though the law regarded him as alive, and provided lodgings for him in the Bench, which he usually occupied when in town, and where he had been for years, with every prospect of remaining. The Bench had been a sort of family mansion of the Lawlesses from an early period. As for Lady Betty, it made very little difference to her whether poor Tom was in or out: if he was out, he'd sure to be in again shortly; so she gave herself as little concern about him as he did about her, and they got on pretty well, or pretty ill, as the case might be. She was, if the truth were known, "of a certain age," but could get herself up, in a subdued light, so as to be decidedly a desirable party in a crowd. Moreover, she generally had a very pretty girl with her, whom she was supposed to *chaperone* (after a fashion): sometimes she got her *chaperonnées* married; sometimes she didn't; ahem! She held out her hand to me, in the frankest manner. I will say that for her, she had no weakness in that way; she was the frankest soul breathing.

"Ah! Mr. Dalton; 'tis an age since we met," and we shook hands.

"It was at—" and I was going to call the place of our meeting to her recollection, but she stopped me.

"Fie now! But positively, was it at any place that will bear mentioning? For ladies now, you know, consider themselves privileged to go anywhere the men go."

"I think it was at Cremorne," I answered.

"Julia," she said, turning to her friend—a tall, handsome, dark-eyed houri; "listen to the abominable wretch—Cremorne!"

"Well, why not?" quoth Julia, half-contemptuously; "I've been there with Alf half-a-dozen times. Hav'nt I, Alf?" and she turned

to a pallid, used-up looking lad of twelve or thirteen, who was half-doubled up in a camp stool, and leaning against the railing, swinging his legs listlessly.

"Ah! but you always took deuced good care to have company, Joo; and there ain't much fun in Cremorne when a fellow's gooseberry picking, that ever I could see."

"You young limb," quoth Miss Julia, giving Master Alf a bang on the head with the glass, which nearly demolished both, and sent Alf howling below. "He's as bad as a blister sometimes," she said, turning to me, in explanation.

"Well, here I am, giving propriety to this young party, Mr. Dalton; and we've nobody else on board but that engaging youth, who has just vanished like an unpleasant sprite in blue fire. Poor little beast, he's been sick ever since he's been out. I'm afraid he'll make a bad sailor."

"And when he is'n't sea-sick he's tobacco-sick; for Yorke's teaching him to smoke pipes, and between the one and the other I wonder he has any inside left," said Miss Julia, turning away. "But dinner's ready, it seems."

And Yorke came on deck again, and we went down to dinner. I found out after dinner, from Yorke, that Lady Betty had been staying at Dublin whilst he was there, and, hearing that he was going round the coast, and would touch at Cork, she asked for a passage, in order to meet some friends at Cork: "She really did so prefer the sea to that nasty railroad travelling!" He, of course, could not refuse.

"Then her friend Miss Winchcomb met her at Cork?" I asked casually, working a sort of unobtrusive pump.

"No," he answered; "that is, she *was* there, of course. But Lady Betty's friends, the ones she expected, somehow didn't come."

"But Miss Winchcomb?" I ventured once more to hint.

"Oh, yes! she came instead, as it were; and so there her ladyship is, you see, for I must take her back to Dublin, I suppose, somehow; and there's her friend, or—a—whatever she is, and her brother too."

And there they all seemed likely to be: Yorke didn't see any prospect of getting rid of them.

"And, after all, Julia was a very jolly girl, and made herself deuced kind and useful at times, you know, and so-and-so—there they are, and that's all about it, you know. And, confound the weeds! how the salt-water bedevils them!"

"Boat ahoy!"

"Oh! here are your traps. And I say, by the way, you'll have to take that larboard berth that's fitted up in the saloon. I've given up my cabin to the ladies, and they take four berths between 'em. And mind the bulkhead, old fellow; for your crown will be within six inches of Lady Betty's."

"By the way," I remarked, as we sat over our claret, "that's a fine looking river, that Erne. Can one get leave to thrash it? I have'n't had a salmon-rod in my fist these two years. It would be quite a treat to bridle one of the silver-sides again."

"Oh! yes; no difficulty about that," answered Yorke. "Proprietor, Mr. S——, old friend of mine. Give you a day or a week with pleasure. Only, mind, we're off with the tide in the afternoon."

The next morning we went ashore, landing close to the fishery.

"There is S—— himself thrashing the little pool above the fall. We'll go to him." We scrambled down to the river, and passing through a door over a plank that lay across one of the cribs, made our way to the gentleman, who was fishing the heavy steam which I had remarked the day before, and which eddied round into a small pool before taking its final plunge down the fall into the sea. The roar of the fall was rather deafening when you were close to it.

"Mr. ——, Mr. ——," and we were all of us soon deep in fiery browns, golden olives, cock of the rock, and golden pheasant, &c.

"By Jove! what a thumper!" I exclaimed, as I saw the head and shoulders of a huge salmon roll up at the head of the pool.

"Ah!" said Mr. S——, "there are two or three very good fish in that pool. They got in with the high spring tide this morning. I've seen them moving several times, but they don't seem in a taking humour. 'Ah! there he is again'; and up came the fish I had seen. 'Take my rod,'" continued Mr. S——, handing it to me, "and fish him. I'll almost lay a trifle you'll move one of them now, being a stranger to the pool." And after a little hesitation at showing off before such a pair of well-qualified critics, I took the rod and went to work. After a cast or two, to try what I had got hold of, finding the power and spring of the rod all I could desire, I brought the fly nearly aslant by the spot, about a foot above where I had seen the fish move. Jog, jog, jiggery jog, jiggery jiggery jig! "Who, what a plunge, and a flourish of a tail as big as a cobby-book!" He came up, and went down, bearing my bunch of feathers down amongst the water kelpies. There was a pause for some half a second, as if the salmon did not immediately realize what had happened. "Well done," quoth S——; "you're in a twenty-five pounder, and you've got your work cut out." I heard nothing further. I hadn't had hold of a fish for two seasons, so I may be excused for being abominably nervous at the outset, especially in such a state of things, with the largest fish I ever had hold of, and that abominable fall within fifty or sixty yards of us: all the blood in my body seemed to get into my head and ears. First came a desperate rush across the stream; then he went down almost to the fall, in spite of my strong objections to such a course. It seemed, however, as if he was merely exploring his territory, for he manifested no disposition to run into danger just yet: up-stream he came, to the head of the pool again; and then, as if he at last understood all about it, away he went for the fall like a race-horse. I heard S—— calling out one thing, while Yorke seemed shouting another. But the deuce a bit did I attend to them; but away I went after my fish, sometimes in the water (once or twice almost swept off my legs in the terrific torrent), and sometimes out; slipping, scrambling, shin-breaking, but, confound it! giving line all the time. The roar of the fall increased; he was going down it now, there was no mistake about that. I saw a side-stream before me, where there was a tolerable volume of water, and where the rocks seemed rounded as to their edges by the water; it looked the safest place; if I could only steer him down it, he might shoot the fall without our parting company. As good luck would have it, he chose this shoot himself, and the next moment over he went. At one time I thought that all must go as the top shot

down towards the water. All held however; I got up the point again, and, with the rod as high in the air as I could hold it, to keep it clear of bagging on the rocks, I followed to the edge of the fall. A jutting rock ran out, and here I stood winding in the slack; for the salmon having accomplished so much, made a pause under the fall, and I was in hopes of being able to play him in the deep pool at my leisure. But, alas! no sooner did he feel the tightened line, than off he went again, out to sea. He had evidently conceived a horror of the river, and was getting away from it as quickly as possible: and the reel rattled and rang, and rang and rattled, and the harder I butted the more he wouldn't stop, but went away, away, plunging out of water like a mad thing. The seventy or eighty yards were soon reduced to fifteen or twenty. What was to be done? Three seconds would settle the matter. About one-hundred yards beyond, there was a low point; if I could get to that I might do well enough. The fishing boat which usually lay here was gone down to fish the Channel. I could only get to the point by making a *détour* of a couple of hundred yards over high ground. What was to be done? Was I to lose my fish after all? and such a fish too? Not a bit of it. I might swim it: at any rate, I might try. I was wet through and through already. I had rowed ashore, and had nothing but a yachtman's shirt and light ducks and shoes on. So, seeing there was nothing else for it, I jumped off the rock, and in I went, feet foremost. The water rang and bubbled in my ears; but I came up, and stuck to my rod bravely. I found that master *Salmo* was still on; but he seemed to be slackening; perhaps, after all, I need not have jumped into the water. However, as I was there, I struck out for the point with one hand, holding up the rod as well as I could with the other. But just as I had made my desperate plunge, a boat had shot round the point. I saw at a glance that it was the Tern's gig, which was bringing Lady Betty, Miss Winchcombe, and Alf on shore. They had seen my wild leap with shrieks, fancying that I was bent on suicide at least. In half-a-minute two pair of strong arms had lugged me into the boat, dripping wet; but sticking to my fish, I determined, if possible, to kill him, for he was still on, in spite of everything; and I now felt at ease in my mind. I followed him up, as he lugged us slowly round the point; and here, after another round or two, I got sight of him; ere-long I had him in his side, and—heavens and earth!—there was not a gaff in the boat; and if there had been, there was no one who knew how to use one properly. My heart went down into my boots at the thought. Twice I brought him to the side of the boat, sick and sorrowful, with all his beauteous side and armour of silver scales exposed to my longing eyes; and twice the boatman missed gripping him by the tail. The third time the man succeeded in getting hold of him, but not properly. The fish gave a last faint wobble—the tail slipped from the man's grasp, and at the same moment, the hold of the hook, so long and so sorely tried, gave out: the fly flew up into the air, and the fish settled slowly down—down—down—dimmer and dimmer—to the bottom; he couldn't wag another fin, he was so dead beaten, while I— Well, yes; after such a *dénonement* I was dead beaten too, and collapsed into the bottom of the boat, swearing consumedly,

and utterly unconscious of either Lady Betty or Miss Wincombe's presence. "*Ay di mi!*" if ever a fish was between 25 and 30 lbs. he was. Shall I ever hook such another? I fear not.

We landed. Yorke and S— had seen the whole thing from the cliffs above. "Game as pebble," said S—. "I never saw a man make a spread-eagle of himself more recklessly."

"How did he look flying, Julia?" asked Yorke, of Miss Wincomb.

"Look! I declare he frightened me out of my senses."

"What a jolly splash you made, Mr. Dalton! just like a cove I once saw jump over Waterloo-bridge," quoth Master Alf.

"Cove! What a vulgar little wretch you are, Alf!" said Miss Wincombe, slightly disgusted.

"Oh! I say, come! I like that too," retorted Master Alf, "as if you couldn't come out a bit, when you choose, in the vulgar tongue."

I haven't a doubt Master Alf had good cause afterwards, privately, to regret this pretty little speech.

"Now, ladies," said Yorke, "you've just one hour to do your shopping in. The blue peter will be flying, and the boat will be ashore for you at half-past three. So mind, 'time and tide wait for no man.' Bob, my boy, you'd better get aboard, and shift your canvas."

I thanked S—, and nodded to Yorke, as they walked up the bank. "Give way," and off we shot for the yacht again. I changed my wet clothes. At the appointed time the ladies came off—for a wonder—punctually. In twenty minutes we were under weigh. What a whacking mainsail she had! it took all hands to rouse it up properly. Her head fell over a point or two, and in another ten minutes we were walking along handsomely across the bay, with a "sojers" wind, and ere evening were snug at anchor in the beautiful little harbour of Killybegs.

(To be continued.)

SHIRKHARRES;

OR,

NATIVE HUNTERS OF THE EAST INDIES.

BY D. G.

During my residence in Bengal I had frequent opportunities of noticing the various methods pursued by the shirkharres (native hunters) in destroying the wild beasts of the jungles. The above class of people form a distinct community in themselves. They have no fixed residence, but lead a wandering life, roaming from station to station, and domiciling, for the most part, in the jungles, remote from the habitations of man. They are barely clad, and are, symbolically, in character with their avocations, provided with a tiger or leopard skin, which is thrown quite carelessly over their shoulders; whilst they carry with them a

sword infixed in a leathern girdle embracing their loins; a bow constructed from the horns of the wild buffalo; a bamboo quiver containing a complement of poisoned arrows; several yards of stout coir cordage; a matchlock, the barrels of which are furnished with very small bores; and a sufficiency of powder and shot to carry out and execute the purport of their barbarous missions.

On their arrival at a European station, they announce themselves to the collector or magistrate of the Zillah, stating that it is their intention to penetrate into the jungles, and perambulate the country around in quest of such wild beasts as may have taken up their quarters in the vicinity; and that, having been apprised by the cowherds that they have missed several of their bullocks, they have come prepared to abate the nuisance.

By an old order in council, it has been ruled that for every head of a tiger, panther, or leopard, brought into the collector's cutchery, throughout Bengal, by a shirkharree, the sum of one hundred rupees shall be paid by the collector to such shirkharree; and, in instances where the above animals are brought into court entire, the collector can avail himself of the skins of such animals, if he deems it proper to do so. By this means, due encouragement is held out to the hunters to exert themselves in their attempts to destroy these rapacious denizens of the forests, which, in some localities, commit sad nocturnal depredations among the herds of cattle that graze the plains contiguous to the jungles; whilst human beings are not safe from the ferocious attacks of the above sanguinary marauders.

The way in which the hunters detect the presence of a tiger, or other carnivorous beast, is to take up a quiet position in some woodland neighbourhood, from which it has been clearly ascertained that bullocks or other animals have been carried off by beasts of rapine. These vigilant adventurers ascend some lofty tree at early dawn, from which they can command a full and distant view of the country around. Here they remain patiently enshrouded for hours together, watching the progress of events.

Whenever a bullock, deer, or other animal, is taken off by beasts of prey, and carried into the jungles, the same is infallibly attended by a flight of vultures, which birds invariably follow in the wake of carrion; which makes good the remarks we meet with in Scripture, viz., "Where the carcass is, there are the eagles (vultures) gathered together." The instant the hunters detect the *locus* of these feathered satellites of carrion spoil, they carefully mark the spot, being quite satisfied in their own minds that the object they are in quest of is not far removed from the immediate locality of the vultures' presence.

I was once tarrying a few days with a friend of mine at Jellasure, in Bengal,—a wild portion of country, surrounded by extremely heavy jungle, which was infested with wild beasts of every class there are to be met with in the south-western provinces of the East Indian peninsula. My acquaintance was an indigo planter, and resided in a bungalow quite isolated from any human habitation, and thirty-seven miles away from a European station. He was consoled by an amiable wife and two young children, which alone consisted of his domestic establishment, as related to his family, so that he very appositely christened his abode the *Hermitage*. When European travellers occasionally passed, the

way, on a tedious journey by dāk, from the north to the south of India, and *vice versa*, they would stop and pay a flying visit to this "family of the desert," when they were invariably received with a hearty welcome in a sportsman's hall; for my friend could boast of a very efficient armoury, and, with the aid of a few extra hands, could have ably withstood an obstinate siege, when engaged *pro aris et focis*. He was well stocked with fowling-pieces, rifles, and other destructive furniture suited to his circumstances and secluded position of life, and never left home to inspect his farm, which extended for some miles around, without being armed with a double-barrelled gun, and furnished with powder and ball, to resist any attack he might perchance encounter in his solitary and venturesome excursions.

It happened upon one occasion that we mounted our steeds and rode to an adjacent factory, situated at an obscure village named Darogye, a distance of eight miles, passing through a labyrinth of heavy jungle occupied by tigers and other wild beasts—having had to ford the Soobunrecka river, which swarms with monstrous alligators. It was represented to us on the way, by a native that was engaged in working a sugar-cane press with a pair of oxen, that several ponies, bullocks, goats, and other domestic animals had been recently borne off by tigers; and that four or five human beings, belonging to the neighbourhood, had been missing, and no one could account for them. Indeed, whilst we were traversing the sides of the stream, we witnessed the carcass of a steer lying half devoured, that had been but too evidently killed during that morning, from the freshness of its presence, and the appearance of the blood that stained the earth around; whilst the broad foot-marks of a royal Bengal tiger, of a large size, were boldly portrayed upon the bleached sand: the prints were directed towards a small jungle island that lay a short distance off, in the middle of the river, which, in parts, was not two feet deep.

Meeting one of the factory men, he hurriedly told us that his brother had left home the evening before, and had not been seen since; and that he had been looking after him all the morning, but could obtain no tidings of him. This report caused us some alarm, for we now felt assured that there was a *man-eater* in the vicinity; and it is a well-acknowledged fact that, when once a tiger has tasted human blood, he will ever afterwards thirst for the same, in preference to that of any other animal.

After we had surveyed the operations of the factory, we returned homeward, having neared, on our way, a strong herd of wild buffaloes, consisting of nearly a hundred in company, of which we cleverly got clear. We shortly afterwards came up with two shirkharres, and to them we related what had come to our knowledge. They stated that they had proceeded to Jellasore, on a special mission, in quest of a tremendous male tiger, which had been, for many weeks past, the terror of the inhabitants of Dantoon, a small town ten miles off; the same beast having carried off several women and children, besides bullocks and other animals. We desired them to call at our dwelling, when they should be supplied with any articles that they might require necessary for carrying out their hazardous enterprise. To this our proposal they readily assented. On the same night, after we had retired to bed, my ears were assailed by the clamorous and piteous cries of

some animal, which proceeded from a spot contiguous to the bungalow for which I could in nowise account; nor did I ascertain the facts of the case until I rose from my bed on the following morning, when, on looking through the Venetian blinds, I discovered that a favourite pet monkey had been carried off by some prowling predatory beast, and I at once concluded that it must have been the screeching utterance of the poor captive that had arrested my attention on the previous night.

The monkey was chained to an upright pole, which was capable of being traversed by a large iron ring, that enabled poor Sally (for that was the name she went under) to ascend and descend at pleasure. On the vertex, or upper extremity, of this staff was fixed a box, which served the monkey for a dormitory. It would seem that, by some mishap during the evening, Sally had contrived to get the chain entangled around the bottom of the pole, and, being unable to disengage it, had got herself in a fix, and thus fell a hapless and helpless victim to the hungry appetite of some sanguinary marauder. Her head and paws were picked up on the same day in a bye-lane near the bungalow, which her devourer had discarded. In the course of the afternoon a fine leopard was brought in to us by the hunters, which they had destroyed by means of a poisoned arrow, the bow having been planted in a track which the beast was in the habit of using. On the following day we missed two favourite spaniels in an unaccountable manner; and a pony was carried off during the night, belonging to the *police darogah* of the village.

On making application to the European authorities at Midnapore, a fresh force of shirkharres were despatched to our relief, who, in the course of a week, succeeded in destroying nine tigers, leopards, and their cubs; and among the number was the notorious man-eater. He proved to be a beast of immense strength and power; and the men stated that he could carry a bullock away, after he had killed it, three miles from the spot, with ease. His tusks were fearful instruments of destruction, infixed in the head of an animal; whilst the broad ruffe, encircling his brawny neck, gave him a cruelly-majestic appearance. His fore legs were denotative of extraordinary muscular strength; and his general appearance pronounced him to have been, when living, a royal Bengal tiger in the fullest acceptation of the term. For these trophies, the hunters received the usual compensation from the collector of the Zillah.

After my departure from Jellalore, I was informed that a tiger trap had been invented by a native rajah at Midnapore, which proved most efficacious in its operations. By means of the construction of the above apparatus, all objects that trespassed into it were captured alive. It consisted of a capacious-formed hutch, composed of teak wood, stoutly made, and secured on all sides by strong iron bands. There was a partition in the middle, composed of a thick iron perpendicular grating, so as to separate the entrance from the opposite extremity. The door of admission was of iron; and a treadle lay within the chamber, which communicated with a catch placed above, just upon the same principle as may be witnessed in a box rat-trap. A goat or sheep was placed in the ante-chamber, barred off distinctly from, but visibly apparent to, the marauding adventurer. The moment the beast ventured into the first chamber to seize its prey, the door fell, the catch giving way, and

secured the obtruder effectually. The trap was supported on small, but strong wheels, so that it could be moved, by means of bullocks, from one locality to another, at the option of the trapper. There were numbers of wild beasts taken in this toil; tigers occasionally, leopards frequently, and hyenas without end. It was usually set in obscure lanes adjunct to the jungles, where wild beasts are in the habit of indulging in their nocturnal prowls.

THE ALPENSTOCK;
OR, GLACIAL TOILS AND SUNNY RAMBLES.

BY CAPTAIN J. W. CLAYTON,

(Late of the 13th Light Dragoons: Author of "Ubique," and "Letters from the Nile.")

[COMMUNICATED TO, AND EDITED BY, LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.]

CHAPTER XIII.

It was with a pang of regret that we stepped from our dark gondola for the last time, on to the railway platform; and so, with a wild scream, off started the snorting steam-horse of the iron road, and fled with us at his fire-winged heels. Then beautiful Venice, with all its dazzling charms, floated away into distance; and still over the spot, down from the skies a halo seemed to gather, till all remnants of its fairy beauty had darkened away into the advancing twilight, and nothing left but an impress on the mind as of a phantom city girdled around by the waves of an enchanted sea. We were started for Mantua—renowned above many cities; yet, midst the descending night through which we rushed, alone with darkness and our thoughts, these silent friends, and yet oftentimes enemies of man, suggested to the mind not that which was to come, but that which had passed away and vanished like a dream; and so were we wafted back on the bright pinions of memory, and were once again in the gliding gondola, listening to the wild story of the Venetian flower-girl, on the gentle wavlets of the starlight ocean. Her words still breathed forth their beautiful sorrow, and told of a "faithful heart" of undying purity, which the great Father permits but seldom, in his mercy, to linger long and lonely midst the cold desert of life, and in the fulness of mislaid confidence, to give up its sweetness, and to distil its holy sorrow to proud unheeding man; for, as the unprotected floweret cannot live midst the blighting snows of winter, neither can the fair blossom of sympathy flourish alone, untended and unknown, midst the cold and biting blasts which ever sweep with congealing breath over the wilderness of the human heart. Sympathy—'tis a flower growing within the gardens of Heaven, which cannot be transplanted to earth. For in worldly *selfishness*, as with a chain, are fettered and held down all emotions and attributes of man's diviner nature. And, although the gems in the crown of mortality be but few enough, the rarest that are ever found to shine from its narrow circlet, are faithful

love and disinterested friendship ; to wit—the young man who marries the rich dowager ; the libertine who seduces an innocent ; the fortunate heir who weeps over an old relation ; the schoolboy who whines obedience after the application of the rod ; the baby-wife who caresses her infirm and dotard husband. No—concealed the truth cannot be ; all these individuals do but affect or mimic that love and friendship which they never can experience under the circumstances, and are but the slaves of duty and of hypocrisy, or of the universal idol “ Self.” And in his incense and ovation does that idol rejoice, and cares not to shame his suppliants. Alas ! full of fools is the earth, and they are the natural food and the nourishment of the cunning sycophant ; and so on midst the bubble of society do they move, and are devoured of each other, as the weaker mite of the mightier mite in the drop of water of the microscope. The countenance of the world is composed of *grimaces* which are called Politeness, and of *inconstant passion* which is called Love ; and besides are stamped in ineffable characters on its brow *judicious civility, careful protestation of attachment, and polite flattery*, which laugh on under the pleasant masque of Veneration. In fact, it is in making a perpetual exchange of compliments, of which not a word is sincerely meant, that society contains itself.

“ Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit vivere”—

which means, that to a *certain extent* deceit and hypocrisy are necessities of our lives, and therefore practised instinctively and in self-defence, more or less to suit occasion, by all—by old and young, by the good as well as by the wicked.

“ The worldly and the sensual, to gain some end, did homage to religion ;
And the good man gave thanks as for a convert, where others saw the hypocrite.”*

Deceit is the grand necessary evil of life—the subtle chain that runs through the whole of society, and links all its parts together. We do not for a moment advocate its cause in everything, but *assert* that there are frequent moments in our every-day life, when the conscience does not condemn or forbid its usage ; and that that man is little fitted for the hard battle of life, who cannot bear the weight of the armour of dissemblance, or support on his brow the iron casque of composure, to conceal his resentment and to scatter and ward off the barbed arrows which are winged from the bows of a thousand bitter and jealous hearts, from every part of the strife. Nay, how many are there, who so successfully mask their real dispositions as to be esteemed for qualities that they never possess ! However, he who is wise appreciates *all* at its proper value, comparing the man-of-the-world to the actor, who after having apparently thrown the enthusiasm, passion, and whole force of his soul into some beautiful scene of love, romance, and poetry, and perhaps drained the poisoned chalice to the dregs, retires immediately afterwards behind the scenes, to perpetrate lewd jests with the nearest ballet-girl, and, as a substitute for the poison he should have imbibed, swallows a more mortal draught in the quart of brown-stout, drained also to the dregs, from the pewter pot—the poisoned chalice of Barclay and Per-

* Tupper.

kins! In fact, between the reality of life played upon the world's stage, and its cunning mimicry on a theatre's boards, exists there but one difference: whereas the farce of the artificial actor is known from the beginning, and so throughout to the end may the audience beforehand be acquainted with the plot; but in the great drama of life the future is veiled in gloom, and the manner of the last change—the dread hour—unconjectured, and which so often descends upon the doomed head at a least expected moment. Death and Destiny are its names. "The rigid lord which claims the heriot clay"—the great mystery, dark and awful, which is spoken lightly of everywhere, and yet of whose reality and nature all are ignorant, till the dismal banquet-hall of the grave shall have closed upon the children of frivolity—upon the proud youth, firm and erect—and upon the soft and dainty form of a dazzling queen of gaiety, her fairy beauties a rotting mess of indistinguishable offal: all must fall, to sate the fell maw of the royal vampire, grasping his ever-ready prey—the giant Horror, spreading down the dull shadow of its sable wings, and the livid poison of its stony breath, the more heavily in the brightest hour—the inexorable, the omnipotent, the universal Death!

* * * *

Then, with Deceit, is found a twin-brother in Interest—a co-agent where-with the great machinery of human life is kept in motion, which exerts its influence alike in the closet as in the hall, in the lowly hut as in the palace, and which if it were not tempered by a certain amount of *amour propre*, Passion—nearly as powerful, though far less cunningly dangerous—would clog the wheels, and the ship, left to its wayward fate, would drift to hazardous rocks, and founder. Pardon me, my gentle reader, for such digressions as the present one, that may occur throughout my narrative; but if I must write, it must needs be after my own imaginings, and not to follow in any particular or beaten track; and in course of narration it is but natural, in a mind of purely unsophisticated impulses, that from an apparently insignificant topic, the train of thoughts may bear it far through the empire of Imagination and Contemplation—faculties which God has given all, to employ in the consideration of his glories; and in writing thus, the many passing scenes of beauty that travel unrolls to the eye will be henceforth as pictures hung round the chambers of the mind, to relieve the tediousness of many of our life's solitudes. And again, from the embraces of Imagination and the softer Contemplation will be born a noble purpose, serving to widen the mental vision, to give energy to the brain, strengthening it with wholesome activity, as physical exercise braces the body; besides which, it will tend to elevate the higher sentiments by its vivid creations and imaginings, fairer and brighter than any plain realities, which are visible only to the corporeal organs of vision; 'twill be—as the eye of the spirit, shining through its surrounding grossness.

* * *

And so to return to the foregoing subject prompting this discourse, even that of "faithful love;" and that the *purest* and the *holiest* may perhaps be the oftenest found in the "disinterested friendship" that the daughter—the young and girlish thing who is about to exchange the careless joyous days of her maidenhood's young life for the steady dignity and matronly cares of a wife and a mother—may feel she possesses the most truly, as the last trembling tones of a fond father's

warning voice are dying away upon her ear, yet sinking into her heart, as, with the tears gently raining upon the soft bloom of her cheek, and the flashing wheels are bearing her for the first time away from the home of her birth to the sojourn of the stranger, "a change comes over the spirit of her dream." Then, in the father's warning voice, ever floating around like a kindly spirit which has left its casket to follow and still to protect and to guide during the hours of life's first trial, will many a daughter, as we have said, recognize the faithful love and the true friend, as upon creation's morning the first ray of light blushing over the boundless sea disclosed its glorious treasures; and thus perchance, as follows, will that kindly spirit ever breathe forth to the listening soul of its cherished darling, its beautiful, its own:

"Divine Providence, my beloved child, having so ordered the progress of events as to lead you at so early and immature an age to the consideration of the duties of a wife; oh! then listen to a few hints and observations founded upon experience, which may fill up any deficiencies of reflection which the thoughtless season of youth, and in the ardour of that sanguine imagination generally attendant upon the opening blossom of womanhood, usually carries along with it. In thus unburthening my heart, it discloses to you, more than ever, the full, faithful, and boundless love of a father for his daughter, and now decked for a bride; and you must be persuaded that I can have but one object in view, and that—as a bright fountain springing up from the deep sources of the most disinterested friendship—your *happiness*, my child. And earnest is my hope that these few poor remarks may long shine as a beacon, to guide you on your pilgrimage to the certainty and permanency of that most desirable end. That happiness, I can with truth appeal to heaven, is now the principal subject of my thoughts; and were you by a careless footfall to lose it, no tongue can tell, no imagination can conceive the extent of bitter anguish which would spread down like a storm-cloud upon the evening of my life. Sharp as is the pang to see you at your tender age for the first time leave your paternal roof, almost to unman me, yet it would prove but as dust in the balance if ever compared to what I should endure at the sight of your unhappiness in the married state; and feeling that perhaps I may have been instrumental in producing so dire a fate in the darling one that has been the joy and light of my waning life, I should then under the weight of so oppressive a grief soon drop like the withered leaf of autumn, and coldness, bereavement, and mourning be your only welcome back to the dear home of your birth. '*Le malheur c'est l'absence.*' Ah! how true, that we rarely know the *real* depth or truth of our affections, till the dark pall of danger, uncertainty, and absence falls dull and heavy in the path of those we love! *then* it is that we feel truly how near and dear to us they are. Those holy and mysterious sympathies of our better nature are then thrown forth from the bright fountain of the heart, mingling with the fair stream of our softest emotions, and are borne onwards till they become *one*, and united in the deep and eloquent waters of love.

"But to continue. Let me, dear child, endeavour to chase away all sinister visions, and rather conjure up the bright spirit of bliss, which I fondly flatter myself you have it in your power to embrace, if you will but lend me your attention to the exposition of the *four* material ingredients which compose the nectar of the connubial cup. You may

perhaps infer, from my mentioning these qualities as so conducive to matrimonial happiness, that I consider you somewhat deficient in them; and here, with all the fondness, solicitude, and respect of the most doating father to his beloved daughter, who would fain be blind to every little speck in the character and disposition of one so cherished, yet am I bound by conscience, and for your permanent happiness and success in life, to speak well and truthfully the natural outpourings and fears of my heart at this occasion. How much more delightful would it be to my feelings, were I only to expatiate on the many excellent qualities you possess, which have secured you the admiration and applause of many who have become superficially acquainted with you! It would be my pride as well as my joy to wander in such regions, and I have far too good an opinion of your sense to suppose that by so doing I should engender in your mind that contemptible sensation called vanity; but I know it would all be of no benefit to you, and that you would merely hear of what you knew before; whereas, by laying before you a few of the darker shades of the picture, I hope I may awaken in you reflections, which, when fully ripe, will have their due effect in your conduct and disposition. In order then to secure the *lasting* affection of a husband, and upon that affection to lay the basis of woman's happiness, the foremost quality she must exhibit in her composition is *temper*—an amicable temper, that soft, mild, *yielding tone of mind* which wins the heart of every man of feeling, and which more than anything else endears to him the wife of his bosom, and which is naturally his due; for from the beginning has woman been made the *companion* of man, and man the deputed Chief of the Creation. One only can rule, and that the stronger mind. 'Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands;' and 'A house divided against itself must fall.' And though, in the wife's rebellion, therefore, the iron will of man is justly stubborn, ruffled and tossed by storms fierce and rude, yet, under the especially-ordained and gentle influence of his *helpmate* and *sweet consoler*, 'woman'—under the peaceful heaven of her pure affection, and in the holy calm of her sympathizing, enduring, and *yielding* nature—the dark and angry clouds are dispelled, and the fiery spirit of indignation and anger glides into serenity and repose. Rebellion, contradiction, stubbornness of demeanour, are the death of love. Be guarded; for even a hasty or careless word or an unkind look, to a soft and gentle nature, will enter as 'iron into the soul.' And a heart of generous impulses of enthusiasm and of sentiment longs for a kindred spirit, and yearneth for another to commune with its own. Then what a priceless treasure is found, casting a radiance through the vista of passing years! a dear one, gentle, timid, and confiding, to shelter and to soothe—oh, how precious to man's pride! The kindred spirit, my child—the nature capable, in its good judgment, of controlling, nay even *moulding*, itself to the sterner experience and counsel of its lord—is the golden key wherewith to guard the casket of affections which lies in a husband's breast, and so

'Grow up leaning on each other, as the olive and the vine.'

And thus, my daughter, may you both begin your life's trials toge-

her, in quiet and happy confidence in each other, and so to buffet the storms and brave the wrecks of adversity.

"Most absolutely necessary, also, is a total freedom from all petulance, peevishness, and sullenness in the young wife, when things happen to go against her opinion or inclination; for she is but as the young fledgling first endeavouring to spread her untried wings from her native nest, whilst he with whom, in her youthful ignorance and weakness, she would contend, will be as the young eagle, strong and lusty, which has already perhaps breasted, on its broad and waving pinions, the loud, roaring blast of the desolate mountain gale—as it were, experienced the breath of the world. So, moreover, is it most presumptuous in not endeavouring, to the utmost degree, to abstain from violent expressions of anger or dislike against persons or things, and from applying such epithets to them as 'vile,' 'detestable,' 'disgusting;' for these terms are as a poisoned breath, searing to the lips of a woman as would be an oath, and raise in the mind of the hearer an immediate suspicion of a hot and badly-regulated temper. In short, the really amiable disposition I would have you possessed of, by self-control, reflection, and humility, which are 'the fair-haired maids that call worth their brother,' is that in which there are not allowed to spring into life the fewest seeds of *irritability*, and in such a beautiful and lowly disposition of heart will be found the soul's rest, and rest from those stormy and haughty passions which disturb the serenity of life.

"In the second place, I know of nothing so well calculated to endear a wife to her husband, and to rivet his affections, as *docility*—that is, a tractable disposition, and a readiness to be guided on sundry apparently trivial occasions, to *take* advice and to *follow* it, even if opinions should happen to differ upon the subject in question. Every man is flattered by such a ready and cheerful compliance: it wins the way to his heart, and, above all, is a proof of good-nature and of your love. It were needless to enumerate the many cases in which such apparently trifling admonitions are offered, such as regarding, for instance, warm clothing, bodily exertion, precautions against inclemency of weather, remedies for slight indisposition, &c., &c. On all such occasions, advice can only be tendered from the kindest of motives—namely, the well-being of the object to whom it is so offered—and is a strong proof of the anxiety and interest which the adviser feels in its suggestion. Nothing, therefore, can be conceived more chilling, more mortifying, than a constant refusal to put in practice those little submissions to the wishes and recommendations of those who love us, and who cannot fail to feel hurt to the soul at seeing their advice thus treated with contempt. It is, moreover, on such *little* occasions that the character of a person's *temper* is very frequently estimated, and more accurately appreciated than, perhaps, in circumstances of greater importance.

"In considering these two defects, *irritability of temper* and *want of docility*, it must never be forgotten that those fond parents around whose hearts Nature has wound strings that bind closely to their child—their own flesh and blood—will often and often forgive and forget almost every fault; whereas the husband, *whose tie is not that of Nature, but purely artificial*, and almost always the result of his

own forming, can never be so easily blinded, but contemplates these faults clearly, and without the interposition of the veil of the *instinct of parental affection*; ah, and perhaps will he sometimes secretly repine at having, by his own act and deed, brought himself in contact with them. The parents *must* more or less, in spite of the anguish created by the weaknesses of their offspring, tolerate or excuse them; but the husband reflects at once that he might have avoided them altogether, and thus his disappointment waxes the greater and the more galling. Besides, when such disappointment, such chagrin at the experience of his wife's failings, occurs too often, it leads, assuredly, to the cooling of affection, and to the grave where love lies buried, ver which waves in the wintry blast the ice-flower of Indifference; and then, when *too late*, will the thoughtless, proud, and misguided one lie humbled to the dust; and then will *her* soul thirst for sympathy, and hunger to find affection.

“The third ingredient in the matrimonial cup, and which imparts more sweetness to it, perhaps, than all the rest, is habitual *cheerfulness* and *good spirits*. Now I am well aware that animal spirits are a divine gift of Heaven; and blessed are they who have received it. It is, of course, in a great measure constitutional, and therefore not the portion of every one. It depends, likewise, upon strength of mind; for if prosperity is around him, the wise man and good doubts not the continued mercy of his God, and travels on merrily, even over the rougher paths of existence. So, therefore, the more, when there is no particular circumstance to disturb the wife's peace of mind, no heavy affliction, nor any sorrows or calamities whatever, an effort at cheerfulness is her bounden duty and her decided interest, in order to appear pleasant to her husband—to be his fit companion and fellow-struggler through the battle of life. Yet, though prosperity is around, 'tis at the same time wise to be prepared for a change. Although the burdens of life come not as punishment to the innocent, but as a trial of faith, and which may arrive at the most unsuspecting moment; and then, if the offspring of Courage and Cheerfulness be not thy shield-bearer and at thy side, and whose name is *success*, to guard thee and aid thee bear thy cross, 'cold and poisonous damps will descend, and quench the torch of hope.' Say who has not felt the sweet magic of a smile? the silvery rattle of the happy laugh, at once expressing gratitude for past contentment, and hope and faith in God and the future? During the lingering hours of domestic retirement, of which a *great portion* of married life is necessarily composed, what then can relieve those quiet moments so much as that very smile, which penetrates at once to the husband's heart, and there breathes forth calmly and softly its own happy language—'Oh, chief of my love and deputed lord of my life, I ask no more than the happy contentment of my lot, which is cast with thine! for now strong am I and fearless, facing the host of life's natural foes, clad in the full majesty of woman's love, with the firm buckler of fortitude and faith covering securely my heart, where dwells that fulness, that luxuriance of life's life, which is lent me from God, and which for ever I devote to thee!' Who cannot understand such a language? or who can resist such appeal? None, my sweet child! but those whose hearts are as cold as the grave, and as hard as the marble above it.”

WATER-FOWL SHOOTING.

BY AUCEPS.

Independently of the more laborious sport attendant upon "wild-fowl shooting," there is much interesting amusement derived by the gunner in following up a less-fatiguing order of recreation, in relation to aquatic fowl which are not classed under the *anser* and *anas* families. I would in this place allude to the *fulica niger* (coot), *fulica chloropus* (moor hen), *polymbus glacialis* (great northern diver), *podiceps minor* (the grebe), and a numerous variety of waders, including the redshank, avocet, himantopus, sandpiper, and the rest of the *tringæ* species. All the above-named, and many other migratory visitors, who seasonably visit our shores from colder or more genial latitudes, present a wide field for the amusement and recreation of the sportsman.

The "coot" and the "moor-hen" afford excellent sport in localities where they are to be met with in any numbers. These birds affect rivers and fresh-water streams, that are shrouded by bulrushes, reeds, and sedge-grass, in which they carry on the duties of nidification, and bring up their young broods. Like the goose and duck tribes, when first hatched, the *pulli* are enveloped in a protective coat of down, which is, in the course of six to eight weeks, succeeded by feathers, when they, being enabled to shift for themselves, wander into such morasses and marsh-lands as may present themselves to their notice. Here they experience abundance of insect and vermicular food, so long as the weather is mild and open; but as soon as the frosts set in, they are compelled to abandon such districts, and take to the brooks and rivers in the neighbourhood, where the current waters are less liable to be frozen, and where they can better procure a subsistence than in spots the surfaces of which are locked-up against the obtrusion of their soft and tender bills, in severe and inclement seasons.

The "coot" is gregarious, during the winter months; and when frost and snow and ice obstruct the free passage of the water-courses to be met with in the interior of the country, they assemble in vast flocks, and make the best of their way to the estuaries of our coasts, contiguous to which the earth is more relaxed, and the waters partaking of a saline character, are less liable to congelation than the freshes.

These birds, at such seasons, may be readily approached by means of a punt or small boat; and a raking fire with No. B shot, discharged from a moderately-sized duck-gun, will prove fearfully destructive to the above natant colonies. I have succeeded in killing and crippling no less than twenty-three coots at one shot; but not having a retriever with me in the boat, I lost more than one-half of my anticipated booty; for the instance I approached the "winged niggers," they immediately dived, and, like artful dodgers, tired my patience out; besides which circumstance, the delay occasioned by my endeavours to redeem the crippled creatures prevented me availing myself of the more favourable chances of *again* blazing away at the main body, which had, on taking wing, dropped about one hundred yards off in the tide-way.

I followed up this class of sport every day throughout the duration of the above severe season (Sundays excepted), and on enumerating my success, on the score of numbers killed and secured, I found that I had bagged one hundred and forty-two of the above birds in the space of nine days.

Those persons who follow up the pursuit of *coot* shooting from motives of gain, are in the practice of retailing this class of fowl to the families residing in the neighbourhood of their vocation, at the rate of sixpence apiece; and they make a good thing of it when the flocks are strong and "come-at-able." For my own part, I disposed of my share of sport to the poor of the parish in which I resided, who regarded the same as luxuries of no ordinary character.

By the way, I may here name that the *coot* is one of the most difficult birds to pick clean, on account of the great quantity of closely-adhering black-down annexed to the flesh, which is experienced in cleansing it. To obviate the above difficulty, let the person engaged in such a capacity, after the feathers have been expennated from the body, whilst the down is left separate and alone, immerse the bird in a pan of scalding water for a minute and a-half; then, with the aid of a handful of finely-powdered resin, which must be rubbed over the whole of the skin of this aquatic fowl, the black-down will yield instantly to the friction of the hand, and expose the appearance of the body in the light of a clean-picked duck or chicken. As the "coot" is not often to be witnessed as an edible feature in the halls of the epicure, it is not, nevertheless, on the above account, to be absolutely overlooked and despised. When picked clean, trussed after the fashion of a widgeon, and treated culinarily in the same or a similar manner, it must be a very nicely-discriminating judge indeed, who can detect the difference inter-existing between the one and the other. The usual way they are prepared by the generality of persons on the Dorsetshire coast, is to stuff the same with sage and onions, as is the custom pursued in regard to geese and ducks; and very good eating they are, when cooked after this manner.

In mild, genial seasons, the above birds are to be met with, occasionally, in the reeds and osier beds of rivers, as also on the face of meers and other expansive waters: in such cases, they are not gregariously disposed, but are for the most part to be witnessed separate and alone. From the paucity of this fowl discovered throughout the kingdom during the open months of the year, compared with the immense armies of them which affect our estuaries in hard winters, I am induced strongly to opine that the main body of the same migrate hither from Holland, France, Germany, and other continental districts, where they are to be recognized all the year round; or they may proceed to this our island from still colder latitudes—perhaps Denmark, Norway, and the Scandinavian regions of the North, as does the "hooper" (wild swan), together with the large family of the goose and duck tribe.

That the "coot" breeds in this country is certain. It is to be met with in abundance in the tropical regions, in a great variety. There is a species of *fulica* to be noticed in Bengal, which assumes a light blue plumage, with a scarlet bill, which imparts to it a very unique appearance. The same are to be found in the *paddee* fields, when the rice crops are saturated with the periodical rains during the wet monsoon.

The *fulica chloropus* (moor or water-hen) is an aquatic bird, with which the English sportsman is well acquainted. Its haunts are similar to those of its congener, as before-named. I have experienced admirable diversion in following up these river fowl, which, when hotly pressed, will betake themselves to expedients, by way of eluding the vigilance of the shooter, which are scarcely to be credited. On the occasion of their first taking wing, if they rise within shot range, they are easy objects to bring down, as their flight is clumsy, on account of the length of their nether limbs, which are out of all proportion to the natural size of their bodies; so that, in making aerial way, their feet, or rather claws, protrude in an awkward manner, beyond the extent of their caudal extremities, as is the case with the heron in effecting its volitations. This produces an unseemly gait in the creature, attended with much embarrassment to it in the operation of its flight.

When these birds are numerous, moor-hen shooting proves a very interesting and animating diversion to the gunner, by way of a change in the course of his ordinary pursuits. An old naval officer, an intimate friend of the writer, was particularly addicted to this especial class of sport. He resided at a village on the Hampshire coast, which was contiguous to two streams that intersected woods and wild grounds; the same furnished abundance of shelter and accommodation to the above race of the *grallæ* tribe. He was accompanied by an old faithful Newfoundland dog in his shooting excursions, who was a sagacious retriever; and Neptune and the Captain might be almost daily observed, during the rigorous extent of the winter, perambulating the sides of the rivers, intent upon their favourite sport. This old sailor had been, in his early days, inured to the cold, by having cruised in the Baltic for some length of time, during the war with Denmark, and was second lieutenant on board the Dictator, of 64 guns, when that ship took the St. George in tow, during a violent gale of wind off the Texel, from which latter vessel the crew were, with a view to self-preservation, imperiously necessitated to cut away; and lamentable to record the fact, both the Hero and St. George foundered upon that ill-fated occasion. The Captain made "moor hen" shooting a sport of his own peculiar choice, and took great delight in indulging in this singular pursuit. He has oftentimes recounted the tedious hours he has spent in securing a bird that had baffled both dog and man in their joint endeavours to obtain it. The winged game would dive within two inches of the retriever's nose, amid the partially thawed ice, that had been fractured by cattle and other incidental causes, taking temporary refuge under the lee of some old pollard tree, the roots of which communicated with the under-current of the water. This *dernier ressort* adopted by the unwilling-to-be-captured water-hen was viewed by the marine sportsman in precisely the same light that a huntsman would discuss the astute sagacity and instinct of a hard-pressed fox that had earthed within near reach of the onward-pushing eager pack he was engaged with. However severe the weather might prove, the Captain and his companion were not to be put off by such temporizing manœuvring. *Cap-à-pied* with a silver-grey seal-skin cap and coat, both of which were united in the make—the former standing up stiffly over his head in a cone-formed shape, which gave him the appearance of a Laplander; fortified, at the same time, with a pair of impenetrable leather fen boots, they waged war

with the frozen element, and would break the stubborn ice, where it was possible to overcome it, in sanguine search after their amphibious quarry. It would occupy, occasionally, the pair of the pursuers an hour, before they were fortunate enough to surmount the obstacles which they had to encounter; but it very seldom occurred that a bird, under such trying circumstances, escaped their persevering energies to possess it. Had an otter proved the object of the Captain's pursuit, he could not have taken more pains to secure his anticipated prize. I have myself hunted "moor-hens" in the same locality as that above-named, but not in the same spirit as my friend the Captain. I invariably used spaniels for this order of sport, and have, in fair, mild weather, contrived to pocket from three to four brace in a few hours. I have also alighted upon water-rails in the like vicinity, and, occasionally, "divers" of different denominations. I once shot, whilst in quest of "grebe," a rare specimen of the *grallæ* known as the "stilted plover" (*charadrius himantopus*), so called from the unusual length of the bird's legs, when compared with the size of its body. Numerous descriptions of sandpipers are to met with, on the shallows of the streams in the above district, which afford good amusement to an idle sportsman. The whole of the above birds, with the exception of the "grebe," are suited for the spit, and constitute a little variety in the character of a culinary *gusto*.

At a spot known as Sowley, near Baddesley, in Hants, is a very extensive meer, called Sowley pond, covering some acres of ground, surrounded by thick covers, and, on the face of the aforesaid water, coots and moor-hens are plentiful. The same are preserved and encouraged by the keepers, who are engaged in the employ of His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, who is lord of the manor of Beaulieu. I have, in traversing the road between Lymington and Hythe, had occasion to notice some scores of water-hens in this meer, which appeared as tame and familiar with the passing stranger as domestic ducks or other poultry would be. There are quantities of these birds to be met with on the river Cam, between the town of Cambridge and the Isle of Ely, which, not being looked upon as legitimate game, prove unworthy the consideration of the fen-going sportsman.

I once encountered a singular instance of the instinctive faculty of self-preservation in the above bird. I was occupied in snipe shooting in the meads around the village of Finchley, in Middlesex. My spaniel, Dash, put up a moor-hen out of the brook which passes through the fields in the above neighbourhood. In consequence of a hedge intercepting the object on the wing and myself, I was unable to get a shot at the bird, but I observed it, after flying a short distance, descend again into the stream. The dog hunted around the spot on which it had alighted for some considerable time, without success; although, by his bustling action, I felt certain he was conscious that his game was close at hand. Casting my eye into the water, I perceived a small red speck, resembling a minute berry, stationary upon the surface of the stream. Examining the object more closely, I perceived that it became suddenly submerged. This fact hinted to me that it was an animated speck I had perceived, and, surely enough, I found it so to prove. It was the extreme point of the bill of the bird, which latter was discovered to be adhering by its claws to a patch of weeds, to evade the

notice of its pursuers. The presence of the beak only was necessarily exposed, as it assisted its feathered owner in the operation of venting.

The "water-rail," like the "land-rail" or "corn-crake," is very difficult to raise upon the wing a second time, after it has been once flushed. It secretes itself amidst the sedge and rushes, and runs with great rapidity, resembling, in its movements, a rat more than a bird. Both the moor-hen and the latter specimen, when submitted to the guardian of the kitchen as culinary features, should be furnished with veal stuffing, and liberally basted with butter. Cooked after this manner, they form by no means a despicable feature in the catalogue of kitchen economy.

THE WARREN HILL.

ENGRAVED BY E. HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY J. F. HERRING, SEN.

We are old enough to remember when the Warren Hill in the hands of Mr. Herring would have made the subject of a very different picture. At that time he would have associated it with his first great study, the English race-horse, and have shown us the Derby nags as they walked round and round the Warren enclosure. The Warren was in those days what the Paddock is now, only even more quiet and picturesque in its appearance. For a shilling, or at most half-a-crown, if we recollect aright, you were entitled to a view of the lions. It closed, however, soon after we "came out," as they of the beauties at Almack's, and with it went the Ring on the hill, and the crowd at the Post. The Grand Stand has given quite a new phase to the business of a Derby day.

And we can fancy the artist climbing up to the Warren Hill again, some summer afternoon, to muse on the desolation before him. What models of beauty and strength and fleetness has he whilom found here!—first favourites and actual winners, in such a bloom of health and high condition as to ask all the power even of his pencil to equal it. Shall he sketch them again from memory? Have a quiet nap, and dream it all over again? Or go down without an effort at the blank before him? Yet, stay: there is a picture still—a keeper ferreting rabbits. Here are his hat, and his terriers, and some of the spoil. What a group they make! And out comes the pencil, and J. F. Herring has painted the pastimes of the Warren Hill once more—as they were, and as they are.

When Wilkie undervalued that wondrous gift of his, and ambitiously sought for something more worthy of his pencil in the Historical, it is well known how comparatively he failed. But the change in Herring's fancy has been achieved at no cost either to himself or his patrons. His race-horses rank as highly as ever they did, at the same time that his homestead groupings and rural scenes have made for him a far greater name with the world. It is, indeed, curious how such a thorough difference of style and treatment could have been brought about. Twenty



The Mother Dog.

years since, and there were plenty of people ready to tell you Herring could paint nothing but a horse and jockey, and now he rarely touches on one or the other. Sportsmen will hardly like to lose him, but they may fortunately find much to dwell over in these landmarks of his second era. As we said long since, it was a lucky day when he tucked up his trousers and walked out of the nag stable into the farm-yard.

The more immediate subject of our plate is becoming rather a momentous question just now. The gamekeeper and his perquisites have had to stand up against a good deal of hard hitting, and the rabbits, most probably, will have to endure even more yet. Indeed, every man's hand is against them; and as the law goes far to countenance this, we may expect to see them gradually thinned out. A plague of rabbits in a well cultivated district is, no doubt, a terrible nuisance, while there is really little in the way of sport to be argued for its countenance. So long as there are enough to feed the house and the foxes, the keepers had better be kept to their own proper business of rearing pheasants, and not to making a market at their neighbours' expense. In a range of rough country, however, like the Warren Hill, a morning's rabbit shooting and ferreting is a very agreeable occupation, and our Illustration, accordingly, quite "in order."

THE MEASUREMENT AND WEIGHT OF FISH.

BY THEOPH. SOUTH.

"Fisherman's weight!" What is this? What is this, even in the mouths of and among anglers themselves, but a gibe and a sneer! For my own part I have never "imagined" the weights of my fish—first, because I have never taken or lost "extraordinary" fish; and, secondly, because I have always been known to carry a pocket weighing machine (Seibe's) with me, and weighed my own caught fish on the spot, or in presence of others, and have perhaps "bored" brother-anglers by insisting on the rude inquisitiveness of weighing theirs also. It is not, therefore, for myself that I plead against that "gibe and sneer," but for others; because I see from the following table of weights, lengths, and girths, how impossible it is to state the weight by the guidance of the eye. Time was when from habit I could certainly tell within half a pound or so, but the habit is gone.

In some clubs and fisheries a minimum size is fixed upon, under which no fish may lawfully be taken, and this rule is rigidly enforced; and sometimes this minimum is expressed in weight, and sometimes in length, and sometimes "of so much weight, or of such a length," either being the guide. But, from my table it will be seen that weight is no exact guide to length, nor length to weight. A salmon of 5 lbs. and of 5½ lbs. may each be of 24 inches' length and 12½ inches' girth, and a fish of 6 lbs. may only be 24½ inches' length and 11½ inches' girth.

The table might perhaps be interesting to anglers, and conduce to reflection on the part of ichthyologists; but it may also serve as a guide to those who frame the rules of fisheries.

SCALE OF WEIGHTS OF SALMON, WITH LENGTHS AND GIRTHS.

Lbs.	LENGTH. Inches.	GIRTH. Inches.	Lbs.	LENGTH. Inches.	GIRTH. Inches.
5	23	13	11½	33	16
—	24	12½	11½	33	15½
—	25	12½	—	28	18
—	26	12	—	31	16½
5½	24	12½	11½	32	16½
—	25	13	12	32	17
6	26	13	12½	32½	15½
—	24½	11½	13	33	17
—	27	13	—	34	17
—	26	12½	—	34	16½
—	26	13	—	34	16½
—	27	13	13½	32	16½
—	27	12½	13½	33½	17
—	28	13	14	35	17½
—	27	12	15	36	17½
6½	27	14	15	35	17½
—	27	13½	—	34½	18½
—	28	13	15½	35	17½
—	27	12	15½	33½	17½
7	27	14	16	34	18
—	27	14	16	34½	18½
—	27	14	16½	35½	18½
—	27	13½	17	36	18½
—	28	13½	18	35	19
—	29	14	18½	36½	19
—	28	13	18½	36	19½
7½	28	14	20	36	20
—	28	14	21	42	18
—	29	14½	22½	38½	21
—	28	14	23½	37½	22½
—	28	14	25	42	21½
8	27	15	26½	43½	21½
—	28	15	28½	42½	22½
—	28	15	30½	43½	24½
—	29	14½	33	45	22½
—	28	14	38	48	24
—	28	14½			
8½	30	14		SEWIN.	
—	29	15	6	28	12½
—	29	15			
—	30	14		TROUT.	
9	31	15	1	12	8½
9½	29½	15½	1½	15½	8½
9½	30	15	2	16	8½
9½	31	15½	2½	16	8½
10	32	15	—	19	10½
—	32	15½	2½	21	9½
10½	31½	15½	3	19	10½
11	31	16	—	19	10½
—	32	16	9½	26	20



H. P. BAKER

1871

Confidence

... of ... the ... of ...

... published by ...

C O N F I D E N C E ,

A NORFOLK COB,

THE PROPERTY OF MR. HENRY OVERMAN, OF WEASENHAM.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. ENGLEHEART, FROM A SKETCH BY H. P. BAKER.

"Norfolk," said Lord Albemarle, at the last meeting of the county agricultural society—"Norfolk produced good turnips, good partridges, good turkeys—good everything in fact; and he remembered that in his younger days it produced also a good breed of trotting horses. Who did not recollect the famous trotting Fireaway? He was afraid that the breed was now very nearly extinct; though he should, personally, be very happy if it were not." Mr. Spooner, one of the judges, during the course of the evening, followed on the same side: "There was one particular class of horses to which a noble lord at the head of the table had called attention: the class of trotting horses, of which, as a south-countryman—never having acted as judge at any of the Norfolk shows before—he had certainly expected to find some. If there were any of that celebrated trotting breed existing in some of the distant nooks of the county, let them not lie dormant. He used the word 'dormant' advisedly, because if such an animal, having powers of propagation, were not shown at the society's meetings, he was asleep, or, at any rate, his master was. He trusted that the breed had not entirely disappeared. Such horses, which had been heard of elsewhere, had been greatly prized; and if those present would listen to a word of advice, he would say to them, 'Cherish what remains of this breed as you would that you prize and value most highly;' because, if the good fore-quarters, fore-legs, and action of the Norfolk trotter were once lost, they could never be restored. What remained of the breed should be propagated to the utmost extent."

This is good sound advice, especially in times when a clever hack is difficult to find. But we are at any rate enabled to preserve a sample or two of the sort. Confidence is by Baldwin's well-known Robin Hood, a Norfolk hackney of the purest blood, out of a cob mare ridden for many years by Mr. Overman. Confidence himself stands fourteen hands high, is quite up to sixteen stone, and, in addition to sundry other recommendations, has that greatest of all for a hack, remarkably good action. His owner, Mr. Henry Overman, one of the Holkham tenants, has been yet more famous for another description of stock—his flock of Southdown sheep, which, however, was dispersed in the Autumn of last year.

SPORTING ANTIQUITIES.

BY HOARY FROST.

CHAP. II.

In our last we gave some account of the "Boke of St. Albans," as one of the most antiquated treatises extant, on old English Sports, with a slight biographical sketch of the lady-authoress: there are yet several remarkable passages in that work, which it is our purpose to discuss, with a few carefully-selected extracts, such as we hope may amuse and edify our readers.

The roundelay upon the proper seasons for hunting wild animals, tends to show, that the hare was formerly hunted from Michaelmas to Midsummer, the "roobucke" from Easter to Michaelmas, &c., as will be gathered from the extract:—

"Tyme of grece begynnyth at Mydsomer daye,
 And tyll holy Rode daye lastyth, as I you saye,
 The season of the *foxe*, fro the Natyuyte,
 Tyll the Annuncyacon of Our Lady free.
 Season of the roobucke at Ester shall begynne,
 And tyll Myghelmas lastyth nighe or she blynne.
 The season of the *roo* begynnyth at Myghelmas,
 And it shall endure and laste vntyll Candylmas.
 At Myghelmas begynnyth huntynge of the *haare*,
 And lastyth tyll Mydsomer there wyll no man it spare.
 The season of the wulfe is in eche countre,
 At the season of the *foxe*, and ever more shall be.
 The season of the *boore* is from the Natyuyte,
 Till the Puryfyacon of Our Lady soo fre.
 For at the Natyuyte of Our Lady swete,
 He may fynde where it gooth vnder his fete,
 Both in wodes and feldes, corne and other frute;
 Whan he after foode makyth ony aute.
 Crabbes and oke cornes, and nottes there they grow,
 Hawys and hepes and other thynges ynow.
 That tyll the Puryfyacon lastyth as ye se,
 And makyth the boore in season to be;
 For whyle that frute maye last, his tyme is neuer paste."

In hare hunting it was formerly the custom to speak to the dogs in French. Words of encouragement and censure in that tongue are found in most of the old treatises upon the subject: from which it appears that down to the fifteenth century, the same language, or a jumble of French and English was used. For instance:—

"*Ha cy touz cy est yll*, soo shall ye saye,
Venez arer so how sa, also loud as ye maye;
Sa cy ad est so how, after that,
Sa sa cy avaunt—and therof be not lat."

There are many such expressions given among the instructions and advice to hare hunters in the "Boke of St. Albans;" one more specimen must suffice:—

“And yf your houndes renne well at foxe or at doo,
 And so faylle at defawte saye thus ferder or ye goo.
Ho, ho, ore snoef, aluy douce a luy! that they here ;
Ho hoy, assayne sa arere!
 So how, so how, venez a coupler! and do as I you ken.
 The more worshyp maye ye have amonge all men.
 Your craftes let not be hydde, and do as I you bidde,
 All my sones in same, and thus may ye knowe of game.”

The words “so ho!” were always addressed to the dogs on first finding the game, in the same manner as now spoken in the shooting field ; but they were also, it appears, sometimes used in another sense in the days of the Lady Juliana Barnes. At the close of the hunting roundelay are profuse instructions, in rhyme, for cutting up the hart and wild boar ; and thus terminates the book of hunting :—

“Explicit dame Julyans Bernes doctryne in her boke of huntynge.”

The book then follows with some very quaint remarks on beasts of the chase, with sundry scraps in character with the age ; *ex. gr.* :—

“THE PROPRIETTES OF A GOOD GREYHOUNDE.

“A good greyhounde shoulde be heeded lyke a snake,
 And neckyd lyke a drake,
 Fotyd lyke a catte,
 Tayllyd lyke a ratte,
 Syded lyke a teme,
 And chynyd like a beme.”

“THE PROPRIETTES OF A GOOD HORSE.

“A good horse sholde have XV propriytes and condycons. That is to wyte : thre of a man, thre of a woman, thre of a foxe, thre of a hare, and thre of an asse. Of a man, bolde, prowde, and hardy.
 Of a woman, fayr brested, fayr of heere, and easy to lippe vpon.
 Of a foxe, a fayr taylle, shorte eeres, wyth a good trotte.
 Of a haare, a grete eye, a drye heed, and well rennyng.
 Of an asse, a bygge chyn, a flattelegge, and a good hove.
 Well trauelyd wymen nor well trauelyd horse were neuer go.”

Then occur sundry admonitions to the sportsman, as to early rising, serving God devoutly, &c., &c., with the following malediction :—

“Who that buyldeth his house all of salowes,
 And prycketh a blynde horse over the falowes,
 And suffryth his wyfe to seke many halowes,
 God sende hym the blysse of everlastynge gallowes.”

The subject of the rhyme concludes as follows :—

“Two wyves in one hous,
 Two cattys and one mous,
 Two dogges and one bone,
 Thyse shall never acorde in one.”

Before taking leave of the “Boke of St. Albans,” there are some other remarkable peculiarities connected with that curiously interesting work, to which we purpose alluding. It is not exclusively a treatise upon the particular branches of English sports already spoken of, but of the three which in those days were most popular, viz., hawking, hunting, and fishing : with a treatise on “coat armour and blazing of

arms." The reason assigned for adding the latter to the Sporting Treatises, is stated in the following explanatory paragraph:—

"And for by cause that this present treatyse sholde not come to the handys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it yf it were empynted allone by itself and put in a lityll plaunflet; therefore I have comylet it in a greter volume of dyverse bokys concernynge to gentyll and noble men, to the entent that the forsayd ydle persones, whyche sholde have but lityll mesure in the sayd dysporte of fysshynge, sholde not by this meane vtterly dystroye it."

In those days the professors of the gentle craft (or, at least, the authors of the work under discussion) were actually afraid that a wide, or general circulation of the "Boke of St. Albans," revealing all the secrets of "fysshynge," as then understood, would enable people to catch every fish in the waters, and so destroy their sport! With what different notions do the fishers of the present day regard such antiquated and erroneous ideas! well knowing that were all the arts and ingenuities of man combined in one great object of exterminating the country of fish, they would be utterly useless, and the object impossible to be accomplished. So absurd an idea cannot at the present day for a moment be entertained. Such, however, were the fears of the authors of the "Book of St. Albans," which only prove the monstrous high opinion which existed in those days of the perfection to which it was considered the art had arrived. But what would they say to the beautiful art of fly-fishing, as now practised, and the skill of modern anglers? More books have been written on the subject of fishing than of any other sporting pursuit. The literary world is glutted with books on the art of angling and fly-fishing—a circumstance only to be accounted for in this way: that of all sports it is the least expensive; consequently it has more disciples than others. It is, besides, a retired and contemplative sport, such as many men of quiet and studious habits, and of literary tastes, are more likely to indulge in, than the more public and expensive diversions.

By way of contrast to present ideas upon this art, with those of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, let us borrow a few short extracts from the antiquated production before us.

The frontispiece which embellishes that part of the work devoted to the subject of fishing is most grotesque, exhibiting an angler, with apparatus of the rudest description, about to land a fish he has caught; the attitude of the man is so ridiculous as to provoke a laugh from the most sedate reader. The treatise commences with an allusion to the "Parabyls of Salamon," and drawing an inference from them that good sports and honest games are the direct cause of promoting long life. The author then speaks of the "foure good disportes and honeste gamys" of hunting, hawking, fishing, and fowling, and adds—"The best, to my symple dyscrecon, whyche is fysshynge, called anglynge wythe a rodde and a lyne and an hoke. And thereof to treat as my symple wytte may suffyce, both for the sayd reason of Salamon, and also for the reason that phisyk makyth in this wyse—*Si tibi deficiant medici, medici tibi fiant; hec tria mens, leta labor, et moderata dieta.*" The Latin is thus copiously translated by the author:—

"If a man lacke leche or medycyne he shall make thre thynges his leche and medycyne, and he shall need never no moo. The fyrste of

theym is a merry thought; the seconde is labour not outrageous; the thyrd is dyete mesurable."

There then follows an admonition to the man who would desire to be always in merry thoughts and glad spirits, advising him to eschew all contrary society, and all places of debate, where he might have occasion for melancholy; to avoid all places of riot, and draw himself to places of sweet air. The author then makes another bold stand for his favourite pastime of angling* as superior to all other; and speaks of hunting as nothing at all in comparison with fishing. The hunter, he states, bloweth the horn till his lips become sore; and full often, when he thinks he has found a hare, it turns out to be nothing but a hedge-hog, and thus he chaseth he knows not what. He comes home at night in pelting rains, weather-beaten and thorn-pricked; his clothes torn, feet wet, and boots miry; some hounds lost, and some lame. The author then launches out in a similar tirade against hawking and fowling, and draws an inference from his own doctrine that fishing has none of the disadvantages of other sports, but that no man is so merry-spirited as a successful angler.

In the days when the "Boke of St. Albans" was written, there were no fishing-tackle shops, nor fish-hook makers; the angler had to make all his own tackle, and even his fish-hooks, for they could not be bought for love or money. "Yf ye woll be crafty in anglynge, ye must fyrste lerne to make your harnays." Thus there are full directions in the treatise for making fish-hooks, as well as other articles of tackle then considered essential in the art; for which purpose there is an engraving of all the tools necessary to be used, comprising hammer, knife, pincers, clam, wedge, file, rest, and anvil. With these tools—and these only—the angler is directed how to make fish hooks, and, indeed, all his fishing articles: the fish-hooks to be made out of steel needles heated in a charcoal fire.

Instructions then follow as to the number of horse-hairs to be used for making the fishing-line of sufficient strength for catching fish of different weights and sizes; the ideas with regard to which will cause a smile from many an angler of the present day, whose delight is to take large fish with a single hair. The angler is directed to use a line made of *one* hair for the minnow; *two* for the roach, the bleak, the gudgeon, and the ruff; *three* for the dace, and great roach; *four* for the perch, the flounder, and bremet; *six* for the bream, tench, and eel; *nine* for the trout, grayling, barbel, and great club; *twelve* for the great trout; *fifteen* for the salmon; and for the pike a chalk line armed with a wire.

Then follows a dissertation on the art, with directions as to time of day, place, and manner of pursuing the sport.

The author then states twelve impediments to success in angling, which we copy verbatim:—

"TWELVE MANNERE OF YMPEDYMENTES WHICHE CAUSE A MAN TO TAKE NOO FYSSHE.

"The *fyrst* is, yf youre harnays be not mete nor fetly made. The *seconde* is, yf youre baytes be not good nor fyne. The *thyrd* is, yf that ye angle not in bytynge

* The portion of the "Boke of St. Albans" devoted to fishing was evidently not from the pen of the Lady Juliana Barnes.

tyme. The *fourth* is, yf that the fysshe be frayed wt. the syghte of a man. The *fyfth*, yf the water be very thicke, whyte or redde of ony floode late fallen. The *syzte*, yf the fysshe styre not for colde. The *seventh*, yf that the wedyr be hote. The *eyght*, yf it rayne. The *nynthe*, yf it hayll or snow falle. The *tenth* is, yf it be a tempeste. The *eneleventh* is, yf it be a grete wynde. The *twelfsyth*, yf the wynde be in the East, and that is worste, for comynly neyther wynter nor somer ye fysshe will not byte thenne. The weste and northe wyndes ben good, but the south is beste."

Then follow several pages as to the baits to be used for the different kinds of fish.

The salmon is spoken of as the "moost stately fysshe that ony man maye angle to in fresshe water."

The trout as a "right deyntous fysshe, and also a right fervente byter."

The grayling as a "deleyeous fysshe to mann's mouth."

Of the barbel, the author speaks in language sufficiently strong to persuade his readers to avoid eating it. He says :

"The barbyll is a swete fysshe, but it is a quasy meete, and a peryllous for mann's body, for comynly he geryeth an introduxion to ye fevers. And yf he be eten rawe, he maye be cause of mann's dethe, whyche hathe oft be seen."

The carp, it is well-known, had not long been introduced into this country at the time the treatise alluded to was written. The author remarks of this fish :

"The carpe is a deyntous fysshe, but there ben but fewe in Englonde, and, therefore, I wryte the lasse of hym. He is an enyll fysshe to take, for he is soo stronge enarmyd in the mouthe, that there maye noo weke harnays holde hym."

Some of the instructions contained in the treatise as to the baits and manner of fishing are remarkably good, and some are precisely similar to those employed by anglers of the present day.

The art of fly-fishing was then quite in its infancy; but *one* page only of the work is devoted to that branch of sport, which simply gives a few brief instructions for making artificial flies; and it was evidently considered the least useful and profitable branch of the pursuit, for it is placed last in the book, and after every other proceeding connected with angling has been freely discussed.

The treatise concludes with an earnest exhortation to the followers of the art, not to fish in the ponds of any poor man without his consent: or to disturb gins and baited hooks, which may have been set near the water's-edge by other men, or to take away the fish caught with them, adding—

"And also yf ye doo in lyke manere as this treatise shewyth you, ye shal have no nede to take of other mennys."

The author then launches out in a very exalted strain, as to the great delights of the angle, which, he says,

"Shall be to you a very pleasure to se the fayr, bryght, shynynge scaled fysshes dysceyved by your crafty meanes, and drawn upon londe."

The angler is advised not to be too ravenous in taking too many fish at a time (which, it is stated, he may easily do, if he follows in every point the instructions contained in that treatise), for fear it should destroy his own sport and that of many others.

The remaining part of this most valuable and interesting relic is occupied with the blazonry of arms, and other matter not the subject of these pages. We have given rather copious extracts from other parts of the work, on account of its great antiquity, and the high estimation in which it has ever been held by sportsmen of the old school: feeling confident that to many sporting men who have not the opportunity of obtaining access to the work itself, they cannot fail to prove amusing.

After the opinions expressed, and the brief outline of the work laid before our readers, they will not be surprised to learn, that at a sale of the Duke of Roxburgh's books a few years since, an *imperfect* copy of the edition of 1496, in 4to, was sold for £147!

We conclude our dissertation upon the work, with the following lines, published many years ago by a popular author, after reading the Biography of the authoress, Lady Juliana Berners:

“ Oh spirit of by-gone time! tell us when
Old England shall welcome such days again?
When women, instead of French flounces, wore
The hunter's frock and a spear-head bore.”

For the assistance of those who may wish to pursue farther the biography of the Lady authoress, we append the following notes, taken from Mr. Hazelwood's reprint of the original work in black letter. It should be observed that they are simply copies of original letters in the Bodleian Library at Oxford:

“ Juliana Barnes, a gentlewomyn of excellent gifts, wrote Treatises of Hawking and Hunting, and also a book of ye Laws of Arms and Knowledge appertaining to Heraldry in reign Edward 4th's time. Ye first of these books was intituled the Gentleman's Recreation, or Book of St. Alban's, so called because it was printed in yt town, a thin fol., in 1481.”—*Original letter from Thomas Rawlins, Esq., to Mr. Ballard, Bibl. Bodl. M.SS., Ballard, 41, 152.*

“ Juliana Berners wrote the book called ye Book of St. Albans, and ye Gentleman's Recreation. Yt is of Hawking and Hunting, with other divers pleasant matters; and in ye treatise of Hunting she proposed for her model ye worthy Prince ye Duke of York (son of King Edward 4th), late called Mayster of Game, who hath described ye mirths of hunting. As for this religious sportswoman, to whom these treatises are ascribed, she was, according to Dr. Middleton, of a n[oble]* family, sister to Lord Berners of Essex, and Prioress of Sopwell N[unnery]* near St. Albans. She flourished, according to Bale and Pitts, about [the]* year 1460, and is celebrated by Leland and other writers for her uncommon learning and accomplishments.”—*Original letter from the same to the same, M.SS., Ibid, 182.*

“ In your history of Learned Women you shd not omit Katherine Barnes (or more truly Katherine Berners, of ye great house of Berners in Norfolk), who wrote a very curious treatise of Hunting, Hawking, and Fishing in ye time of Edward ye 4th, and published it almost as early as any book we have in England.”—*Original letter from Mr. C. Lyttleton, to Mr. Ballard, Bibl. Bodl. M.SS., Ballard, 42, 14.*

CHAP. III.

It will now be our purpose to refer to two manuscripts of great curiosity on the subject of Hunting, written upon parchment about the year 1380. The first is a very short one, but ornamented with paintings of wild animals, and otherwise gilded and embellished in an extravagant

* These words are partly obliterated in the M.SS.

manner. This manuscript will be found in the Cottonian collection at the British Museum. Press mark Vespasian, b. xii., l. It contains only ten pages, but is, nevertheless, considered of great value, on account of its antiquity, and the names attached to it as the authors. It is stated to be the joint-production of John Gyfford and William Twety, "yat were wyth Kyng Edward the Secunde."

The manuscript is partly in rhyme, a fashion of writing prevalent in those days.

It commences as follows :—

" Alle suche dysport as voydeth ydilnesse
It syttyth every gentilman to knowe
For myrthe annexed is to gentlenesse
Qwerfore among alle oyr. as y trowe
To knowe the crafte of hontyng and to blowe
As thys book shall wittenesse is one the beste
For it is holsum plesauant and honest
And for to sette yonge hunterys in the way
To venery y caste me fyrst to go
Of wheche iij bestis be—that is to say
The hare ye. wulfhe the wilde boor also
Of venery for sothe y be no moe
And so it sheweth here in portetwre*
Wher evy best is set in his figure."

Then follows a painted drawing, in bright colours, of a stag, a wolf, a wild boar and a hare, the whole encompassed by a gaudy edging of gilt and ornamental embossment. The next page contains fourteen lines of manuscript, in rhyme, of similar strain to that of the sample already given. There is also another painted drawing of five wild animals, set in a gilt border, and variously ornamented with sprigs of gold-leaf, wrought about the parchment in an ingenious manner, and apparently with much taste and labour—a work which must have occupied a very long time in executing. The next page contains the following lines :—

" And iij other bestis ben of gret disport
That ben neythr. of venery ne chase
In huntynge ofte thei do gret comfort
As aftir ye shal here in othr. place
The *grey* is one y of with hyse slepy pace
The cat an oyr. the *otret* one also
Now rede this book ye shal fynde yt so.

Beneath these lines there is another gorgeous exhibition, or painting, of the three animals alluded to in the text, viz., the badger, the cat, and the otter: the whole curiously embossed as the two previous paintings.

The manuscript then treats briefly of the "Hare;" "Of Qwestyones" as to the number of beasts of chase, vermin, and other matters relating to those different species. There next follows a page devoted to the "Hert," and another "Of Blowyng." It then treats of Hare-hunting, "Of the Hert dyvers qwestyones," "Of the Buk," "Of the Boor;" and another qwestyon" concludes the manuscript: the whole of which is contained in seven double pages. At the foot of the production is written—"Explicit le venery de Twety and of Maysir. John Giffarde."

* Poetry.

† Otter.

Bound in the same volume with the above, is the famous manuscript on Hunting, called "The Mayster of the Game," also written upon parchment, and contained in about one hundred double pages. It is divided into thirty-six chapters; and, as a reliable source for the true description of the ancient English chase, it stands unrivalled. Many subsequent treatises upon the subject, which during that century and the succeeding one, were printed, are far inferior to this manuscript-masterpiece of the diversion of hunting. Though much of it is in language too obsolete for the present age, it may be received (with the Boke of St. Albans, already reviewed) as the basis upon which other writers grounded their productions.

The whole is beautifully written upon parchment in a very old-fashioned style of letter, difficult to read by those unaccustomed to manuscripts of that period; but to any one familiar with the style, it is sufficiently clear to enable them to make out every letter of the whole work. This treatise was evidently written in the fourteenth century; and in all probability it never was printed—none but manuscript copies having ever been met with, and the few of those that were made, it would appear, were only in circulation among the more favoured nobles about the King's person. There are several manuscript copies of the work in the British Museum; the one, from which our extracts have been made, appears to be the most perfect. It is familiarly known by the title, "Mayster of the Game"; and, although the author of the manuscript modestly suppressed his name, it is well known to have been the production of the illustrious Edmund de Langley, who was born at Langley, near St. Albans,* in the year 1341. He was created Lord of Tindal and Earl of Cambridge in the year 1362, and soon after a Knight of the Garter. He married Isabel, daughter of Peter, King of Castile; and in 1381 he headed an army which had been sent to Portugal to support the claims of his brother, John Duke of Lancaster, who claimed the crowns of Castile and Leon, in right of Constance his wife, the elder daughter of the aforesaid Peter of Castile. A most bloody battle was fought; and the brothers are said to have defeated the Castilians with a slaughter of 10,000 men. The illustrious author was afterwards (1385) made Duke of York; but appears to have avoided political affairs for the more agreeable delights of the hunting-field, in which character he was beloved by all his followers, not only for his courtesy and kindness towards them, but also for his manly bearing, and daring and indefatigable exertions in the chase. He was, besides, of jovial and merry humour, and often much amused his companions with his playful wit.

Harding, in his *Chronicles*, alludes to the appointment of Langley, Duke of York, as Master of the Game, as follows:—

"At London so then at his parlyament
 He made the erle of Cambrydye, his uncle dere,
 The duke of Yorke to be incontinent:
 And so he was proclaymed there full clere
 That Edmonde, hyghte of Langley, of good chere
 Glad and mery, and of his own ay lyved
 Without wrong, as chronicles have breved.

* It is remarkable that several of our very earliest records of the chase appear to have sprung from the neighbourhood of St. Albans.

" When all the lordes to counceill and parlyament
 Wente, he wolde to hunte and also to hawekyng ;
 All gentyll disporte, as to a lorde appent,
 He vsed aye, and to the pore supporting
 Where euer he was, in any place bidyng
 Without suppryse, or any extoreyon
 Of the porayle, or any oppresson.....

" The kyng then made ye duke of York by name,
 Maister of the Mewehouse, and his hawkes fayre,
 Of his venery, and Mayster of his game,
 In what countree he dyd repeyre :
 Which was to hym, without any dispeyre,
 Well more comforte and great gladnesse
 Then bens a lorde, of wordly great rychesse."*

With this slight sketch of the character and bearing of the noble author, we now proceed to refer more particularly to the manuscript. It commences :

" Here bygynneth the table of ye Chapters that ben conteyned in the book of huntynge the which is cleped Mayster of the Game."

This page and the two following are most gorgeously embellished with variegated letters of gold, and ingeniously ornamented with paint—evidently the work of much time and labour. The first chapter commences with a humble dedication to the Prince of Wales; and the author "recomaunds and submyttes" that the book shall, if agreeable to his "lordshipe," be named and called "Mayster of Game."

The prologue contains eleven pages; and, considering the age at which it was written, the style and language are remarkably good. We give a brief extract, taken at random, by way of sample of the rest :

" And sith this book shall be alle of huntynge which is so noble a game and heke lasting thorgh alle the yer to dyverse beestis, aftir that the seson axeth in gladyng of man, me thenketh I may wel calle it *Mayster of Game*. And though it be soo, my dere lord, that many or. *couthen*† better han medled hem of this mater, and eke more konnyngly than I, yit two thinges ther be that principally hau bolded and eaised me this werk to make on hond. The first is trest of your noble correction to the which, as by fore is said, I submitte this litel and symple book. So counldy that though I un worthi bee, I am Maister of this Game with that noble prince yor faderoure oldere souereyn and liege lord foresaid. And for I ne wold that his hunters, ne yours that now be, or shuld come here aftir weren vnknowe in the pfitenesse of this art, for thi shal I leve this symple memorial ffor as Chauc. saith in this prologe of the xxv good wymmen. Be wryteng have men of ymages passed, for wrytyng is the keye of alle good remembraunce."

After a lengthy dissertation, in the same style as that of the specimen extracted, the author proceeds to treat, of all the different beasts of chase, then of hounds, greyhounds, spaniels, mastiffs, and several other species of dogs, all of which are dilated upon in distinct chapters. There is also a chapter upon the age, training, and qualities of a youth who may be intended for a hunter, from which,

* Hardhyng's "Cronicles," anno 1543. † Could.

by way of specimen, we borrow a short extract, showing the age at which boys were trained to the chase in those days :

“WHAT WAIES AND CONDICIONS A GOODE HUNTER SHULD HAVE.

“Thow fir what evr. you be grete or litel yt wilt tech a man to be a good hunter. first ye must be a childe passed vij or viij yere of age or litel elder. And if yat every man would saie yat and take a childe in to tendre age for to put hym to trialle I answere yat alle natures shorten and descend for evy. man knoweth wel yat a childe of vij. yere age *care*^a in yis tyme yat nowe is of soche yunges as hem likey to lerne yan somtyma colde a childe of xij yer. yfore I put hym so yonge yto for oo craft requireth al a manns lif or he be pñte yof.”

The chapter goes on in similar strain to some length. The specimen extracted will give the reader a fair notion of the style of the work. And, as space cannot be afforded for lengthy extracts, though we might select several very curious passages, the reader must be content with a list of the headings of the remaining chapters, which will convey to him the clearest idea of the subject-matter contained in that remarkable production. The following are copied literally from the manuscript :

- “Of the Kenel for the houndes.”
- “How boundes shuld be lad out to scomber.”
- “How an hunters horne shuld be *drevet* and of what fasson.”
- “How an hunter shuld lede his grome in quest to know an hert by the trace.”
- “How a man shuld knowe a gret hert by the fumes.”
- “How a man know shuld a gret hert by the places where he hath fraied at his kenel.”
- “How the ordinaunce shuld be made for the hert huntynge by strength and how the hert shuld be herbozowed.”
- “How an hunt shuld go in quest by the syght.”
- “How an hunter shuld goo in quest bytwyne ye playnes and the woode.”
- “How an hunter shuld go in quest in oopis or in young woode.”
- “How an hunter shuld go in quest in gret couertes and in strengthes.”
- “How an hunter shuld go in quest among clere speyes and hye woode.”
- “How an hunter shuld go in quest for to here the hertes Balowe.”
- “How yat ye assemble yat men clepen gaderyng shuld be made both wynter and somer afir the gyse of *byzonde*† the see.”
- “How the hert shuld be meued with ye lymer and rounne to and slayn by strength.”
- “How an Hunter shuld seke and fynde the Hare.”
- “Of the Ordynaunce and of the manr. of huntynge whan ye Kyng wil hunte in forest or in park for the hert with howes greyhoundes and stable.”

The manuscript contains a long dissertation upon the pleasures and advantages of the chase, concluding with the assurance that good hunters, avoiding idleness and eschewing the seven deadly sins, live joyfully in this world, and go into Paradise when they die.

^a Or *can*. † Drawn.

‡ *Bi yonde*, in another place.

L I T E R A T U R E .

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF CHARLES II. By Captain Clayton (late 13th Light Dragoons), author of "Letters from the Nile," "Ubique," &c. *Charles J. Skeet, King William-street, Strand.*

When Captain Clayton first appeared as a writer, we saw in his maiden essays great promise of future excellence, and foretold that the author of "Letters from the Nile" and "Ubique" would, in the course of time, attain a high rank in the world of letters; nor has our prediction proved erroneous. In the work under notice the writer has shown that his abilities in the leading works of literature are of the first-rate class; and that he possesses every qualification for a historian. He has evidently read deeply; studied the subject intensely; and brought to his aid all that research, and due attention to the subject, could devise. To this may be added liveliness free from flippancy, learning without pedantry, and judgment devoid of all prejudice. Both in the serious as well as lighter portions of the work, Captain Clayton is eminently successful in riveting the attention of the reader; and no one can peruse the memoirs without feeling that the author of them will have his name associated with the best historians of the day.

P U B L I C A M U S E M E N T S O F T H E M E T R O P O L I S .

"I belong to the unpopular family of Telltruths, and would not flatter Apollo for his lyre."—*Rob Roy.*

However much we may joke or talk about it, he is a bold man who seriously sets up as the advocate of humbug. Yet, strange as it may seem, the attempt has lately been made to enlighten John Bull on this imposing subject. The hero who comes forward in the cause is well armed, there is no denying. There are few who have not heard in some way or other of Barnum. As the old song says, "He was famed for deeds of"—no matter what: anyone can supply the gap. Let his recollection of the Yankee showman travel back to those important periods of his history involving destinies as well as his own fortune. "He was not for an age, but for all time." Well, everybody fully remembering this important citizen of the land of dollars had for a time lost sight of him—but only for a time, he is observed. *Ecce iterum Crispinus.* In the most curious way, too, has he turned up. Those lovers of the wonderful who expected to meet with him in the company of some six-headed alligator, or bashaw-tailed crocodile, are for once mistaken. Instead of being located in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials, with stick in hand, and large painted canvass adorned with the most monstrous of monstrosities, this indefatigable of "public instructors" is to be found in the Hall of St. James's, with small table, water-bottle, and other appurtenances of a public lecturer. No woolly horse in hand; no interesting mermaid; no Hop o' my Thumb for the

lovers of abortions ; with no extraneous aid Mr. Barnum now appears on the platform to edify the British nation on the art of money-making and on humbug. Yes, his theme is humbug ; and his profession is to teach his audience how to fill their purses. It must be owned that the listeners are attentive, and appear to entertain a veneration for the anecdotes related by the "lecturer," whose grammatical tendencies run in a somewhat novel direction. The course adopted throughout his career may be thought to be peculiar, but it has been declared—

" Take note, O world !
To be direct and honest is not safe."

In the dramatic world a slackness by no means uncommon to the season has followed full houses in many quarters. At DRURY LANE the pantomime of "Robin Hood," with all the marvellous creations on canvass by Mr. Beverley, and the comic business by Mr. Boleno and his brother, in mirth may be pronounced one of the most successful of many years. Its career is not very likely to be brought to an end until ITALIAN OPERA makes its voice heard over all the laughter of pantomime or grandeur of spectacle.

Pantomime still continues the standing dish at most of the other houses ; but other attractions are more relied upon by their managers. For instance, the PRINCESS'S has "Louis XI." and "Midsummer Night's Dream." So with the HAYMARKET. Although "Undine" still pursues her poetical wanderings, "An Unequal Match," with Miss Amy Sedgwick, accomplishes what few unequal matches do—that is in bringing together several persons entertaining similar sentiments.

Burlesque holds on at the ADELPHI, OLYMPIC, and the STRAND. At the new theatre—the Adelphi—the recent revival of "The Invisible Prince" at once shows the decadence of this kind of entertainment. Look at this most amusing and witty of extravaganzas, produced a dozen years ago, and the difference between it and modern pieces of a like character suggests itself immediately. In Mr. Planchè's burlesques all the events of the time never were passed over ; but how differently they were treated to the mode adopted by writers of the present day ! Then a joke was conveyed in a keen and polished style ; now a coarseness pervades the dialogue, and where formerly caustic wit was levelled in a good-natured shaft, a slang allusion is now made in a tiring running play upon words. Nothing more clearly establishes this than "Mazepa" and "Kenilworth," which, in comparison with "The Invisible Prince," must indeed "hide their diminished heads." As far as the acting goes, the palm certainly must be awarded to the performers in the cast of "The Invisible Prince" at the Haymarket years ago, to the present. Miss P. Horton, Miss Julia Bennett, and Miss Reynolds entered into the spirit of the whole affair much more than Miss Woolgar, Miss Keeley, and Miss Kelly. Of this trio, it is but fair to say that the last takes more kindly and successfully to her part than either of the other two. In other respects some judicious revivals have been made by Mr. Webster, who sustains his old character of *Triplet*, in the well-written comedy of "Masks and Faces ;" Miss Woolgar being the *Peg Woffington*, and Miss Simms *Mrs. Vane*. This new actress well fulfils the promise held out by her performance in "Tar-

tuffe." A more nicely played part than that of *Mrs. Vane* has seldom been witnessed on the London boards. Another agreeable revival has been the reappearance of Mr. Wright, whose reception proves the hold he has on the public. His name of course has proved to be of immense service; and what with the attraction of the comedy and burlesque, there can be no wonder at the increased attendance, although perhaps it is superfluous for the bills to announce "Crowded houses—Powerful novelty!"

Of other places of public amusement little remains to be told. At the LYCEUM *Madame Celeste* gives place to Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams. The OLYMPIC has brought out a farce entitled "I've Written to Browne," a confidential announcement altogether unnecessary to have been made beyond the managers' room the sequel proved, as after four or five nights' endurance by patient audiences the cause of annoyance was altogether removed. Miss Swanborough has so far recovered from her illness, it is satisfactory to learn, as to be enabled to resume her place on the stage of the STRAND, which continues to be the now favourite resort of rank and fashion. At ASTLEY'S great events are promised, efforts of a gigantic nature being made to bring out very shortly a new hippodramatic work, with all the human and equine accessories at Mr. Cooke's command.

At the ALHAMBRA PALACE *Cruiser* still goes through his daily acts of penitence and submission. But all the surprising reformation effected even by Mr. Rarey is not to be compared to the degree of interest created by one of the bipeds of Messrs. Howes and Cushing's ring. It is no other than "Ella," whose acts of daring horsemanship have for a long time engrossed attention. But now it is not so much the equestrian deeds that are canvassed as the doer of these deeds. The question continually asked is, who, or what is "Ella?"

The exhibitions and institutions are making preparations for the coming spring, when visitors are expected with the approach of the season. Meantime the directors of the POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION are striving all they can to make their hall as attractive as possible. With this view, in addition to the "Fire Walking" individual, an entertainment of a very different character has just been added to their programme. "The Beggars' Opera" forms the source from which a very interesting selection has been made, many of the airs being given with great skill and commendable taste by Miss Roden.

STATE OF THE ODDS, &c.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.

By Messrs. Tattersall, at Hydo Park Corner, on Monday, Jan. 31st :

THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE MR. B. WAY.	GS.
Sister to Gobbo (Mr. Sykes's dam).....	45
Madge Wildfire, by Muley Moloch out of The Gipsy Queen [.....	40
Mistletoe Bough, 3 yrs. old, by Joe Lovell out of Conyngnam's dam.....	22
Brown Filly, 2 yrs. old, by Brocket out of Beauty, unbroke.....	30

By Mr. J. J. Turner, at the Curragh, on Tuesday, Feb. 8 :

THE PROPERTY OF MR. GEORGE WATTS.

Marchioness D'Eu, by Magpie out of The Baron's dam (in foal to Brandy)gs.	200
Bandy (own brother to the Baron)	190
Mutineer, chestnut colt, 3 yrs., by Bandy out of Stonechatter	140
Glory, bay gelding, 2 yrs., by Bandy out of Mrs. Geoghehan, by D'Evere ..	90
Odessa, bay mare, 4 yrs., by Bandy out of Marchioness D'Eu	35
Citron, by Sweetmeat out of The Baron's dam, having overlaid her colt foal (to Hobbie Noble) was not sold.	

By Messrs. Tattersall, at Hyde Park Corner, on Monday, Feb. 14th :

THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE HARVEY COOMBE, ESQ.

Pax, b. c., by Alarm—Premature (brother to Pitapat), 3 yrs. (Lord Glasgow)	340
Pitapat, b. g., by Alarm out of Premature, 6 yrs.	260
Nestor, by Stockwell out of Nervous, 2 yrs. (Mr. Woolcot)	160
Lassie, b. f., by Alarm out of Loo, by Touchstone, 3 yrs. (Lord Stamford) ..	150
Tumbler, b. h., by The Nob out of Premature, by Touchstone, 7 yrs.	100
Tyrant, by The Nob out of Premature, 2 yrs. (Lord Stamford)	82
Lord Raglan, b. g., by Flatcatcher out of Maid of All Work, 6 yrs.	67
Fancy Boy, b. c., by Footatool (sister to Filius), by Venison, 3 yrs.	56
Brown Yearling Filly, by Wild Dayrell—Sister to The Nob	52
Bay Yearling Colt, by Barnton—Premature, by Touchstone	51
Bristle, ch. f., by The Nob out of Brawn, 3 yrs.	50
Lucy, br. f., by The Nob out of Loo, 2 yrs.	50
Loo (foaled in 1847), by Touchstone out of Gulhane, by Physician ; in foal to Yellow Jack	49
Bay Colt, by West Australian out of Gillwell Fairy, 2 yrs.	44
Gillwell Fairy (foaled in 1846), by Sir Hercules out of Gift, by Priam ; in foal to Tumbler	40
Brine, b. f., by The Nob out of Brawn, 2 yrs.	40
Brawn (foaled in 1849), by Robert de Gorham or Chatham out of Oxonian's dam ; not served this year	25
Loocy (foaled in 1853), by Tory Boy out of Loo, by Touchstone ; not served this year	22
Brown Yearling Filly, by The Nob out of Brawn	21
Bay Yearling Filly, by The Nob out of Nervous, by Alarm	20
Sister to The Nob (foaled in 1843), by Glaucus out of Octave ; not served this year	15
Bay Yearling Colt, by The Nob—Loocy, by Tory Boy	14½

Pitapat and Tumbler go abroad. The Nob was not put up.

Mr. Gill has sold Ducrow for 650 gs. to go to Hungary. Lord Waterford has bought Gemma di Vergy for 800 gs. The following were sold by auction in Epsom town early in the month : Madame Ristori, 4 yrs., 38 gs. ; Miss Partridge, 3 yrs., 25 gs. ; and Margrave, a two-year-old, with many engagements, for a ten-pound note. Monsieur Dobler is dead.

Business at The Corner has materially improved, although with no important changes since our last advices. The acceptances for the Chester Cup have only tended to increase the fancy for Drogheda, who is day by day becoming a better favourite. The interest of the race, so far, centres in him ; for with the exception of Polestar, there is really nothing else in much demand. A reactionary movement has been very welcome to the believers in The Promised Land. Both for the Thousand Guineas and the Derby he is a much better horse than we have been able to report him for some time past. Marionette has also been backed for both, and Electric very resolutely for the great event. Neither Cavendish nor Rainbow, however, have been much asked after ; and Volcano, Gas-

pard, Logic, and Viking (once more) have the next best of it. The Brewer, at this present, is the great rage for the Liverpool Steeplechase, and some think him good enough to win that and the Chester Cup—one or both. Merryman has left A. Taylor's for T. Taylor's stable; and we do not quote odds on the Cup further back than the acceptances.

THE DERBY. (Run June 1.)		Jan. 31.	Feb. 7.	Feb. 14.	Jan. 21.	Feb. 24.
The Promised Land	12 to 1	12 to 1	11 to 1	—	—	—
Electric	16 .. 1	—	16 .. 1	—	—	16 to 1
Musjid	20 .. 1	100 .. 6	—	—	—	—
Marionette	18 .. 1	100 .. 6	—	—	—	—
Cavendish	20 .. 1	—	—	—	—	—
Gaspard	25 .. 1	25 .. 1	—	—	—	—
Gamster	—	25 .. 1	—	—	—	—
Volcano	28 .. 1	—	28 .. 1	25 to 1	—	—
Reynard	—	30 .. 1	—	—	—	—
Rainbow	—	30 .. 1	—	—	—	—
Balnacoon	1000 .. 35	—	30 .. 1	40 .. 1	—	—
Viking	50 .. 1	50 .. 1	40 .. 1	—	—	—
Enfield	—	—	50 .. 1	—	—	—
Serenader	—	50 .. 1	—	—	—	—
Ticket of Leave	—	50 .. 1	—	—	—	—
Marske	—	1000 .. 15	1000 .. 15	—	—	—
Logic	100 .. 1	—	100 .. 1	—	—	—
Guy Fawkes	1000 .. 15	—	—	—	—	—
Orleans	—	—	100 .. 1	100 .. 1	—	—
Fyfield	—	—	100 .. 1	100 .. 1	—	—
Fleet	—	—	—	—	—	—
THE 2,000 GS. STAKES. (Run May 10.)						
The Promised Land	5 .. 1	4 .. 1	4 .. 1	4 .. 1	—	—
Marionette	—	10 .. 1	10 .. 1	—	—	—
Phantom	—	10 .. 1	—	—	—	—
THE CHESTER CUP. (Run May 4.)						
	yr.	st.	lb.			
Drogheda	3	5	8	—	100 .. 6	100 .. 7
Polestar	5	7	8	—	—	1000 .. 30
Satinstone	4	6	2	—	—	1000 .. 30
Herne	4	6	4	—	1000 .. 30	—
Queenstown	4	6	2	—	—	—
Bevis	3	4	4	—	1000 .. 30	—
Harraton	3	4	4	—	—	—
Gorsehill	4	5	8	—	40 .. 1	40 .. 1
Master Bagot	5	6	4	—	50 .. 1	—
The Brewer	6	6	11	—	—	—
Rogerthorpe	6	6	11	—	100 .. 1	—
Yorkshire Grey	8	0	—	—	60 .. 1	—
Broadbrim	3	4	12	—	—	1000 .. 15
Petra	3	4	10	—	100 .. 1	—
Bellona	4	5	8	—	100 .. 1	—
The Far West	3	4	10	—	100 .. 1	—

THE LIVERPOOL STEEPLE CHASE (run March 2): 6 to 1 agst. The Brewer, aged, 9st. 10lb.; 100 to 1 agst. Little Charley, aged, 10st. 11lb.; 15 to 1 agst. Jean du Quesne, aged, 9st. 9lb.; 17 to 1 agst. Weathercock, aged, 10st. 13lb.; 100 to 6 agst. Jealousy, 5 yrs., 9st. 8lb.; 30 to 1 each agst. Claudius, 6 yrs., 10st., and The Huntsman, 6 yrs., 11st. 2lb.; 33 to 1 each agst. Glautias, 6 yrs., 9st. 6lb., and Anatis, aged, 9st. 4lb.; 1,000 to 15 agst. Wood-yeates, aged, 9st. 4lb.

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES (run March 29): 100 to 8 agst. Little Agnes, 3 yrs., 4st. 12lb.; and 20 to 1 agst. Blackthorn, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb.

A P R I L , 1859.

E M B E L L I S H M E N T S .

C O T H E R S T O N E ,

SIRE OF GLAUCA, BORNEO, FARTHINGALE, PUMICESTONE, BORDEAUX,
HUMPHREY, SARABAND, ETC.

ENGRAVED BY E. HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY H. BARRAUD.

AND

H E ' S A W A Y !

ENGRAVED BY E. HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY G. H. LAPORTE.

C O N T E N T S .

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DIARY FOR APRIL, 1859.

New Moon, 3rd day, at 18 min. past 10 morning.
 First Quar., 10th day, at 21 min. past 11 morning.
 Full Moon, 17th day, at 6 min. past 9 morning.
 Last Quar., 25th day, at 45 min. past 4 morning.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.	Sun rises and sets.			Moon's Alt.	Moon rises & sets.		HIGH WATER London Bridge		
			h.	m.	d.		h.	m.	morn.	aftern.	
1	F	Croxton Park Races.	r	5	36	28	RISES Morning.	1	2	1	20
2	S	Cheshire Steeple Chases.	s	6	34	29	5 2	1	37	1	53
3	S	Fourth Sunday in Lent.	r	5	32	N	SETS afternoon.	2	8	2	23
4	M	Bruff Steeple Chases.	s	6	37	1	8 25	2	39	2	55
5	T	Fight for the Championship.	r	5	27	2	9 48	3	11	3	27
6	W	Shrewsbury Steeple Chases.	s	6	41	3	11 13	3	43	4	0
7	T	Thirsk Races.	r	5	23	4	Morning.	4	17	4	35
8	F	Ludlow Steeple Chases.	s	6	44	5	0 31	4	55	5	16
9	S	Fire Insurances due.	r	5	18	6	1 34	5	38	6	2
10	S	Fifth Sunday in Lent.	s	6	47	7	2 24	6	29	7	0
11	M	York Steeple Chases.	r	5	14	8	2 56	7	36	8	18
12	T	York Races.	s	6	51	9	3 20	9	7	9	55
13	W	Tewkesbury Fair.	r	5	10	10	3 39	10	41	11	22
14	T		s	6	54	11	3 50	11	54	No tide	
15	F	Epsom Spring Meeting. [Putney.	r	5	51	12	4 5	0	21	0	46
16	S	Oxford & Cambridge Boat Race—	s	6	57	13	4 19	1	9	1	30
17	S	Palm Sunday.	r	5	1	F	RISES afternoon.	1	50	2	9
18	M		s	7	1	15	9 9	2	28	2	47
19	T	Howden Steeple Chases.	r	4	57	16	10 27	3	6	3	24
20	W	Limerick Coursing Meeting.	s	7	4	17	11 37	3	42	4	0
21	T	T.Y.C. Opening Trip.	r	4	53	18	Morning.	4	18	4	36
22	F	Good Friday.	s	7	7	19	0 35	4	54	5	12
23	S	Edinburgh Steeple Chases.	r	4	49	20	1 21	5	31	5	52
24	S	Easter Sunday.	s	7	10	21	1 53	6	14	6	39
25	M	Newmarket Craven Meeting.	r	4	45	22	2 16	7	6	7	38
26	T	Northumberland Steeple Chases.	s	7	14	23	2 33	8	17	8	58
27	W	Catterick Races.	r	4	41	24	2 46	9	38	10	15
28	T	Abergavenny Races.	s	7	17	25	2 57	10	51	11	22
29	F	Yarmouth Fair.	r	4	37	26	3 10	11	49	No tide	
30	S	Manchester Steeple Chases.	s	7	20	27	3 22	0	12	0	33

RACES IN APRIL.

Croxton Park	1	Kildare Hunt	12	Newmarket Craven	25
Shrewsbury	5	York Spring	12	Curragh	26
Thirsk	7	Malton	15	Newcastle (Limerick)	26
Ludlow	7	Epsom Spring	15	Catterick	27
Tullamore	7	Durham	25	Abergavenny.....	28

STEEPLE CHASES IN APRIL.

Driffild	1	Pembroke	7	Howden	19
Cheshire	2	Tullamore	7	Edinburgh	26
Templemore	4	Ludlow	8	Irish Grand Military	25
Bruff	4	York	11	Northumberland	26
Beckford	5	Aylesbury	11	Newcastle (Limerick).....	26
Colchester	6	Kildare Hunt.....	12	Abergavenny.....	28
Shrewsbury	6			Manchester	30

T H E O M N I B U S .

"There he sat, and, as I thought, expounding the law and the prophets, until on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse."—BRACEBRIDGE HALL.

Stud Mems.—Races of the Month—Northamptonshire Stakes Day—The Marquis of Waterford's Death—The Suffolk-street Exhibition—Hunting News—The Wynnstay—The North Staffordshire—Our Leicestershire Budget—End of the Gartree-hill Fox.

The racing season has fairly set in since our last, and it seemed quite novel, as we took a stroll towards the West End one day, to find a child of nine or so, with a slate in his hand, busy copying the tissue-paper returns of some Steeple-chase, in the Strand; and then, as we passed through Pall Mall, to espy Fred Swindells in deep converse on a doorstep with B. Green. It was a very sudden change from the raw to the finished material. And first to begin with the elderly champion Fisherman. We are told that he left his barn at Mr. Parr's on the last day of the year, and has gone back to the parties, who had a considerable lien on him; but whether they will be as successful or not in training him remains to be seen. It seems to be a case of "It's never too late to mend" with Birdcatcher, as after all that was said about him last year, he got a foal out of Honeydew, and he has covered three mares this year at Mr. Disney's, where he will end his days now. Canezou's brown filly to Orlando is a very fine one, and she will be put to him again. She went over her time, and they grew anxious about her, as the milk began to run away. Martha Lynn has not foaled yet to Ellington, but although he is rising nineteen, and she is four years his senior, she is to go to Orlando this year. Out of the first nine Fandangoes, eight have been bay or brown colts, and perhaps the one out of Fandango is Al so far. A chesnut colt out of a Hetman Plattoff mare is as handsome as any, and John Osborne has also a very blood-like brown colt out of First-Rate. The strongest and the deepest in the girth is a bay colt out of Dividend. We hear that the Maltonians are very fond of Grand Master, the five-hundred guinea yearling of last year, and say that he reminds them much, in his going, of their old white-faced friend Attila. His dam The Gem was engaged to Voltigeur, but goes to Fandango this season. We should not be surprised to see the bay get the bigger stock of the two in the long run, and we expect a rare lot of Neasham yearlings in the Doncaster Horse Fair next year. So far, as regards stock, the feature of the season has been the success of the Kingstons. At Liverpool, The Speaker, a smart little horse, had his second bout with Lifeboat,—who is good-looking, big, and powerful, and tremendously improved since last year—and pulled it off by a head. Mr. Rarey must have felt quite a thrill at St. Petersburg, when he read of the triumph of Rattlebone, who is a sound racing-like fifteen-two colt of great girth, and a remarkably fine goar. Madrid, with his 37 engagements, figured very ignobly by his side. Gladiolus and The Greek were two as good stamp

of combatants as one may see in a summer-day. The former is a little horse, with capital arms and thighs, and great length, but very strong for his size. He is a real Kingston, but decidedly stronger than his sire; and those who said, before he fetched 300 gs., that he was the crack yearling of 1857, at Doncaster, do not seem so far out. Greek is a most useful-looking Grecian, and he's grown since last year, but he was rather backward here; and oddly enough Mr. Sykes, 8 st. 12 lbs., was fourth in both handicaps.

Of Half-Caste we know nothing, but we are told that he comes out of the same Lincolnshire stable as Peter Simple did.

Nottingham saw Lifeboat regain his old Lincoln position, when he met The Speaker; Gladiolus and The Greek had it out with the weight all the better for "Gladdy" this time; while the defunct Slane got a winner in White Rose, a big fine mare, and likely to train on. Earl of Essex is rather little, but had made rare use of his time since Lincoln; and Spicebox (who won at Derby) is a very leggy gentleman, without any notion of staying, and here he went a cracker to the distance, and then cut it under the 5 lb. extra.

Warwick brought out King-at-Arms in the most brilliant condition, not much grown, but lengthened since last year. Sweetmeat showed his two-year-old forte by the production of Cheeseecake, to whom Oxford, a promising Teddington, ran second, while Rattlebone and White Rose had each to bow. Yellow Rose was thought by some to be like Virago, and it is almost time that Pyrrhus did something more in that style. In France, however, he is in high favour, and covers at £20, while the Dutchman only gets £8. Telegram is a very fine specimen of a hunter, and the hearts of all Warwickshire seemed with him, when he won. He certainly did not disappoint their confidence, and again at Coventry he pulled through by a short head. This meeting produced the first three-year-old winners for West Australian and Newminster, in Joskin and Minster; and Muffatee colt at Nottingham conferred the same honour on Stockwell. He is an immense, big, powerful horse, and likely to run well over a straight course like Newmarket; and if he had not run out at Derby the result might have been different. He is not unlike Rataplan to look at, but he appeared rather backward, and is really a splendid fellow on the whole. Little Teaze, late Little Tom, late Corybantès, late colt by Scamander, whom one seems to hear of everywhere over hurdles, fences, and one knows not what, has quite made up into an old-fashioned little hunter, with a rare barrel, on short legs, and seemingly fit to cope with thirteen stone.

The morning was not very cheering, as we slipped out of the Euston Station by an half-past eight o'clock special on Tuesday to Northampton, but it was beautiful as summer, long before we got to Leighton-Buzzard. The influence must have been soothing, as some of the most inveterate bettors forgot Gladiolus for a moment, and remarked on the sportive innocence of the lambs, which dotted such scores of fields. The Reform debate also came under discussion. The "bustard in Norfolk" allusion was considered quite the hit of Edwin James's speech, and there was not a little laughing over "Pam's" metaphor, of which the reporter's gallery missed a great deal: "The Noble Lord at the head of the Government, in language which he will well understand, may be said to have accepted office with all its engagements; he has been beaten in

his trial, and he must pay forfeit." At least, so those who heard him reported it. Northampton is always a cheery looking place, when it has the slightest thing to stir it into life; and its county people seem to take an interest in these races, which we in vain look for elsewhere. The Pytchley three were of course there in new scarlets, Charles Payne on a splendid chesnut The Knight, and Fox and Woodcock on a chesnut and a brown. It always seems to us that they must feel fearfully cut up, at having to assist at the obsequies of each season. In old days, they were wont to hunt from July 22nd to May 4th, but nearly two months more respite has been given the foxes since those Althorp and Knightley masterships. The expiring season has been only a poor one, as the scent up to Christmas was so very bad, but they have killed 40 brace, and accounted for 30 more to ground.

The Grand Stand seemed crammed in every cranny, and whether we take the telegraph, and every other arrangement, the meeting is second to none, and in fact quite the *prima donna* of two-day ones. Ten out of twelve showed for the Trial; and one of the first we saw advancing was Zuyder Zee, who was led in the wonted muzzle, away to the back of the course, to saddle. They can make him fitter by a good deal than he was then, and in fact he has seldom pleased us less in his coat. King-at-Arms is wonderfully neat, but still he rather lacks liberty; and we expect to see him get it before the season is out. Vulcan, whom his trainer Bartholomew rode, looks like rather a vicious chesnut hunter, with a seeming enlargement on his off stifle joint, and is a sort of general schoolmaster to the Enville two-year-olds. Fisherman has kept the flesh which he suddenly made after Ascot last year, but he looked hurried, and carelessly brought out, in his new hands, and a wonderful contrast to Tournament, who was a picture if ever there was one, though he has perhaps a slight tendency to tuck up, and to be a trifle heavy in the shoulder. The most perfect of the whole ten was Rounsey, quite a sweet bay pony, with just a touch of the Dutchman about the head, and a back that has filled and arched wonderfully since last year. Indifference is very short, and looks very slow; and Shafto is not quite so much improved as we hoped to see him, and wonderfully straight behind. People did not expect to see him at all, after his attack of metallic fever for the Stakes, much less make the finish he did with Life-Boat. This son of Sir Hercules is a great raking customer, and it is remarkable that the old black brown should have given him and Gunboat and "Jemmy" to the world, in nearly his last season, after he had been virtually forgotten for a time. He came back to scale as gay as possible, looking fit to manage half-a-dozen such miles as that, severe as it is. Whether it was that he was pleased at seeing Fisherman beaten in new hands, or had high Gaspard hopes, we know not; but really the countenance of "Garge Hall" was for him, in a state of wild revelry after this race. He looks years younger and stouter, and we could hardly fancy it to be the same man, who always waits for Mr. Parr at the station, like the late Mr. Croker, in a state of sanguine despondency, to be the first to tell him if anything has gone wrong with the horses. Gaspard, by-the-by, is named from a scene in a German Opera, where one character, whose spirit haunts a dove, runs on to the stage in the flesh, and says, "*Gaspard! Gaspard! do not shoot, I am the Dove.*" The author's impassioned mode of pro-

nouncing this passage at rehearsal, tickled Mr. Parr when he heard it, and hence the chesnut got his name.

But we are forgetting the racing: the Stand Plate horses we did not care to look after, but both Kestrel, Soothsayer, and Artless were very noticeable; and Saxon's Lady Peel was one of the worst we have seen for many a day. Still, taking the horses as a lot, we never was so many good-looking ones on one race-course in one afternoon.

Twenty-four appeared for the Northamptonshire Stakes, and nothing looked better than Blue Jacket; but he is rather coaching on his top. Skirmisher has not filled in behind the saddle so much as we expected to see him after a season's rest at Whitewall, and the long bottled-up Bald-faced Stag appeared in the shape of a chesnut, rather short and thick, and reminding us something of Prime Minister. Charlton keeps to his 7 st. nearly, and was able to ride him; but David Hughes looks grown. Yorkshire Grey, who had William Boyce up as usual, is a very nice horse, but he looks slow; and Gladiolus has never wearied of gaining length all the winter. He seems to be emulating in this respect the celebrated Towneley bull, Frederick. In fact, he is rather too long for strength, and he has peculiarly long ears. Precious Stone seems the poor angular woe-begone thing she always did, and we wonder indeed at the luck which sold her twice over as a yearling for 500 gs. Little Agnes was a corky little light-weight hunter; but John Osborne's faith did not appear very deep, as he looked supernaturally solemn and anxious over the event. Bevis is rather a small compact horse, by Buckthorn, out of Attack (who had no foal last year, and was stunted to King Tom); but we do not remember much about him; and somehow or other we never could catch a sight of Clydesdale. We never saw a large field stream away so beautifully as they did round the top corner, and even then there must have been nearly a hundred yards between leaders and wheelers. Gladiolus lay eighth, and moved his great weasel body along with a neat easy stride, reminding us of his grandsire Thirsk, who went nearest the ground of any horse we ever met. Even at this point, Yorkshire Grey seemed quite out-paced, and yet the pace was rather steady than strong. In the sequel, what looked like a capital handicap turned out a very hollow affair, and several seemed never to pass the post at all. Northampton never had such a spread-eagle before. Bevis was beaten four times last year, and on two occasions was in a race, to be sold for £40 or £50!

This over, there was a rush to have a look at the Baron's crack, who was in the middle of the course, following a stable companion. The former seemed a nervous subject, as Hayhoe had to stick to his head, and make a Veiled Prophet of him, with his hood. Once clear of the crowd, it came off again. The crack looked as splendid as ever, but very little changed since last year, and certainly not grown much above half-an-inch. His presence thinned the field down to five, and in fact we hardly looked at anything else but Chirp, from our remembrances of him at the Royal sale, where he cost 410 gs. They were on this wise: "A very staying looking gentleman, with a nice shoulder," and we see no reason to alter our opinion now. Mr. Greville has a brother to him this year among his ten Orlandoes. Great was the consternation when Wells was seen to go to work a

hundred yards from home ; but the great secret as to whether his colt's form is or is not that of last year, was left at rest for that day, as he made two bad stumbles, the first so decided that he seemed all but on his knees, and when he did pass the post, the bridle had slipped, and was hanging all down on one side of his head. We have not heard whether Wells said he was winning easy at the time, (most jockeys do say so) ; but nearly every one on the Stand thought " it looked fishy." We saw and heard no more, as the train for London had to be caught, and we were comfortably landed there along with divers members, who were flying back to the lobby as if the ghost of Billy Holmes and his whip was pursuing them, just as the special was leaving Northampton.

We seem fated to lose good sportsmen in the sister kingdoms from painfully sudden deaths. Sir Frederick Johnstone and Lord Drumlanrig were both cut down in their very heyday—one by a fall from his horse, and the other by a gun-shot wound ; and now the wires on Wednesday flashed across the Channel the sad news that " The Marquis of Waterford was killed last evening while hunting." He was barely forty-eight, and for seventeen years since his marriage he had resided entirely on his estate at Curraghmore, and given by his kindness and public spirit the best and the most tacit rebuke to absentee landlords. Still it seems but yesterday that we had him in all his " blue and black cap" glories, going yards out of his way to get an extra fence in Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, and Warwickshire, and that too with Captain Becher, Jem Mason, and Oliver as his opponents. Even when the two last were against him, on Lottery and Seventy-Four, he could not refrain from amusing himself after that fashion on Columbine. Dick Christian might well call to him in despair at Dunchurch, as they rounded the flag, and, as usual, he was going quite wide, " My Lord ! where *are* you going to ?" Cock Robin, The Sea, and Columbine, seem to conjure up a host of memories of steeple-chase fields and steeple-chase matches, all marking a golden era for that sport, when it was untainted with handicaps, which can never come back again. His energy in painting the Melton toll-bar, and aniseeding the heels of a parson's horse, and running him with bloodhounds—his encounter with the Norwegian watchmen—the loss of his wig (which he had to wear after that affray) in a capital thing over Burrow Hills—his patronage of Deaf Burke, who used to say " I was uncommon kinds to that young man ; I took him in my gig, and taught him to fight"—his winning three four-mile steeple-chases at Eglinton Park on the same day, and his zeal at the Tournament, are all little bits of character which amused England in their day ; but latterly he was very seldom seen over here. His hunting establishment was effective, but rough, and we seldom heard of any first-rate drafts of hounds going over to him ; but he got together such an infinity of horses, that his great sales had become almost an annual fact. He hardly ever ran a horse in England, except he had something good enough for the Liverpool Steeple-Chase. On the Irish Turf he was very prominent, and brought out seven two-year-olds alone last year. Lord George was a very favourite stallion of his, but latterly he hung to Barbarian, and his latest purchase was Gemma di Vergy for 800 guineas. He once offered Mr. Combe, we believe, a large amount for Trouncer, at Ascot ; but " The King of Cobham"

would not sell. His was very much the rough-and-ready way on the Tuff, and his trainers used to say that "he would as soon pull them out to run with their bellies full" as any other way; but still he contrived to win on the Curragh, and, what was more, to make others go as straight as himself. His brother, the Rev. Lord John Beresford, succeeds him.

The Suffolk-street exhibition has but very little in our line; and we hear that the best horse painting was refused, on the ground that they objected to horse portraits. We need hardly go farther than (1) a dog with a girl in a blue frock, to show what sort of stuff they retain. However, this is not a fair sample of the Exhibition, which has several pictures of very great merit, though few of them very sporting caste. Shayer has a hunt piece (491), the old thing over again, and rendered less pleasing by the conventional horse stopping short at a brook in the foreground. Armfield has (17) some dogs running after a wounded pheasant, but there is no power about it. It smells of the attic, and not of the brake; of the "blacks," and not of the dew-drops. The puppy (407) on the lady's mantle stands right away by itself from everything else in the shape of dogs; and it may well be marked "sold." We do trust that the Pre-Raphaelites would study it, and keep their fingers off dogs. They manage sheep well enough; but we all know what a mess Millais made of a horse crossing a ford, and we see proofs in this exhibition that they are beginning to make a set at the calves. If they are bent upon astonishing all the Booth and Bates men, we should advise them by all means to proceed. Hardy jun. has some really beautiful dead game, &c.; partridges and woodpigeon unexceptionable, but the pheasant is perhaps a trifle glaring; and when we over and over again made up our minds how much we liked the picture, that bird just put us off it again. Duffield's dead turkey (580), with its other accessories, may well make Lance look to himself; in fact, we never saw him beat it. Young Herring and Rolfe have got together again in (217) a picture of three horses in a fold-yard, two of them in rather a vicious mood with each other, which throws a good deal of fine action into the composition. This is what their other picture (602) rather lacks; and we don't quite like the drawing of the pig's leg. Harry Hall is represented by (104) "The Cock o' the Walk." It is an interior, with two cart-horses and a retiring donkey. A gamecock—a worthy descendant of the Cheshire main heroes, whom Earl Derby, Dr. Belyse, and Leigh of Lyme so loved—stands, all glorious, on a wheelbarrow, and sings his Io! "Triumphant!" over a prostrate foe. The fallen one, and the mild air of the white cart-horse, as he looks round with an inquiring "What's-the-row" sort of air, are *the* bits in the picture which please us most. It is a clever rendering of a not uncommon incident, and strikes one, nevertheless, as something fresh. We are not sure, however, whether the cock would not draw himself rather more up, when he publishes his victory gazette. The Primate of all England (who must feel surprised at the announcement, true or false, that his brother of Durham is importing foxes into that county), was giving it nearly as long a study as Samuel of Oxford bestowed on "Spencer" at the Chester Show, and we just wondered whether he was mentally placing himself as the head of the church militant on that barrow, and the Puseyite Pooler in the straw at his feet. It was rather an odd transition from

this to an inane water-colouring in the first room, of a dead pheasant in the snow, with a slightly swollen head, and a robin-redbreast sitting in committee on it; and with the exception of one or two dogs' heads, there was nothing more for us to note.

The sad Vine business has been very properly dealt with by the gentry of the country, and there are contradictions in "Mr. Marsh's" defence, such as trying to make a case for himself out of the man's being "a discarded servant," whereas it seems he was not sent off till he gave information, which nullify all chance of appeal. We trust that the Vine may find a very different master for itself next season, but really it is very seldom that a man of temper and spirit can be got to trouble himself with a subscription pack. In many cases, it is worse than Egyptian bondage. Subscriptions are promised and not paid up; and so many five-pound subscribers are never done dictating and finding fault, that we cannot wonder that so many countries go begging or fall into hands which do the hunting community no credit. Will Mawe and his two whips both leave the South Warwickshire, and we hear that James Maiden, the first whip to the Surrey Union, is to go there. Mawe is to be succeeded by George Wells, a grandson of the celebrated Old Wells of the Oakley and Woore countries. George is a very clever civil fellow with hounds, and has done his duty nobly as first whip to John Walker of the Wynnstay for several seasons. We only wonder that he has not got his promotion sooner. There is to be no addition to Lord Stamford's country, the top Leicestershire part of which is at present so well hunted by Mr. Tailby; and it seems unlikely that there will be any sale of Mr. Selby Loundes's hounds. Lord Curzon has already chosen twenty-five couple of the largest of them, and these, with a draft from Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Meynell Ingram, make up the new Atherstone pack. Thomas Oxtoby, late huntsman to the Fife, died a few weeks ago at Ollerton. He was kennel huntsman to Captain Williams of the Rufford for a time, and then huntsman to Lord Henry Bentinck. Illness compelled him to give up his Scotch engagement in the middle of last season, and since then he has been gradually failing, and died in his forty-fourth year. He was very fond of the Playmates when he was at Rufford, and after he had talked a little large about them one day, he was not a little surprised to see four eminent huntsmen arrive over in a fly, in the morning, purposely to inspect them. The way they nipped off one of his terrier pups when he would'nt give them it, and how Jack Davis was sent racing after them to Newark to get it back, has often furnished many a merry laugh at poor Tom's expence when huntsmen meet.

A friend from the Wynnstay thus writes under date of March 25th: "I am happy to say it has been the best season I have seen in this country. We never found so many stout, straight-running foxes as we have this season. We had three capital days last week, particularly Friday and Saturday. Friday found a good fox at Broughton Gorse; went away by Thrape Wood; left Broughton Hall to the right; crossed the Witch Brook, and away for Burton's Wood; did not dwell one moment, then out at the south end for Penley; left the Hall to the left, and away for Cross's Mill, through the Guinea Wood; left Lightwood Hall Green to the left, and killed him near Bangor Bank. Time, one hour and 20 minutes.

“ Llann-y-pwll, Saturday, the 19th.—Found at Bonar Gorse; went away at the south end; crossed the Wrexham and Holt roads, and went straight for Lliennion; left Cefn Hall to the right, Marchioul village to the left, and ran to ground at Marchioul Hall. Time, fifty minutes. Found a second fox at Erddig. Went away by Marchioul Hall; left Sauntley to the left, Pentraclouth to the right; crossed the Ruabon and Overton road, and killed him in the open at Rhoramadoc. Time, 55 minutes. A capital thing; never saw hounds run harder.

“ March 23rd.—Met at Marton Hall. Found a capital fox at Sandford Pool. Went away at the south end through Lord Bradford's gorse, over Trunchan Heath, and straight for Nescriff; over the hills, through the wood, and away for Ness; left the village to the right, and off for Taleswood, and killed him on the common half a mile beyond the wood. Time, one hour and five minutes. A real good day's sport.”

The North Staffordshire have had a very good season, take it altogether, although the scent has been bad at times. On their very first day, Nov. 1st, they had a fifty minutes to ground, and forty minutes with a second, and killed.

Dec. 10.—Met at Hinstock, and found in the plantations, and lost about four miles from Shrewsbury; time, two hours and thirty minutes.

Dec. 29.—Met at Trentham; found in the Big Wood. Good run of two hours and forty minutes, and killed at Fulford.

Dec. 23.—Met at Loggerheads. Found in Bishop's Wood, forty-five minutes, and killed. Second found in The Birches; thirty minutes to ground. These were in 2,000 acres of woodlands.

Jan. 3.—Met at Draycot; a good run of two hours and twenty minutes, to ground at Fradswell.

Jan. 12.—From Woore, and killed, at Bowsey Mill; one hour and forty minutes.

Jan. 19.—Met at Alsager; had fifteen minutes to ground from Fox's Drumbles. Found a second in Bullsthorns; one hour and twenty-five minutes, the best pace; and killed at Keele. The best scenting day of the season.

Feb. 11.—Met at Tunstall; found at ditto. Ran through the Woore country to Wrine Hill, and killed at Shaw's Rough; three hours and twenty minutes. This was a capital run.

Feb. 16.—Met at Stoke; found in Orange Heyes; killed at Birchal Park. Good run of three hours.

Feb. 28.—Met at Draycot; a good run of one hour and more, and killed.

March 2.—Met at Betley; forty minutes, and killed the first; one hour and twenty minutes with the second, and killed. Found at Bawtry Heath, and killed at Woore.

March 7.—Sandon; found at Darlaston Wood; ran to earth in a rock at Cotterton Drumbles. One hound was in the rock all night about fifty yards, and was enticed out next morning by a terrier dog.

March 16.—Had a good run of one hour and twenty minutes at Seighford, and went to ground at Chubsey.

Thursday, March 3, Mr. Tailby's.—Found at Norton Spinney; made his point for the village, on to Gaulby; turned to the left, down the valley by the brook-side, on to Ilston-on-the-Hill, where he got to ground. Time, 20 minutes, very fast, over a splendid country. Trot-

ted off to Stretton Plantation, where we found immediately. He broke away for Stoughton; leaving it on the left to Evington, he ran a good ring by Thurnby. From this point he went up the valley by Houghton-on-the Hill straight for the Coplow, but being pressed hard he found refuge in a drain near to the turnpike. This retreat saved his life, for no hounds ever ran faster for thirty-five minutes. Started for our third fox to Rolleston; found immediately. He broke away for Nosely, leaving Sclawson on the left, through the wood, on nearly to Shankton Holt; he then took a circle round Ilston Lodge, on to Rolleston, where he got to ground. More attention should be paid to the earths; for such good hounds, so well managed, deserve blood. This was an excellent day's sport, and many a horse has not recovered his sickness.

Saturday, Wardley Wood, Mr. Tailby's.—Found at Bisbrooke Gorse. Ran him seventeen minutes to ground in a railway-tunnel; bolted him, and ran him again for 25 minutes as hard as they could go, and pulled him down in the open. Trotted off to Vowe's Gorse, and had a magnificent run of 1 hour and 10 minutes; the country being new to me, I cannot give you particulars.

Monday, March 7, Lord Stamford's.—Found at Scraftoft, and chopped him before he could get well on his legs. Started off for John-o'-Gaunt; found a gallant fox. He made his point for Loseby up-wind, but finding his pursuers gaining ground, he turned a little to the right over the Marfield brook; he then bore straight for Thorpe Thrussels over the Twyford brook, leaving the village to the left, Burrow Hills to the right; rallying him well in covert, he broke back on the same line as straight as a bird could fly to his old quarters, over Marfield brook, which has floored many a better man, and floored me, and I am unable to give the result of this splendid run; at any rate, it has not been my lot this season to follow so good a fox. Unfortunately the noble Master and his Countess left the field before this stinger over the very cream of the country came off.

Tuesday, Mr. Tailby's, Launde Wood.—In covert a splendid scent; out of it the stormy state of the weather prevented sport. I regret to tell you the finish was a bad one; they ran him hard from Thorpe Thrussels back again for John-o'-Gaunt, and lost him badly two fields before getting to the covert.

Thursday, March 10, Mr. Tailby's, Stanton Wyville.—Found at Langton Caudle. Made a good point for Stanton Wood; leaving it to the left, on to Glooston, through the wood, across Cranoe Vale; on to Allaton, nearly to Medbourn to ground. Time, 35 minutes; pace very good. Drew the Fallow Closes; found immediately. Went for Cranoe shrubberies at the Rectory, where he got to ground. We noticed three members of the Albrighton Hunt—Mr. Thornycroft, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Marshall Brookes—all of whom went well, and were much pleased with the country.

Friday, Lord Stamford's, Ratcliffe.—Found a vixen fox at Cossington Gorse; the master viewing her, wisely stopped the hounds. We then found our second fox at Goodricke's Gorse: the day too stormy for scent, but it gave great satisfaction to find there.

Monday, March 14, Lord Stamford's.—Found our old friend at Gartree Hill. And it is worth while to mention how careful huntsmen ought to be in drawing their coverts, as we were within an ace of leaving

him behind us. As it was, he jumped up in the middle of the pack, straight through the covert, over the hill for Great Dalby; leaving it to the left, on to Walker's Lodge by Guadalupe, nearly to Melton, crossed the road, and, turning down wind, the hunting became slow; on to Burton, over the river to Thorpe Arnold, Brentingby, where he was viewed; Freeby Wood and Waltham Thorns, where he was lost. Trotted off for Cream Gorse; found immediately, and had the finest and fastest thing of this or any other season; in fact, the pace was so terrific, that I can scarcely describe where we went. Unfortunately, at starting, we had some deep plough, which stopped many a good man, who was not aware of what was in store for him. We in particular noticed Mr. Gilmour on "Lord Grey," who hung to his horse through the plough; and getting on to grass, he went away, leaving many a light-weight behind him. I need not say further than the run was as straight as a crow could fly, and a dinger from end to end, running our fox in view the last mile to ground; distance nearly seven miles, in twentyseven minutes. Lady Stamford, Lord Grey de Wilton, Mr. Banks Wright, Lord Stamford, Captains Lloyd and De Winton, the Duke of Rutland, and Mr. Tailby, with Mr. De Voeux, were amongst the foremost.

Tuesday, Mr. Tailby's, Loddington.—Drew the Reddish blank, Tilton Wood, Skeffington Wood. Found a dozen foxes at Owston Wood; but the weather being very stormy, we came home, having no scent. Lord Stamford promises to select a pack for this cunning Gartree Hill fox, who has so often baffled his clever huntsman and pack of hounds, being bent on killing him before the season is out; and won't there be a field to witness the fun!

Thursday, March 17, Lord Stamford's, Belton Village.—Two capital runs on the forest; flogged off as they approached Earl Ferrer's seat. His lordship was still unburied.

Same day, Mr. Tailby's.—A pretty run, 37 minutes, and a kill.

Friday, March 18, Lord Stamford's, Willoughby.—Found at Curate's Gorse; ran a ring by Broughton Hickling, and, finding it a vixen, flogged off. Trotted to Kinmoulton; drew it blank. On to Winstay; found. Ran to Kinmoulton—a good pace; another vixen, and flogged off. Drew Cotgrave Gorse; found immediately. He ran on the hillside a mile; he then turned to the left, making a good point for Winstay; leaving it to the right, on to Kinmoulton Gorse, leaving it to the right, on to the village. He then bore to the left, crossing the canal to Owtorpe, on to Hue Hill, killing him a little beyond, in the open. This was one of the fastest runs in the season. Every horse ridden to a standstill: time, 43 minutes, without a single check; distance, ten miles, over a very stiff country.

Saturday, March 19, Mr. Tailby's, Blaston Pasture.—A good day's sport.

Monday, March 21, Duke of Rutland's, Stonesby.—Found at Coston Covert. Away they flew, as straight as a line, for Stapleford Park, where she got to ground; and although Goodall touched her brush, he wisely left her. Time, 20 minutes, without a check. Trotted off to Freeby Wood; found immediately. He broke for Newman's Gorse; leaving it on the left, over the grass to Saxby; leaving it on the right, and Garthorpe on the left, over the brook, where three or four got a cooler. On they pressed for Corder Hill, taking the Teigh brook, and

about the station lost him. Time, 30 minutes, as fast as they could run, and over a beautiful country. Trotted to Newman's Gorse; found immediately. He broke for Waltham; leaving the rectory on the right, down to Caldwell; leaving it to the left, on to Goadby Gorse, down to the village, where my good steed failed me. Time, 20 minutes, literally flying.

Same day, Lord Stamford's.—Found at Barkby Holt; ran to Baggrave to ground. Trotted to Cream Gorse. Found Monday's fox; ran the same line, but the storm of snow and hail shut them up. The sport has been capital, and every one satisfied.

Mr. Tailby's, Tuesday, March 22.—Found first fox at Mr. Lucas' covert, Martinthorpe. Broke for Manton, leaving it on the left, and turning down the valley by Preston, by Ridlington, on to Belton, where they lost him. Time, 25 minutes; pace very good, over a stiff country. Trotted to Prior's coppice: found immediately. Broke at the bottom, leaving Bramstone on the right, down the valley nearly to Ouston Wood, leaving it to the right; he then made a straight point for Cole's Lodge, leaving Laundo Wood on the right; on to the Quaker's Lodge, leaving it to the right; he then came straight for Martinthorpe new covert, on to Manton. Here there was a slight check, owing to the railway; Goddard, making a judicious cast, hit him off again; on to Gibbet Gorse, leaving it to the left. He then bore away for Hambleton Wood, where I had to cry enough. This is allowed to be the finest run seen for many, many years in Leicestershire; horses firing in every field, even with the best management and most crack horsemen—Lord Cardigan, Captain Lloyd, Mr. Atkinson, jun., Mr. Tailby, and Mr. Fabling. Goddard and Jack were prominent; one of Leicestershire's best men, Mr. Banks Wright, was shut out.

Thursday, March 24, Mr. Tailby's.—Found at Langton Caudle and ran him to ground at Medbourn in thirty minutes. A second fox was found at Glooston Wood, and ran him forty minutes, and killed in the open. On Tuesday, March 29, they found at Cold Overton Wood, and ran by Prior's Coppice, on to Wardley Toll-bar, to ground. A most extraordinary run—one of the fastest and straightest ever seen. It is really surprising the sport Mr. Tailby is giving; and in fact the same may be said of all the packs. We do not hear this spoken of as "positively the last season" for any of the present Meltonians, and the late Mr. John Keal's capital residence, Burton House, is in the market for those present or to come.

Lord Stamford's, Monday, March 28.—Found a vixen, and flogged off at Billesdon Coplow. Found two at John o'Gaunt's, and flogged off. Trotted off to Gartree Hill: found two vixens and the rare old dog fox, which, through the overcrowding of a large field, was chopped—an inglorious death for such a gallant fellow, who had thoroughly beaten the hounds five or six times this season. We trust his stock will try to emulate his virtues.

C O T H E R S T O N E .

SIRE OF GLAUCA, BORNEO, FARTHINGALE, PUMICESTONE, BORDEAUX, HUMPHREY, SARABAND, &c.

ENGRAVED BY E. HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY H. BARRAUD.

BY CASTOR.

Few horses have been more famous in their time than this, our stallion for the season. As a race-horse, he will always rank as one of the heroes of John Scott's stable; and we shall never forget the sensation his appearance caused at the post for the Derby. Looking almost flattered, as Scott's horses often do, in his work, he was a perfect model of size, substance, and power, and a happy illustration of what Nimrod described in his great Quarterly article—"a three-year-old looking like a six-year-old, with the bloom of condition on his coat." No wonder they got him to something like even betting by the time Bill Scott had his saddle on him. Then, again, his Leger race is yet more memorable. People talk of it to this day as if it was only last week that Job Marson came on Nutwith with that famous rush of his, while Butler, hampered with his orders, lost a race that looked all his own. Singularly enough, it was one that went far to introduce the two most successful jockeys of their time, while both have thus early gone from amongst us. Cotherstone's career on the turf was not a long one, but it was very brilliant. As a two-year-old, he gave no great sign, certainly; but in the next season he won the Riddlesworth, the Column, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the Gratwicke, and the Royal at Newmarket—in fact, everything he started for but that unfortunate St. Leger. As a four-year-old he only ran once for the stake of that age at Goodwood, and when, as expected, he broke down.

Cotherstone comes of a most noble family. If not that every-day acquaintance, "the best-bred horse in England," his parents on either side are unquestionably amongst the most deservedly distinguished. We have had few such race-horses as his sire Touchstone, and never a better horse in the stud. There are already more than one hundred and seventy winners out by him, including celebrities of the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, and scarcely anything but of some "form" and appearance. Although not advertised, Touchstone still covers a few mares at Eaton, and he had seventeen last season. He has now reached the ripe age of eight-and-twenty. His pedigree goes back again to another renowned stallion, Camel; while he takes his title from his dam, Banter by Master Henry. The latter, a rather coarse but very powerful horse; the property of Mr. Lechmere Charlton, is about the first thorough-bred stud horse we can remember. And we remember him very well indeed; for we had to pass his box every morning, on the way to mount our pony. Mr. Charlton had lent him to his friend, the late Mr. Vincent Corbet, and the horse was standing on the borders of Oxfordshire. But Master Henry will be known more by his hunting than racing stock.



H. Forester

Portrait of a man with a horse in a stable

In fact, he looked this ; and would have been a great horse in an agricultural society's show-ground.

Cotherstone's dam Emma by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy by Hermes, has a very illustrious page of her own in the Stud Book. She is also the dam of another Derby winner, Mundig, the first great winner that "lucky gentleman," Mr. Bowes, ever had ; as well as of Trustee, Mickle Fell, Jagger, Black Beck, Mowerina, and some others that could run a bit. Bred by the trustees of the late Lord Strathmore, Emma never went out of the family, but died at home in the autumn of 1852. Portraits of both Emma and dam again, Gibside Fairy, after paintings by the elder Herring, have appeared in this work. Enough to show what we have thought of the sort.

Cotherstone, on his retirement from the turf, was purchased by the late Lord Spencer, and sent at once to Althorp, where he has since continued to cover. His first season was that of 1845, and his stock consequently came on and out as two-year-olds in 1848. He made a capital opening, too, with Farthingale, winner of the Chesterfield and the Granby, as well as of the Prince of Wales Stakes at York ; Glauca, winner of the Woodcote at Epsom, the Lavant at Goodwood, the Gimcrack at York, and the Hopeful at Newmarket ; and with Nina, the winner of the Rutland and the Criterion. In fact, the promise of that day has never since been quite fulfilled. However, Borneo gave him another lift the following season. Bordeaux came out in 1850, and Glauca won the Cesarewitch in the same year. In addition to these, Cotherstone is also the sire of Henry of Exeter, Humphrey, Steppingstone, The Wren, Brington, Copia, Hirsuta, Cheddar, Speed the Plough, Stilton, Hothorpe, Woodcote, Pumicestone, Saraband, Polydore, Palmerston, Coleshill, Glenmasson, Ancient Briton, Eddystone, Northampton, Pandora, and some forty other winners. We must also place to his especial credit that neat nag Spencer, who, although no race-winner, took the prize last year at the Chester meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, as the best thorough-bred stallion for getting hunters.

Cotherstone is advertised this year for twenty horses at ten guineas each. Further particulars may be had from our list of stallions for the season in the present number ; or of Mr. Wilson, the stud groom, who stands at his horse's head in the plate. Like Cotherstone, he has been with the Spencers for some eighteen or nineteen years ; and Mr. Barraud has done well to keep two such old friends still together. A favourite trick or habit of the horse is also illustrated in the picture. He must always have something to gnaw at, and his groom can commonly lead him round the paddock with no other hold on him than the short stick which he has in his hand. A donkey which Cotherstone had, at least a few years since as a companion, was also subject to the same mark of affection, and, like the stick, occasionally lost a little "bark" at the business.

H E ' S A W A Y !

ENGRAVED BY E. HACKER; FROM A PAINTING BY G. H. LAPORTE.

He's away! and without even a holloa to signal the coffee-room on the other side of the cover. It will be something to catch them over a country like this.

"No noise" is now all the order of the day. The Duke of Beaufort's men have railway-whistles to get their hounds out with. Still, there was something very thrilling in the long blast that proclaimed he had broke, and we are glad to see the Captain has not given up his horn. The gentleman dog-whistle style may tell well enough with the stag-hounds, but we do like to hear a man with a good cheery voice of his own, when he is drawing for a fox.

However, our master has no need to holloa now, as he bends down in his seat to almost whisper a cheer to Crystal and Roundelay—"Ew! for'ard, my lasses!" And, really, if our friend the farmer is going to make the best of his start, he had better be coming a little faster out of that brushwood. It is not every man can afford to throw away such a chance as this.

With the open season we have had, we begin to hear sad accounts of vixens very heavy being run into, and even of one viewed away with a cub in her mouth. In fact, what with our progress in all ways, and in that of agriculture more particularly, "killing a May fox" will soon become a mere saying, if it has not already. There were summer-like sun-shiny days in February, fit almost for anything but for hunting, and they kicked up a terrible dust over the arable. As one of Lord Dacre's men told us, it really did not seem like hunting under such circumstances, and though we might have his horses he would not promise to go out with us.

As with Alken, there is a deal of dash in Laporte's sketches. There is something very good in the action of the plain snaffle-bridle horse, and the seat and attitude of his rider are all over "business." He is unmistakably hunting his own hounds, and his mount accordingly is something better than a merely useful servant's horse. There is a nice observation in all this, that tells at once to the eye of a sportsman.



H. L. 1872

RACING PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY ARGUS.

No. XXII.—TOM OLIVER.

As racing men and flat jockeys have had their chroniclers, it is only fair that Tom Oliver, the Great National Steeple-chaser, should have his Boswell. He was born in the village of Angmering, in the county of Sussex, close to where Mr. Cobden first saw the light, and although he has never yet received the same token of his countrymen's admiration as the great Corn Law repealer, still in his own sphere he has achieved quite as great a share of popularity, and had almost as many followers. Mr. Oliver, senior, was a highly respectable flockmaster; and his wife was quite one of the Queen Charlotte school, having contributed sixteen names to the census, eleven of which, including our hero, lived to be received into the Christian church. Mr. Oliver, like his famous son, seems to have been early engulfed in the meshes of the law, and to have been destined to become good food for attorneys. For, wishing to get rid of his farm, which had not been a source of profit to him, he let it to a man of the name of Lloyd; but, without that degree of forethought which characterized the subject of this memoir, he let him into possession without touching the purchase-money; and the new comer immediately proving a bankrupt, the crocodiles of the law swallowed up the whole of the proceeds. He then went to Washington, in the same county, where he took a malthouse and farm, where things mended very little for the better; and not being able to excite sympathy with his bankers, like many other rich firms, he suspended, and never resumed his former position. Young Tom, who had received the first rudiments of his education from the village schoolmaster, laid the foundation of his equestrian fame on the back of a Jerusalem pony, when only six years of age, and he bestrode him with the same conscious feeling of pride as he afterwards did Vanguard and Peter Simple at Liverpool. After an interval of two years, although I am not aware whether competitive examinations were then in vogue, he was promoted to an old grey mare with broken knees, riding her frequently, when the saddle and bridle were kept from him, on an old sack, and keeping her head straight with a halter. Newlands harriers, a well-known pack in those days, and which were then kept at Broadwater, were the first hounds honoured with his presence, and his first run was attended with rather disagreeable results. For, meeting them when sent on a message to a wheelwright to repair some accident to his father's mill, in an instant mills, wheelwrights, father, all were forgotten, and, joining his favourites, he never left them until they killed their hare, which they did do after an extraordinary run of an hour-and-a-half.

This was the first time he had ever been entrusted with a saddle and bridle, which latter was joined together in two places with string, and which he positively refused to have altered, although requested to do so, saying it was the first time he had been ever so trusted—a halter

being thought quite sufficient for him. On his road home the reflection of the consequences of his ardour for the chase suddenly presented themselves to his view, and his reception under the paternal roof were not different than that which might have been anticipated. A sound thrashing, in his own words, a rub down with an oaken towel, no refreshment, and a sudden order for Bedfordshire, were the remuneration for his day's work, and but for the kindness of his youngest sister he must have starved. His father at length finding all efforts to stand in the way of his ruling passion to be fruitless, gave way to him in some respect, and a real farmer's saddle, big enough for two men to stand upon, was lent him; and when that was engaged, a miller's pad was proffered, and not refused. In this way two or three years of his life passed away, when no chance of improvement in his father's affairs presenting itself, young Tom began to ask himself "how he was to live"—a question which more boys of thirteen have put to themselves without being able to arrive at a satisfactory result. He had no other idea save in connection with horses, and he could willingly have parted with one of his ears to have arrived at the distinction of a second whip. Fortune, however, did not seem inclined to favour his views in regard to the chase. And at last his uncle, Mr. Page, the well-known trainer of Epsom, being on a visit to his father, and attracted by his appearance and sharpness, asked him if he would like to see a racehorse. He of course received the promptest of affirmatives, and was taken home behind him on his hack. In the morning, the string of racehorses, with boys of his own age on them, had such an effect upon his mind, that he mentally resolved to embrace a jockey's life. His intentions were strongly discountenanced by his friends, to whom he had returned; but so firmly were they implanted in his mind, that, taking advantage of the absence of his father at a *fête* given on Mr. Gratwicke's coming of age and into his property, he, late at night, packed up his wardrobe, which, like a snail's, were not so extensive as to impede his travelling, and slunk out of the house to meet the coach to Epsom, his stock of money consisting of fourteen shillings and sixpence, which had taken him several months to accumulate. Here he met with the utmost kindness, although the method of showing it was questioned at the time, his task being by no means so easy as he imagined, one half of the day being spent at school, and the other half on horseback. Here he remained for two years and a-half, when his uncle got him an engagement to ride light weights for Lord Mountcharles, the present Marquis of Conyngham, when old John Day rode for him.

The first racer he ever rode was Coronet, at Epsom Spring Meeting; but he was unsuccessful, and the first winning race he ever secured was on Icarus, the property of General Grosvenor. He then lived with Turner, for a year, at Inglemere Cottage, Ascot Heath; but the victualling department not being in accordance with his views or appetite, he refused a three years' engagement, and returned to his uncle, at Epsom, who managed to secure him for the light weights of the celebrated Captain Lock, who was shortly afterwards drowned in the Lake of Como. This unfortunate circumstance, coupled with the failure of Mr. Page, again threw him on his beam-ends, and he was left at Epsom, with nothing but three shillings in his pocket, and a couple of greyhounds, whose industry in maintaining themselves and

their master caused them to be no great favourites with the butchers' of the town. One day, tired of his inactive life, and thinking he might hear of something at Brighton, he started off for that place, with nothing but twopence between earth and sky, and his couple of dogs. At Reigate, the greyhounds being tired, he hit upon an ingenious contrivance to get them along, and also himself. Purchasing a pennyworth of bullock's liver upon the road, he cut a large elder stick, and putting the liver on the top of it, kept the dogs back with a string, and tantalizing them in this way, he managed to get four miles more out of them, and three miles he saved by jumping into a crate underneath a coach, driven by a Mr. Turner, which he met on the road. But being discovered and summarily ejected, Shanks's pony was again the order of the day, and this unpleasant order of travelling was pursued for some few miles, when the old Dart coach heaved in sight, and the coachman, Ned Russell, proving more humane than the amateur predecessor, the youthful jockey and his companions were deposited at his relatives close at Brighton. Mr. Page, then taking Capt. Lock's stables, in Bulstrodes Park, after the death of the latter, young Tom returned to him, and stopped two years longer, when he got an engagement at Bath races, with a Mr. Walter Young, to train and ride some horses for him in the West of England.

This gentleman was so taken with him, he offered him an engagement to go to Ireland and train for him at Rossmore Lodge, on the Curragh; and, accepting the offer, he started, as happy as a cricket, with no direction on his back. The circumstances of the owner of the castle not being very flourishing, there was often a scarcity to be found in the commissariat department; and had Mr. Russell been in half the force he is now, he could have found plenty of materials for his pen. Tom acted as Mr. Commissioner Fidler; and every beast of the field, and fowl of the air, with the exception of an old peacock which defied all their efforts, was laid under contribution. At last the siege was raised, and Mr. Jones sent him thirty shillings to get to Liverpool with a couple of horses; and such were the demands made upon him, that he had to lead a two-year-old and another animal twenty-seven Irish miles with nothing but two pennyworth of whiskey and a dry biscuit. On their arrival at Queenstown, the wind being contrary, they were detained four days; and the office having been forwarded to the Curragh, a hungry creditor pursued them, and threatened to seize both unless they were given up; and to this proposition Tom was compelled to accede, the pressure of the money market being too powerful for him to withstand, and he being only too anxious to quit a country where he had been living on nothing but buttermilk and oatmeal. Thrown again on his own resources, he became foreman to Mr. Farrell, the well-known Irish coper of Liverpool; and with his string of horses he visited most of the large fairs in England. By this means his seat on horseback became much improved, as he rode bare-backed, with a lip-string and a mouthful of ginger, an ash-plant in his hand, and a single spur to make the screw spring with him.

A juvenile indiscretion caused him to leave Liverpool for Southampton, where he assisted his uncle with Mr. Hewitt's horses. Having occasion to go to Egham Steeplechase, he first caught the idea of the life he was to adopt, and Powell and Becher became his household gods. Mr. De

Burgh and Bartley, to whom he made applications for assistance, recommended him to Mr. Charles Tyrwhitt Jones, at the head of whose establishment he remained for many months, when another failure stumped his master. He then migrated to Hanwell, and when resident there, Mr. Bartley, the bootmaker of Oxford-street, got him his first mount, which was on a chesnut mare of Mr. Walker's, of Piccadilly, called Columbine, for the Finchley Steeplechase, which was won by Jem Mason, on Wings, Tom's mare falling into a ditch the second field from home; and he going home in his wet clothes, took a violent cold, and lay speechless for six weeks, receiving for his mount the munificent remuneration of a sovereign. On his next appearance in the pigskin, which was in a match at Jackson's Ground with Martin, his fee was increased to a "couple"—a circumstance which cheered him in his career, although at the following St. Alban's Steeple Chases, in which he rode Rester and Brush, he received more falls than sovereigns. During this time his fine seat and manner of handling a horse became apparent to the owners of steeple-chasers, and he got into steady work, and, as a proof of how numerous his engagements were, I may instance his riding Wings at Dunchurch on one day, Beanstalk at Northampton on the following one, Northstar at Stratford-on-Avon on the third, when he won, and the same horse at Cheltenham on the fourth day, when he was beaten by Vivian. By the proceeds of these rides "he became a man," and no longer hesitated to give his address. But the first performance which brought him into any notoriety was riding Harlequin in a hurdle race at Clifton, beating Captain Becher on Sir Peter, and Powell on Pennyweight, when each heat was won by a head. The following year he won the Great Dunchurch Steeple Chase on Foreigner, who was backed over and over again to kill his rider against winning. He afterwards stationed himself at Leamington, where he was engaged for Sir Edward Mostyn at £100 per annum and "X S" for the first call, and on his horse Seventy-four he broke his collar bone. Then came on the partnership with Mr. Curlew, with whom he had Paddy Carey, Bodice, and The Greyling, the result of which speculation was not in accordance with either of their anticipations. It was with Greyling he rode the celebrated match with Alan Macdonough on Cigar, under circumstances which were well calculated to try the nerve of any rider, as it seems, on account of certain stamped autographs, representing certain large sums, Tom was in immense request among the sheriffs of the counties—so much so, that to save trouble, it was proposed to lithograph the writs. Still, he was so erratic in his movements and shifted his locality so often, that he was as difficult to get at as a Great Northern eagle, especially when mounted on a little bay pony, which he possessed for some time, and which he protested could smell a copy of a writ three miles off. At last, however, he resolved to stand or fall by The Greyling, and the stake being made by the family plate, he reached the scene of action a few minutes before the appointed time of the race coming off. Of course so favourable a covert to draw for Tom was not neglected, and he had hardly been on the ground long enough to speak to the Clerk of the Course, before "the office" was given he was "wanted." The announcement of course was not unexpected; but Tom, anxious to have one chance more for freedom, said he would stand "a couple" to

be allowed to ride, pledging his parole to surrender immediately. The officer, being of a sporting turn, and not wishing to spoil the fun of the afternoon, consented to this arrangement. Riding a steeple-chase under such circumstances is about as pleasant as a popular light comedian playing at the Haymarket to a delighted audience. But our hero's nerves, like those of the other gentleman to whom I have alluded, did not desert him on the occasion ; for although he never rode better in his life, he was at last beaten half a length, and as soon as he had weighed, he surrendered himself to his official friend, who conveyed him to Northampton gaol. Here he stayed a month, his state of duress being lightened by the officers of the 12th Lancers, who supplied him from their own mess with the good things of this life, and he told General Charrittie, all he wanted was "a good wall jumper." The result of hunting a man for his skin—for Tom had nothing else—as if he had been a beaver, was just what might have been imagined. And although his creditors first refused two shillings in the pound, they would gladly have taken it afterwards, when he informed them that he had consumed the sum in question, and preferred trusting to the mercies of a Commissioner than to their benevolence.

Once more a free man, he took "The Star," at Leamington, with seven shillings and sixpence in the wide world ; the whole of which he laid out in white-wash and a brush ; and the butcher and the baker ; the brewer standing tick, he was again getting a livelihood, riding in every great race and receiving large presents, which, had he been a man of business, would have prevented him from knowing the want of a fifty-pound note again. He won the Great Liverpool, on Jerry, when Goody Levi swore Jim Mason ordered his servant to have his great coat ready for him at the well where Lottery fell ; and he afterwards won it with Vanguard, whose skin used to cover his sofa at Prestbury ; and with Peter Simple, for tee Duke of Argyll, as Mr. Bignall is facetiously designated by the ring. But failure again overtook Tom, who shifted himself to Prestbury, where he has been located for very many years, training steeple-chasers, and occasionally riding himself ; and he can lay claim to having brought out two of the best cross-country jockeys of the age, viz., Charley Boyce and Bob James. Of Tom, in his personal character, all I can say is, he is quite an original, and in ethics he cannot be said to have taken a high degree. Bred up in a school where the fine distinction between honesty and cunning are not so distinctly laid down as in Paley, it is not surprising if he adopted the common code of steeple-chasers for his own guidance, or that his light elastic temperament should have made him a tool in the hands of others.

With a face as handsome as a gipsy, and a well-made figure, few men look better on horseback ; and his style of putting a horse at his fences, and assisting him when in distress, has never been exceeded, while his knowledge of pace is quite equal to that of Chifney. Of lawyers he has a morbid horror, terming them "brambles," from their "tearing people to pieces so ;" and the aptitude of the simile must strike every one at first sight. On our questioning him, one day, about his riding, and when he rode best, he made us the following characteristic reply : "Squire, when you've got the traps in the house, and the bums after you, and you say to yourself, within three fields of home, 'If my nut is screwed on a little better than these other beggars, and I can beat

them, how pleased my poor wife and kids will be ! ' and that makes you ride.' And it was with these thoughts in his head he won the Newport Pagnell steeple-chase on The Curate, and got enough to get rid of two unpleasant gentlemen who were staying with him at Prestbury ; and in many other instances the same result has been obtained by the same means. Since then he has had a perpetual life of trouble ; and his sudden bolting from the Bankruptcy Court of Bristol, and flight across the river, have been matter of history : but now, cleared of all incumbrances, it is to be hoped he will pass the remainder of his career in peace and quietness. As far as a knowledge of preparing horses for welter races goes, he has no superior, his animals always looking big and well, and never being over-galloped. His son, the *parvus Julius*, whose career as a light weight was cut short by his rapid growth, was almost as great a character as himself. Never was any *début* so anxiously waited for as young Tom's ; and for months before it came off, his top-boots and goloshes were carefully wrapped in the *Sunday Times*, and tried on every day ; and equal care was taken of his other racing toggery. In music also he was a fair proficient ; and it was amusing to watch his father eyeing his master keeping him at a bar on the pianoforte, like he himself would a horse at a hurdle, until he could get him over it, and refusing all his requests to interfere in his behalf, by telling him " Young 'un, you have got into trouble now, and you must get out of it as your father has done many a time before." Young Tom did well when he first came out, as he won both the Newmarket and Great Northern Handicaps with Talfourd. But his precocious ideas hardly suited the trainer's, and Escrett, to whom he was articed, was not a little surprised when asked to hire a piano for him, to keep up his music—a request we should like to have seen preferred to old John Osborne, or young King. The early habits of self-indulgence, as well as his increase of flesh, however, soon caused him to give up a racing career, and he has since been living with Captain West, who formerly kept the Cheltenham stag hounds, and having thoroughly reformed himself he has regained all his old friends, besides new ones who have discovered the good qualities which are uppermost in his mind, and which it is to be hoped have redeemed his early errors.

A FISHING EXCURSION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BY WANDERER.

On the sixteenth of May, 1856, I left the Highland village of Kirkmichael, and wending my way along the bank of the Arde for a distance of about five miles, left farms and cultivation behind me, and, after passing Strathloch, ascended the wild moor of Glen Briarachan, where sheep and grouse are the most ordinary objects, until tillage again became visible as I descended into the sweetly-situated village of Moulin. Here the warmer climate and consequent earlier vegetation afford a marked contrast to the more treeless district of Strath Arde.

At a distance of half a mile farther, being about eleven from Kirk-michael, I reached the neat village of Pitlochry, situate upon the river Tummel, which for fishing and romantic beauty can scarcely be surpassed. Here, according to previous arrangement, I met Captain P——, a very expert angler and enthusiastic sportsman, who had undertaken to accompany me on a fishing excursion to Rannoch. For my own part I should have preferred walking from Pitlochry to the Bridge of Tummel; but my friend being anxious to arrive at the scene of action, we hired a trap at Fisher's Hotel, and proceeded through highly-romantic and richly-wooded scenery to the bridge of Tummel Inn. Few parts of Scotland can offer a more beautiful route than that which we had selected. In numerous instances the mountains are infinitely more lofty and of grander outline; but the fine natural wood, and rich luxuriance of foliage, backed by rock and heather, with the river Tummel at a great depth beneath the road, sometimes urging its headlong course with foam and fury, and ever and anon, as if pausing to gather redoubled energy, lying calm and unruffled in an abyss of inky blackness, form a picture of striking and ever-changing beauty. Soon after leaving Pitlochry, we obtained a view of the fine pass of Killiecrankie, celebrated for picturesque beauty, but perhaps still more so as the scene of the battle between King William's troops, under the command of General Mackay, and the Highland clans under Viscount Dundee, fought in the year 1689. A stone still marks the spot where the Viscount received his death wound. The rage of Dundee, when his complaint to the Convention was treated with neglect by the Duke of Hamilton, and which rage induced him immediately to collect his army, is so well told by Sir Walter Scott, that I venture to quote at length the song of the Scottish Bard:—

Air—"The bonnets of Bonny Dundee."

"To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each cavalier, who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the west port, and let me gang free;
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street;
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce mon, said, 'Just e'en let him be,
The gude town is weel quit of that de'il of Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was fligting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthis and alee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd;
There was spite in each look; there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

* Previous to 1784, the Grassmarket was the common place of execution at Edinburgh.

These cowl's of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
 And long-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
 At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spur'd to the foot of the proud castle rock,
 And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke,
 'Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words, or three,
 For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
 'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
 Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth;
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
 There are wild Dunie vassals, three thousand times three,
 Will cry *Heigh!* for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide;
 There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
 The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,
 At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
 Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown;
 The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs, and on Clermiston's lee,
 Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
 Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;
 Come open your gates, and let me gae free;
 For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

Through this celebrated Pass of Killiecrankie flows the river Garry, which falls into the Tummel, near Faskally House. The Garry affords excellent fishing in its season.

Soon after passing Faskally, Loch Tummel, previously hidden by a dense mass of wood, burst suddenly upon us, calm and unruffled, reflecting in its vast depth all surrounding objects, like a mirror. This peaceful serenity was in strict harmony with the day, which was as fine as any tourist could wish, while perhaps more air would have been acceptable to the pedestrian, and a little tempest would be preferred by the angler when fishing this sheet of water. It may be well, for the benefit of anglers visiting this celebrated Loch, to give a brief outline of its character, with which I became acquainted during a three months' residence upon its southern shore. The trout of Loch Tummel are indeed justly celebrated—possessing much symmetry of form, of very high-coloured flesh, and reaching a weight of eight and nine pounds, they are objects worthy of the angler's skill. But skill *alone* will not ensure success in *Loch Tummel* unless coupled with patience and perseverance;

and even these virtues must be supported by a very strong breeze. In a moderate wind, the matter becomes *hopeless*; while in a high one, success is by no means *certain*. The trout in this lake are very shy, as large fish generally are; the rich feeding ground and abundant testaceous food of Loch Tummel rendering its finny inhabitants peculiarly dainty; while a great host of pike play havoc amongst the small fry. Speaking of pike, I may mention an incident which occurred to me while fishing for trout upon this lake. I was trying my luck off shore when my fly was seized by a small fish—*too* small for anything belonging to Loch Tummel, as I imagined (a trout under a pound weight being a great rarity in this sheet of water); while the small resistance offered by a very juvenile pike—for such I had hooked on this occasion—was small indeed. Pike, in my own estimation, are, in an edible point of view, of very little value; and this was indeed but a miserably small specimen of the fresh-water shark, whose voracity I determined to gratify by impaling the small representative on a pike-hook attached to about forty yards of strong whip-cord. Having fastened a stone to the line, about six feet above my unfortunate captive, I flung him in, to take his chance, while I went home to dinner. On my return to the spot, in about two hours, I hauled up my line, which, when within a few yards of shore, exhibited much agitation, caused by the plunging efforts of a five-pound pike anxious to be free of “the little fish” (perhaps his own grandson), together with the hook, which soon “took him in,” to his heart’s content. The old proverb of “Well begun’s half done,” was verified to a certain extent on this occasion, and had it not been for a mishap, hereafter to be mentioned, would have been fulfilled to the completion of a very good evening’s sport. A very strong breeze had sprung up, and I determined again to try my luck off shore—a mode of proceeding seldom rewarded with success in Loch Tummel. I must here make a slight digression in support of my last assertion. All anglers who have been accustomed to lake-fishing are perfectly aware that a boat greatly facilitates sport; while, in many instances, it is indispensably necessary. For really enjoyable sport give me lochs which can be fished either off shore, or by wading; and many such lochs I have tested with excellent success. Loch Tummel, however, bids defiance to wading, on account of the precipitous descent of its margin, and I recommend none but expert swimmers to make the attempt, and even they must have Cording’s life preservers if they intend to keep up the amusement with the free use of their arms. To take fish off shore is almost impracticable in this lake, because they seldom rise except in the roughest part of the Loch; indeed, in the foam and surf of the waves, as they lash to shore, is the place to expect sport. Let the wind blow from the north, the southern side is the one to fish—and *vice versa*; and thus a boat becomes indispensable, as throwing off shore is rendered, if not *impossible*, extremely *difficult*, and hazardous to your rod; to say nothing of a short ugly-cast, and a strong probability of a furious gust driving your flies back into your bonnet, or perchance your face. It was against this difficulty, during the absence of the boat, that I determined to try from shore on the occasion to which I have alluded. To cast directly against the hurricane I found to be impracticable; but after twenty years’ apprenticeship at the angler’s craft, having become cunning like an old pointer who potters about

hedgerows in the afterpart of the season, I took every advantage of headlands and promontories, and thus in several instances got a side cast on the *billows*, and was sometimes enabled actually to throw towards shore. Whenever I had a chance of this sort I fished steadily over the water, turning my back to the Loch, and making a promontory answer the purpose of a stationary boat. There were but few available places for fishing off shore after securing my pike, but in a quarter of an hour perseverance was rewarded by a two-pounder, which in shape and external beauty was only equalled by the hue of his flesh, which surpassed that of ordinary salmon, while his flavour was but little inferior. In the course of sixty yards I hooked and landed another of nearly three pounds, and felt more than satisfied with what I had got in so short a time and space, especially on Loch Tummel, where I, like many others, had fished both from boat and *terra firma* without a rise. Just below Frenich, a farm-house where I had taken my temporary quarters, I rose and hooked within a few yards of the shore a trout which made the reel whirr again. There was no mistake of its being a very heavy fish, and for ten minutes I had my rod strained by his indignant struggles. The sun had sunk below the surrounding mountains, but the beautiful northern twilight (for in summer there is no darkness in this country) afforded light enough at half-past ten to form a pretty accurate idea of my antagonist, who showed me his tail and dorsal-fin on two occasions before taking his final departure. I was satisfied before with my two trout; but now I could not help feeling exasperated, especially when I discovered the cause of the mishap, which arose from a badly-dressed fly. I generally dress my own, and if they be not so elegant as the various shop productions, they are at all events firmly tied for "the tug of war." The individual with which I hooked this fish proved faithless in the hour of need, and I fear I bestowed a short condemnatory expression upon its dresser. Fancy, reader, the disgust I felt when I got my line sneaking back, with the wings and body of the fly adhering to the gut, while the base hook, fast in the jaws of my lost trout, had gone to keep him company in his next exploit.

I have introduced the above narrative in order to give my brother-anglers some idea of the fishing on Loch Tummel, or rather to prepare them not to expect numbers, or even anything like certainty of a single fish; but if a trout be captured, the probability is that he will be nearer three pounds than one; and he may be seven, eight, or even nine. With regard to quality, these trout are the finest I ever saw; and if their rises were a little more frequent, such a loch could hardly be found. The one great drawback is that their "visits" to the fly are like those of angels, "few and far between." The flies for Loch Tummel should be dressed on good-sized hooks; the gut should be strong, and a two-handed rod is advisable. I can recommend the following as good flies:—

1. Wings, grey mallard feather; body, dark green mohair, or worsted warped with silver twist; legs, black cock's hackle.

2. Wings, from speckled feather of grouse; body, scarlet mohair, or worsted warped with gold twist; legs, black or blood-red cock's hackle.

3. Wings, brown mallard feather; body, yellow floss silk; legs, red cock's hackle.

4. Wings, teal-duck; body, black wool, or mohair warped with silver twist; legs, black cock's hackle.

I have mentioned four flies which under favourable circumstances I think ought to do some execution. I speak from experience of only three months, during which I believe they answered as well as any tried upon the lake; at the same time a variety of other flies might ensure greater success, provided they be of the proper size. I never attempt to prescribe particular flies as *irresistible* until *years* instead of *months* have made me acquainted with the peculiar requirements of the fish, and even then I am strongly inclined to believe that *size* and *colour*, aided by experience and dexterous manipulation on the part of the angler, are more likely to ensure success, than the voluminous collection of feathered gear, which is useful *sometimes*, but fails *repeatedly*. After this digression I shall suppose Loch Tummel passed, and that we have arrived at the Bridge of Tummel Inn—a comfortable house, and kept by a Mr. Menzies, a name somewhat common in that locality. The bridge itself, consisting of one arch, which spans the river, is crossed by a steep ascent from either side.

Shortly after our arrival here we discharged our conveyance and driver, who of course talked about fast travelling and stopping occasionally when required, then touched his hat, and hoped we would give him a trifle more, which was done in the form of an extra sixpence. This business concluded, Captain P—— and myself put our rods together and succeeded in killing a moderate dish of trout, none, however, being of any size. At an early hour we retired to rest, and in the course of a few minutes I was in the arms of Lethe, while my friend was doomed to a worse fate. A sale had taken place at Frenich, about three miles distant, and a number of farmers continued to refresh themselves in a room below the warrior's bedchamber, and the various songs which accompany potations of whiskey, together with table rapping and other signs of applause, drove sleep away from "The Captain." On the following morning there was scarcely any breeze, so we left another piscatorial gentleman to try Loch Tummel (without success, as we afterwards heard), and, taking another trap, drove straight over to Kinloch Rannoch. On leaving the Bridge of Tummel the scenery entirely changed from rich wood to wild and mountainous solitude. A rude chaos of rocks and stones lay scattered about in all directions, as if the Titans or other renowned giants had been playing bowls or skitties for fifty years, and left the ground in a state calculated to confuse ordinary mortals. At all events these are the vestiges of some mighty convulsion of nature. Amidst this wild and indeed desolate scene there are some magnificent views of the river, which flows at a considerable depth beneath the road. Some of the peeps are very imposing, but there is an absence of wood; while the huge rocks and deep dark pools and occasional roar and rage of pent-up water are apt to fill the mind with feelings of awe and gloom, rather than admiration—may I not say, of affection (?) inspired by the same river, as she dashes along under over-hanging wood below Loch Tummel. Some of the best trout fishing in this river is to be had in the neighbourhood of Mount Alexander, about three miles above Tummel bridge. There are in this portion of the water fine deep pools containing large trout.

Amongst the various mountains of this wild district, the steep Sche-

hallion stands prominently conspicuous, towering high above his fellows. This mountain, 3550 feet in height, has an enormous base, forming a single cone, the apex of which appears extremely sharp when viewed from below. It was this mountain which gave shelter to Robert Bruce, after the battle of Methven; and in this wild district it appears that the Scottish monarch resided for some time. The exact spot which formed his hiding place is still pointed out; and the spring from which he drank still offers to the passer by a draught of water of clear and crystal purity. At a few miles distant from Kinloch, a village situate at about a quarter of a mile from Loch Rannoch, the hitherto wild and rocky pass widens out into a more open country; the river now loses its rapid and foaming character, and lies stretched over a greater breadth of channel, and more resembling the loch from which it has recently emerged.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Kinloch Rannoch, and took up our quarters in the well-furnished and comfortable hotel kept by a landlord of the name of M'Donald, with whom I had become acquainted some years before, when he had the Star, at Pitlochry. I was glad to find, from his own account, that he had every reason to believe he had bettered his fortune in his new position, as both he and his better-half are kind and attentive people, and well "cut-out" for an innkeeping business. As a great deal of the enjoyment of an angler on a rambling expedition depends upon the landlord, while the comfort of his sleeping apartment is ordered by the landlady, I think a few words respecting the couple presiding over the arrangements at Kinloch may not be out of place. With all due deference to the fair sex I must describe the landlord first, as it is the host who, under ordinary circumstances, makes the first appearance. M'Donald is a strong, thick-set man, with an open, good-humoured countenance, bespeaking civility and obliging-kindness, which those visiting his house are sure to meet with in every particular. He is well-informed about fishing places and distances; and if he be at fault himself he will very soon obtain from others the desired information. He keeps good horses; excellent bitter ale in draught; while his various spirits are of first-rate quality. Well, for the present, I have done with the landlord; and now for the landlady, who, without flattery to herself or her husband, is a remarkably good-looking woman, perhaps I might say *more* than good-looking, but I leave others to form their own opinions. What, perhaps, is of more importance to all, with the exception of M'Donald himself, is that the domestic arrangements, which come under her immediate superintendence, are conducted in a manner calculated to suit the fancy of the most fastidious; and I think none will regret, as far as the hotel and surrounding scenery and fishing are concerned, a visit to Kinloch Rannoch. Soon after our arrival, having in strict accordance with the ideas of an Englishman ordered our dinner, we commenced operations immediately below the bridge, and caught a moderate dish of trout (none of them of any great size), the largest, perhaps, being about half-a-pound weight. It commenced raining as we started from the inn, and a perfect deluge soon followed, and continued throughout the evening. Above the bridge the river is very wide, and there was an absence alike of stream and breeze, both of which were partially supplied by the heavy rain, which set the water dancing in a furious manner, and acted as a blind upon the fish, who dashed at the fly without perceiving the

gut that was appended to it. After a tolerable soaking we went in to dinner; and after satisfying the appetite which air and exercise usually afford, we looked out of window, and beheld drenched men, saturated cocks and hens, waddling ducks, and gutters, which latter were flowing in imitation of the river into which they were soon to empty themselves. After a glass of sherry-and-water on the part of my friend, and a glass of toddy on my own, we again stared the weather full in the face, the features of which were as forbidding as ever, and "heavy wet" was "the order of the day." We could not make up our minds to go out again, though it was too early to shut ourselves up for the evening, so we put the matter upon the decision of a toss—a likeness of his Majesty George the Fourth coming up sent us again to try our luck. In a drenching rain we obeyed the injunctions of the silver apparition, and got more sport above the bridge, till dusk and wet combined induced us to return to our comfortable quarters, where we rang the bell for slippers, and settled ourselves for the evening. Snug and comfortable, we continued to chat about fishing, shooting, and other field sports, besides matters of general interest, while a torrent of rain battered against the windows, informing us that we were better inside than out. "No good sign that," said my friend: "it augurs ill for our ascent of Schehallion, to-morrow." This task we intended to perform next day, being Sunday; and as there was to be no service at the church I think that the most scrupulous Scotchman will allow that we might have done worse than endeavour to obtain at one glance a view of the lochs and mountains forming part of the mighty creation of the Great Omnipotent. The morning proved fine, and the giant stood forth in all his majesty, his face smiling and frowning under the influence of sun and cloud. No mist rested on his forehead, and we started, hoping to reach the summit of Schehallion; but fine mornings, like many things in this life, are often too bright to last, as the weather proved on this occasion. After walking about four miles, we came to what might be termed the base of the mountain, and we began to ascend what I should call the shoulder, plunging through bogs, scaring sheep, and startling grouse, in all directions.

We continued to ascend for some time, in defiance of a Scotch mist, which, according to the old adage, "will wet an Englishman through;" but when Schehallion became lost to view, and we had nothing but clouds around us, we considered a further ascent to be a matter of absurdity, and began to retrace our steps, or rather I should say to try a shorter cut, for Kinloch. The mist soon became a heavy rain, which continued without abatement for an hour and a half, and proved a very watery business for several hours more. Here I had a fair test (had I needed such) of the merits of Scotch tweeding, known in this part of the world as "home-made" stuff. I was out four hours in a drenching rain; and on my return to Kinloch, for comfort's sake, I changed my garments, the under ones being perfectly dry—indeed, the veritable jacket in which I am now writing was not wet through. I have already advocated this fabric for winter shooting in a former number, and the more I test it the better I like it; but let the tyro bear in mind the vast importance of getting the material "all wool." The admixture of cotton and wool is "cheap and nasty," and the most ignorant purchaser may detect the cotton by unravelling the end of the cloth, in

which, if cotton show itself, I advise him to discard it (*i. e.*), if he wish service and durability. Having failed in our ascent of Schehallion, we made ourselves once more comfortable at Kinloch, in the mean time making arrangements with M'Donald for the next day's fishing. Should there be a breeze we determined to fish Loch Rannoch; if calm, the Gauer and Loch Each were to be the order of the day. We were doomed to remain unacquainted with the piscatory merits of Loch Rannoch, as far as *personal* experience was concerned, although its fame is extended far beyond the beautiful district in which it lies. The next morning was bright and breezeless, and consequently still water was out of the question. We engaged M'Donald's dog-cart, generally kept for his own private use, and an excellent chestnut (about fourteen two), which good bit of stuff in the hands of M'Donald—a practised Jehu—rattled us over in capital style to Tynnylinn, situate at the head of Loch Rannoch. This beautiful lake, above ten miles in length, two miles and a half in breadth, and surrounded by forest-clad mountains, lay calm as a mirror, save here and there where a momentary fitful breeze dimpled the surface, causing a black line of contrast to the wide dazzling reflection of the unobscured sun. Motionless herons, and more busy oyster-catchers, were plying their craft, while ducks and divers were gliding on the surface of the lonely lake. Peace and tranquillity were here personified, offering a picture almost of sublimity to the artist or poet. As anglers, we could not help enjoying such a placid scene, although the absence of wind debarred us from our favourite amusement.

The cob was hardly in the stable before we were at work below the bridge which crosses the Gauer (the name of the Tummel above Loch Rannoch), or rather, I should say, my friend was casting away, while I and M'Donald shortly followed his example by commencing above the bridge. I hooked a trout at my third cast, and a fine-shaped, well-grown fish he was, weighing above three-quarters of a pound when I deposited him in my creel. While I was engaged with my fish the Captain was busy with *another*, which showed much "pluck," and sent the steelyard up to a pound and a half, as a crowd of schoolboys collected to witness the warrior's victory. M'Donald and I wended our way *up* the river (a mode of fishing I detest, except with worm in clear water) for about a mile, when we agreed to be off to Loch Each. We cut the river, and walked on as fast as we could for the lake, which is in fact nothing more than an enlargement of the river, forming a small loch, fringed by weeds and rushes, possessing a soft, rich bottom. There is one inconvenience connected with fishing lochs, especially one like Loch Each, which in a great degree destroys the angler's pleasure, at least, in my estimation, as I have already hinted, and that is the necessity of employing a boat. This inconvenience was much enhanced on the present occasion by the state in which we found the frail coble, which we had permission to use, provided we would haul her up and leave her as we found her. This I cannot say we did according to the strict "letter of the law," inasmuch as we left her in a more water-tight condition than she had been for some time previous. One peculiarity of the Highland character is, to leave everything in the way of a fracture unrepaired till the moment it is required for use, and according to custom this boat offered a fair specimen. As we approached the loch

we overtook a fine stalwart Highlander, who kindly offered his assistance to launch the boat, which was lying keel uppermost in a small byre, the door being the exact width of the coble when turned on her side, while the height was about half as much again. Through this aperture we made our way, and after some little difficulty we succeeded in getting out our small craft. Alas! she had no sooner emerged from comparative darkness to daylight, than she showed such a terrible leaking capacity between two of her timbers that we doubted whether to launch her or not. "*Hiatus maxime defendus!*" thought I, after our walk and trouble. We groped about the byre, and fortunately found some old rope and a very small pot of tar, which induced us to commence repairs. The rope was soon unravelled, saturated with tar, and afterwards pushed into the crack by means of a knife and a "skein dhu." Other minor fissures had to be stopped, and nearly an hour elapsed ere we considered the boat sea-worthy; after which we had the road to cross, a grass embankment, and then an incline of rushes, heather, sand, and a few rocky obstructions of about eighty yards, to overcome, in launching her. We managed to carry the boat over the road as well as other obstacles, and we finally launched her on Loch Each without any failure or disaster. M'Donald and myself now entrusted our lives to the mended boat, *he* taking the oars, while *I* fished with flies at a venture, not at all knowing what particular colour or size the finny occupants of this water might fancy; but supposing at the same time that, in such a truly wild, unfrequented place, they were not likely to be fastidious. A nice breeze *sprang* up, and the *trout* began to *spring* up too, and do their best to reward us for repairing the boat. After killing a fair lot of nice (but not large) sized and well formed lively fish I took the oars, in order to give our worthy host a chance with his own rod; and after a short time he insisted upon my being at it again. In the midst of more performances, up comes my friend the Captain, very hungry, we having all the sandwiches &c., while he and his attendant had all the beer, for a glass of which I had been longing before his arrival. The first question asked by my friend was, of course, "What have you done?" and then looking into my creel, he said, "Capital; but look at mine." Well, I looked with amazement at some of the trout he had killed in the river, weighing two and three pounds each. I beat him in number, but not in weight; and had I known the state of the boat, and the time to be lost in repairing her, I should have stuck to the river. But I have a great dislike to fishing up water, and both M'Donald and myself were very anxious to try Loch Each, which was (to him, at least,) unknown, and certainly but little fished by any. A wilder and more desolate situation a man can hardly imagine; and, perhaps, the generality of cockneys would not like it; but I must confess that, while I have no humour for the metropolitan din and noise, I delight to visit such a scene of utter loneliness and desolation as presents itself around Loch Each and the upper portion of the Gauer. It is in localities of this kind that a man is thrown upon his own resources, and where he becomes sensible of the energies of his own mind and body. Where there is none to help him, a man soon finds out the way to help himself; and how quickly do contrivances spring up, when he is placed in a situation in which he is compelled to admit that "Necessity is the mother of invention!" The same man, who in Oxford-street or

Piscodilly would call a cab or omnibus to save him a mile's walk; would tramp ten or fifteen miles from Loch Each, and go out fishing in the morning without fatigue, but with a keen relish for his breakfast. And why is this? Simply because where appliances for laziness are at hand, the man takes advantage of them; and where he cannot find them, he becomes active, energetic, and, I think I might add, healthy, if not happy.

After this digression, I return to my narrative. When my friend arrived I gave him my place in the boat, and continued to fish off shore with fair success, considering the rushy nature of the bank. The little keg of bitter ale had been speedily removed from the shoulders of a boy who had enlisted himself in the warrior's service at Tynnylinn, and after being deposited for some time in a cold spring afforded a most refreshing draught to us all. Alas! the keg, which contained three bottles when M'Donald and myself started for Loch Each, had become terribly exhausted before it reached us; while my own pocket flask, primed with Highland whiskey, was nearly finished. This old companion on fishing and shooting expeditions holds a gill, or two good sized wine glasses. This is enough for a whole day when mixed occasionally with water, the cold effects of which, upon a heated person, may be checked by a small modicum of "the mountain dew," or other spirit. For the benefit of the uninitiated in Highland rambles, I would advise the selfish proceeding of keeping so small a flask for their own peculiar use; as they know not how soon a mist may obscure their path, or where, perchance, they may be compelled to sleep for the night; or, at all events, how soon they may be soaked to the skin, or require a stimulant to ward off exhaustion. To "the stalwart Highlander" I had given nearly half my supply of spirits; while M'Donald, who had armed himself with double the quantity, had been equally liberal; and so we had but a thimbleful between us, when the Captain, boy, and Highland man determined to leave the loch and fish the river down to Tynnylinn. The day had been extremely hot for some time after the launch of our coble, and continued, notwithstanding a fresh breeze, "all serene," for a couple of hours after the departure of our friends, who were then, perhaps, three miles away. A furious wind now sprang up, accompanied by a cold, driving rain; then a temporary calm, with a gleam of sunshine, and a moderate drizzle, to change in ten minutes to a small deluge; while the waves of the little loch dashed their foam and fury into our coble, to our own discomfort, and the delight of the fish, who welcomed the return of their native element, as they plunged and jumped at the bottom of the boat, threatening to return to their old haunts. We shipped sufficient water to pull ashore and bale out some of it, leaving enough, however, to keep our fish fresh and lively till we finally landed. I said, till we finally landed: "aye, there's the rub." M'Donald, during the pelting rain, muttered about difficulty in getting the boat up to her resting-place; and I felt very forcibly the strength of his remark; but I was doomed to feel it more strongly still—at least, physically speaking. *Three* men had launched the boat down an incline with *some trouble*; and what were likely to be the difficulties of *two* taking her home again, and all *up hill* into the bargain? The most powerful man had left us; while M'Donald, short of stature, but very strongly built, possessed much determination and resolution of character, which,

as all my readers know, frequently leaves strength in the background. Added to resolution, however, M'Donald is very strong, as his compact build and broad shoulders would incline any man to believe. Well, we hauled our coble out of the loch, and, by sheer strength, a good length ashore: a moment's rest, and away she went again some ten yards farther. Ten minutes we sat in a pouring rain, lamenting the absence of any stimulant, but more especially that of the Highlander. At it again we went, and brought her to the rock over which we had lifted her in the morning. We tried again, but we could not do it—as M'D. said, "The M'Donalds were never beaten; and a M'Donald I am, and will stick, to the last, to make good my word to put the boat back as we found her. Will you help me, to the last, sir?"

"Yes," said I, "M'Donald, I will; but I think we must substitute artifice for strength, or rather, I should say, bring it forward to our assistance."

"What now?" said M'Donald.

"Bring up the oars," said I, "from the loch side, and let us see if they won't help us a bit."

M'Donald soon brought the oars, which of course I laid before the boat, after the sailors' fashion, and so got round the rock and up the "brae" and over the road, to the door, where our troubles only commenced again. M'Donald and I pushed vigorously to get her in, when her rowlocks caught the door-post, and we were compelled to put her back again; and so we went on for nine or ten trials, after which we succeeded in ensconcing her in her own place, keel uppermost, and oars underneath, as we had found her in the morning.

Drenched with rain, and heated with exertion, we were glad to shut the door and leave our boat in a quiet and recumbent position, and somewhat sounder in constitution than we had found her in the morning. We had a fair burden of fish to carry, which we slightly increased on our way to Tinnylinn, by an occasional cast wherever the road and river lay in close proximity to each other. At a distance of four miles from Loch Each we overtook my friend, his juvenile attendant, and the Highland gamekeeper. The Captain had killed several fine trout since his departure from the loch; and I should recommend anglers who wish to take *large* fish to devote their attention to the Gauer; while those who desire *number* will have their patience less taxed in Loch Each, which lake, I have no doubt, contains very large fish; but its weedy nature is a great drawback, and, I should say, an effectual barrier to trolling. Large trout are to be taken in the river above the loch, where it flows deep and dead—its character forming a great contrast to its rapid, rocky nature below the lake. On reaching the small inn of Tinnylinn we were glad of some refreshment and a glass of toddy before starting home in our moist garments in the dog-cart.

The evening was wearing on, and it was nearly eleven when we reached Kinloch Rannoch with a fine show of fish, which were soon arranged upon dishes, for our inspection. A beautiful spectacle was presented by these recently-killed fish, whose tints were in perfection; while a number of two and three pounders were surrounded by a host of smaller finsters; while several of half-a-pound and upwards were, perhaps, of more perfect symmetry—small headed, deep in the flank, remarkably short, and in fact all that a trout should be. Many cut

very red in the flesh; while others were white; but all were firm and well-tasted.

Having made ourselves comfortable by changing our saturated garments, which had cooled us not a little during our drive home, we had sufficient appetite to do justice to what our good hostess had prepared for supper; after which, of course, we requested the attendance of M'Donald to quaff a glass of toddy, and chat over the day's proceedings, amidst the clouds of tobacco which were issuing from our social pipes. We hoped to try our fortunes upon Loch Rannoch the next day; but the morning proved so extremely bright and breezeless, that, after waiting for some hours in hopes that a wind would spring up, we determined to start for Pitlochry. Having hired a drosky, we lit our cigars at the sun, with a small magnifying glass, and bade adieu to Kinloch Rannoch. We had a hot and brilliant drive, baiting at Tummel Bridge, of which I secured a sketch, while my friend took a few casts in the river. Soon after the arrival of our conveyance at the inn door, we were once more *en route*. Loch Tummel lay as calm as a sheet of glass. We thoroughly enjoyed our drive and occasional walk to ease the horse up the braes, and again admire the beautiful scenery around us, till we once more arrived at Fisher's Inn, where we obtained most comfortable quarters for the night, and after an early breakfast started per coach on the following morning for Dunkeld. During our progress along this fine drive, presenting some of the most lovely and romantic scenery, we saw two or three specimens of the capercaillie, a bird which we are glad to say is again increasing in Scotland. We arrived safely at one of the hotels at Dunkeld, kept by Fisher, who has the Pitlochry house also, and immediately walked up to my friend's house, where I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted for the first time with Mrs. P——, and his snug little residence, which his own ingenuity, combined with a hearty welcome from an *elegant* woman, as well as from himself, can hardly fail to render comfortable and inviting. I shall leave accounts of salmon fishing in this immediate locality for another number, and so conclude for the present my fishing excursion in this district of Perthshire.

P U F F I N S H O O T I N G .

BY D. G.

During the present month, immense flocks of birds, known among the inhabitants living on the Hampshire and Dorsetshire coasts under the name of puffins, immigrate annually from more northern regions, to spend their summer with us. They begin to arrive about the eighteenth of May, and retire northward during the second week in August. These birds affect the high rocks and cliffs around Portland and the Isle of Wight; in the recesses of which they perform the duties of nidification and incubation—hatching their young, for the most part, in the third week of June, when the parent-birds are to be noticed, throughout the tedious hours of the day, incessantly engaged on the wing, conveying

small fish and other marine food for the *pulli*, which are of a very greedy and insatiable disposition, as may be inferred from the circumstance of the untiring and ceaseless energies of the old birds, in furnishing their craving wants.

There are two species of the above visitors which frequent our estuaries; they are both of them of the *auk* genus: one may be called the *greater* and the other the *less* auk, or "razor bill," so appelled from the serrated formation of the creature's beak. Some fifty years ago, puffin shooting, during the months of July and August, was regarded as one of the most engaging and interesting classes of maritime sport that was experienced in these parts; and in such high esteem was this order of sport held, that little parties were in the practice of repairing, annually, to the Isle of Wight, from London and other localities of the kingdom, to participate in the enjoyments of a fresh bracing sea-breeze for a week or two, and the lively and invigorating as well as novel recreation of puffin shooting.

The late Robert Pope Blackford, Esq., who about fifty years ago possessed the Osborne estate, to which were annexed the valuable manors of Bowcombe, Northwood, and Merston, now, the whole of them, constituting the royal marine domain of Her most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, was in the habit of inviting, annually, to his mansion, during the summer months, an extensive assemblage of high and distinguished persons of rank, to indulge themselves in the sport above adverted to; and among the guests entertained upon these occasions, no one was found more constant in his attendance than his late R.H. Prince W. Henry the Duke of Gloucester, who took great delight in making frequent marine excursions to The Needles, and the bold aspiring cliffs that impend over the sea below, which swarmed with puffins and a large variety of other aquatic birds.

At that distant period of time, the percussion lock was not in use, and manual projectiles connected with gunnery were, on the whole, more clumsily contrived, than has been the case with them during the last thirty years; besides which, double-barrelled fowling-pieces were not so common as they are now-a-days, so that the besieged feathered colonies were not then so recklessly destined to destruction as they are in this more modern age, when the chances have increased four to one against them.

As soon as the young broods are well on the wing, they descend into the water, and may be observed undulating on the briny waves, at intervals, throughout the day; but as soon as a gun is discharged at them, they immediately take wing, and repair to the rocks and cliffs, where myriads of them may be seen in a state of disorder and confusion. It is at this juncture the fowler may commence upon his sport; and very pretty sport it is, if followed up with spirit, according to the prescribed rule of "hit or miss."

A land-going sportsman, on surveying one of these birds on the wing, would be inclined to exclaim, "What an owl for a bad marksman!" but he will quickly find his mistake out, when, out of six attempts to bring down a similar locomotive buoyant object, he, to his great unspeakable mortification, finds he has not succeeded in ruffling a single feather. Six times the same trial repeated in succession, at different birds, is each responded to with a like result; but experience has not yet whispered in

his ear, "You are on the *sea*, not on *terra firma*." The alternate up-lifting and down-bearing of the boat, whilst the shooter is in the act of pulling his trigger, renders the task of turning a bird over a very difficult and uncertain one. The object, if aimed at from the land within gun reach, would probably fall readily at the pull of the trigger; but when shooting from a boat the case is just reversed.

The *auh* tribe are the *compedes* of naturalists; that is to say, they cannot exercise the least use of their legs or feet when on land, which are adapted solely for an aqueous element. Thus it is that boys on the coast, meeting with them on the beach where they have settled, pick them up, without the bird evincing the slightest disposition to elude the embraces of its captors. Swifts, and all the martin class, are sadly discomfited when they happen to settle on the ground, from a precisely similar cause, which is this, viz., that there is not a corresponding proportionate length between the *status* of the legs and the dimensions of the wings.

Those who shoot at these birds indiscriminately whilst elevated on their lofty eminences, cannot fail to deal out destruction among them by wholesale, and derive no benefit whatever from the spoil they may enhance; as the meat of the puffin is exceedingly fishy and rancid in flavour, insomuch that the poorest orders of the natives residing on the coast will not condescend to name it in their humble hard-faring dietary. The cormorant, the geldrake, terns, and a variety of the gull (*lari*) tribe are to be met with at this season, promiscuously assembled together, all of which afford an equal share of sport to the adventurous fowler.

Some years since, a very lucrative pursuit was countenanced by the sea-side poor inhabitants of this wild and boisterous coast. Twenty individuals might be witnessed at one and the same time suspended by long ropes from the summits of the cliffs above them, descending from one point of a rock to another, having a basket fastened around their persons. The perilous positions they assumed caused persons unacquainted with the nature of their pursuits to quail and tremble for them: but, strange to name it, it very seldom happened that they met with fatal accidents. Some of these men have been known to make as much as twenty pounds sterling in a season, by means of procuring the feathers of these birds, which they afterwards succeeded in disposing of to the Portsmouth upholsterers, at highly remunerative prices. The eggs they also obtained in prodigious numbers: a portion of these they ate; and I have heard an old "cliff climber" assert that the eggs of a puffin were as rich and as savoury as those of a duck. However, *sum cuique* must be unconditionally admitted in all cases where the taste is concerned.

Since the conclusion of the long war in 1815, this venturesome practice has grown, gradually, into disuse; and as the habits of the people have rapidly progressed in improvement, it is not likely that at any future period we may have occasion to look forward to a repetition of such dangerous experiments.

Those parties who may feel disposed to follow up the diversion of puffin shooting, should use "two strings to their bow," as the saying goes—if one should fail, the other may be satisfactorily taken advantage of. When I sallied forth in my boat, from Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight,

to enjoy a puffin-shooting excursion, I made it an invariable practice to furnish myself with a couple of doubly-hooked whiting lines, a good stock of lug or sea-worms, for bait, and other necessary piscatorial appendages. These I used to commit to the care of my young powder-monkey, who was accustomed to accompany me out to sea. My old "double Joe," on the flint-and-steel-lock-constructed principle, claimed a place immediately beside me; and having taken advantage of the tide when at the half ebb, I used to creep my way under the lee of Alum Bay, intersecting The Needles rocks, and bearing round in a south-westerly course to the Freshwater Cliffs. Here I had my work abundantly cut out for me; for these exposed landslips presented to the eye the picturesque type of exalted regions of snow, arising from the numberless masses of puffins, gulls, and other marine birds which occupied this desolate spot. After having disposed of as much powder and shot as I considered necessary, upon the occasion of my puffin-shooting excursion, I afforded the birds a respite, and had recourse to the use of my whiting gear, casting my anchor about one hundred yards abreast The Needles rocks. The time for entering on this lively sport is just at the turn of the tide, when the flood is making up towards the Isle of Wight shore. The fish arrive with the estual influx in prodigious quantities, and during the interval of five hours from the commencement of the flood, the whiting continue to bite so freely that you will find your hands wholly engaged in baiting and relieving your hooks from the fish as they are hauled up. Eight to ten dozen of these delicate morsels may be esteemed as many as can prove desirable for one catch during a tide, to the expectations of any reasonable angler; but I have taken double that number by fishing till the deflux of the ebb tide. This change of amusement from puffin shooting to whiting fishing I have found a very agreeable mode of whiling away the otherwise heavy hours throughout a sultry summer's day on the expansive waters of the Solent.

The great benefit derivable from the practice of puffin shooting may be considered in the light of an improved science in "shooting-flying." People who are in the habit of pursuing the sport of wild-fowl shooting on the numerous estuaries around our coasts, which they are chiefly accustomed to do in boats and punts constructed for the occasion, are fully sensible of the material difference that exists between shooting at a moving object from the land, and when seated in a boat. The *ups* and *downs* of the latter sadly perplex and baffle an experienced shore-shooter, whose aim being rectilinearly directed has little difficulty in making his mark good; but the aim from the water, on the other hand, is curvilinearly inclined absolutely, although not relatively so; and it is wholly on this account that so few good and effectual shots are fortunate enough to bring down their birds on the wing, when the same are seated in a boat, subject to a continual course of dipping. A well-disciplined and long-experienced puffin-shooter will come into the happy knack of obviating the above inconvenience, and from long use will bring a bird down at sea as certainly as he would do if he were stationed on the land.

Some forty years ago, it was a common practice for the young men, as soon as the Midsummer term ended, to proceed from their respective colleges in Cambridge in small parties, and repair to the Isle of Wight, on a puffin-shooting expedition. Old John Pier, the crack whip of the

Southampton Telegraph, used to convey us from the busy metropolis to the latter seaport town. From him we learnt all the fashionables who had visited the Isle of Wight during the season, so that we were quite sure of falling in with some folks that we knew, who, like ourselves, had proceeded to the spot on the score of "puffineering." There was a small village not far from the coast, called Brixton: in it stood a secluded country inn, known as the Six Bells, kept by an old man and his wife (septuagenarians) named Moses and Mary Morris. They were surrounded by pigs and poultry; and several imposing fitches of home fed and cured Hampshire bacon were supported on large oaken racks in the kitchen. In the parlour stood an antiquated upright clock, as old as the era when the art of clock-making was first invented. A figure of Old Time, equipped with a scythe in one hand, oscillated to and fro on the face of the dial as the seconds passed on. Under this aged figure were inscribed the words, *Tempus fugit*. The bedrooms were airy, and the beds good; and four of us made this inn our marine quarters for one whole month, and every day (Sundays excepted) we repaired to The Needles, for the amusement of puffin-shooting. It is now forty-five years ago since we made this our excursion to the Isle of Wight; and never were we better entertained or amused than when we sought for comforts in so humble and secluded a neighbourhood.

ANCIENT *VERSUS* MODERN HORSE-TAMING.

" Great Alexander deerly lou'd his horse ;
 The horse lou'd him, and suffered none to ride
 Vppon his backe by flattery or by force,
 But his dread lord, that halfe the world did guide,
 This knight did beare that Alexander's name,
 Who brought the proudest coursers to his becke,
 And with his hand, spurre, voice and wand, did tame
 The stately steedes that never brookt the checke.

Not onely he in England was esteem'd,
 But ecke in forraine countries for his art,
 And yet to me (that honoured him) it seem'd
 His fame's report was lesse than his desert.
 This knight (the mirrour of all knights for riding)
 Had many men of worth and great renowne
 That were his schollers, by whose happy guiding
 They in this art did put all others down."

NICS. MORGAN, Anno 1609.

The above lines, expressive of the skill of an ancient professor of horsemanship, prove at least that the art was very perfectly understood *two hundred and fifty years ago*; and, according to the rhyme, the Great Alexander accomplished as much or more in those days than any modern professors of the present day, who may recently have palmed their experiences upon the public as "new discoveries;" whereas, from facts gathered from some of the oldest treatises upon the subject, it is clear that all the arts employed by modern horse-tamers were known to ancient professors, and sometimes ap-

plied in public, to the astonishment and delight of many and noble spectators.

To those who may wish to satisfy themselves on this point, we recommend a careful perusal of the following treatises upon the subject:—

“*Horsemanship* ;” by Frederick Gryson : A.D. 1571. This author was an Italian professor of horsemanship, in the city of Naples, and was considered the most famous of all others in Italy, in respect of this art.

“*Horsemanship* ;” by Claudio Corte : also an Italian professor of the art, who wrote upon the subject during the same century.

“*The Art of Riding, &c.* ;” by T. Bedingfield : A.D. 1584. A very excellent and useful book.

“*The Arte of Riding,*” with the Management and Treatment of Horses ; by Thomas Blundevill ; black letter, no date. This is a most elaborate treatise upon the subject ; and though redundant with superfluous and obsolete matter, was undoubtedly the text of subsequent writers. This book contains many curious but well-executed engravings of bits, and other apparatus for horse-breaking, riding, and driving.

“*The Gentleman’s accomplished Jockey* ;” by Gervase Markham ; an author who wrote profusely upon sporting subjects, in the fifteenth century.

“*Horsemanship* ;” by Nicholas Morgan : A.D. 1602. This is one of the best productions upon the subject, of any in existence, either ancient or modern, and is the work of a learned man, as well as that of a professor of the art. The rules laid down are clear and concise ; and we have no hesitation in saying, that an entire stranger to the art of horsemanship would learn more from a careful study of this book, than of all Mr. Rarey has written upon the subject.

The reader of these ancient treatises will be struck with the similarity of the headings of chapters and subjects, to those of modern authors, thereby proving beyond doubt the extensive use made of those works by subsequent writers and professors of the art.

In addition to the treatises alluded to, there are several other ancient works upon the subject. Xenophon, though a great philosopher, was also a great horseman, and wrote upon the subject 300 years B.C. Those above-mentioned are selected as the most reliable, and may be consulted with profit and confidence ; and, as they are volumes rarely to be met with at the present day, the greater interest will probably be attached to a discussion of their merits in contrast with those of more recent productions.

The good people of England are, of all other nations in the world, the kindest friends to impostors ; they encourage them, extol them, and do all in their power to assist them ; it matters not how dishonourable their designs, England takes them by the hand, makes pets of them, fosters them, and exhibits them to all the world as great heroes ; and this, whether in political, religious, commercial, or sporting life. Thus we have at the present day political impostors, religious impostors, commercial impostors, sporting impostors, and I know not how many others might be added to the list.

Most of them are in a prosperous state; and some have been dragged from obscurity, and placed on the pinnacle of popularity; and all through England's misplaced kindness and misapplied sympathy. The fault, however, does not rest with the exhibitors themselves, but with those who encourage them.

Had Mr. Rarey introduced himself at Tattersall's, with his "little book" in hand, and displayed his consummate skill as a horse-tamer, offering the book for circulation at the same time, there is no reason to doubt but he might have been more popular, and made just as much money, as by keeping back that mysterious "little book," which he *must* have been aware would some day or other be brought forward against him as an undeniable proof of imposition. But Mr. Rarey thought differently, and succeeded in making a great secret of a long-published fact; and after drawing ten-pound-notes from hundreds of deluded and generous patrons, a sixpenny book is tossed into the arena, revealing the whole art, for which that conscientious individual had charged ten guineas! Talk of a lawyer's conscience! What of a horse-tamer's?

In the brief dissertation we are about to make on the art of riding, with the training and management of horses, we demand no ten-guinea fee for great secrets, require no bond from our subscribers, and lay no claim to originality; but simply place the information at the disposal of our readers, with whom we will be more candid than the generality of modern authors who have recently written upon this subject, and tell them that the discussion is gathered from a perusal of the treatises already mentioned, many of which were written and published *more than two hundred years* before Mr. Rarey was born.

Ancient writers upon the subject of horse-taming one and all declare, that in training the horse, so as to make it obedient and useful to man, there must be a combination of, and regard to, three distinct principles—nature, art, and reason. In the absence of any or either of these, the efforts of the trainer will be unsatisfactory, if not useless.

The secret of the art of horse-taming consists in a correct knowledge of the nature of the horse; and when that is understood, the trainer finds his whole efforts must be devoted to improvement of the natural intellects of the animal; and no other method can ever succeed. It is impossible to give a horse either an artificial intellect or memory. A horse is naturally loving to man, though fearful of, and obedient to him. No human art can effect anything contrary to the nature of the horse, though the animal may be easily imposed on. Therefore, in training, there must be a reason for every artifice employed; and a practicable, natural, and beneficial result looked for, or capable of being produced through the means employed. If the trainer can give no substantial reason for any particular stratagem he employs, whatever the result produced, it can have no lasting or beneficial effect upon the horse. But if Nature be obeyed, and her order strictly kept, it follows as a certainty, that the end desired will be attained. So that if art be employed with reason, it must be in accordance with the instinct of the animal; for nothing in the art of horse-taming is reasonable that is contrary to the nature of the horse. And these, the

first principles of the art, should be kept constantly in mind; for nothing is easier than to impose on a horse, because the animal is naturally unconscious of imposition, and is, besides, fearful and obedient to man.

Neither force or violence should be administered in training colts; they must be won by gentle treatment, for violence is opposed to the three fundamental principles of the art. Whatever a horse does by violent compulsion is of no avail in training, because the horse knows not what is required of him, nor how to obey; therefore no useful impression is made upon the animal when the teaching is accompanied with violence. Correction should be administered without violence, and immediately after the fault. For instance, if a horse does wrong, and the trainer has to go and fetch a whip before administering the chastisement, it is unreasonable to suppose that the horse (which is not gifted with the power of reasoning) can know for what purpose the chastisement is administered; therefore correction should never be resorted to at any other time than the instant the horse commits a fault. An impatient man is totally unfit for the art of training colts. It is the height of absurdity for a man to get out of patience with a dumb animal because in his own ignorance of its nature he cannot make it understand his wishes. The fault rests entirely with the trainer, who ought to reason with himself as to whether or no the means employed are such as to be capable of being applied in such a manner that the horse can be made to understand what is required of him.

The two controlling passions of the horse's nature are fear and reliance: fear of chastisement from the trainer produces obedience; reliance on the trainer, that if obedient no chastisement will follow, produces the like result, and, when strictly followed, the training never fails to prove successful.* The horse is undoubtedly a sensible creature, and may be moved to do anything reasonable by sense and feeling.

It is the nature of the horse to shun all things which annoy, and to delight in such as are pleasant and agreeable; and in order to preserve those natural good qualities, and insure an undaunted courage in the animal, the trainer must make the horse obedient by reasonable means, always careful not to irritate the temper of the animal, or vex it in anything. On a mistake being made in either of those points, the trainer will find he loses rather than gains control. When a horse is injudiciously whipped, the proceeding assuredly tends to the injury rather than the advantage of the animal, because the horse, being gifted with sufficient sense to know when it has done wrong, expects instant chastisement in such a case, but knows not the cause of the chastisement in the other; consequently it becomes suspicious of every one about it, and timid and difficult to train. Anything devised for continual correction bears the stamp of violence, and no horse will be benefited by it. When correction is administered for the purpose of remedying a fault, then there is art and reason in that correction; it must not, however, be continual, but applied once and for all. Whenever the horse under training is in pain, or under

* Mr. Rarey says, the two controlling passions of the horse are love and fear; but he gives no logical proof as to the manner in which love controls the natural will of the horse under training.

any vexation of feeling, if the trainer has sufficient ingenuity to find out the cause, and ease the horse, caressing it at the same time, he will the sooner gain the reliance and obedience of the animal. And the trainer should feed and reward the horse immediately after any good action, by which means he will also gain the reliance of the animal, and, as a natural result, the obedience.

The art of horse-taming does not consist in teaching a horse to fear its trainer, that obedience may follow, because fear of man is inherent with the animal, and confirmed by the first slash from the trainer's whip. Therefore by creating too great a fear in a timid horse, the noble courage of the animal is injured, and it sometimes fears to be obedient, though wishing to be so, and when acting under too great a fear, the horse is very apt to do wrong. By beating a horse indiscreetly, one fault is turned into many; for anger forceeth nothing, and is generally the companion of repentance. During training, none but one person (the trainer) should touch the rein, in order that the horse may become thoroughly acquainted with the touch and hand of one person only, until the animal's mouth becomes perfect.

As a further proof of the perfection to which the art of horse-taming had attained in centuries long past, we append the following paragraph, selected from one of the works before mentioned; it is in allusion to Gryson, the famous horse-tamer, who performed many extraordinary feats in the art in public, about the year 1570:—

“What his judgment was in the said art may appear to all them that list to look upon the rules and precepts so perfectly set forth by him in writing. What his practice was in the said art openlie and daillie in the said citie, and what his praise was there, doth appear in that noble Carociolo's writings, the Duke of Martinas' brother, which he intituled *Gloria de Cavelli*, where he says of Gryson and another, ‘These be the eyes of our toong.’ For besides the true knowledge of this art, and the great practice they both had thereof, they with a most perfect judgment had this special grace given them, that every horse at the first riding seemed to obey unto them even at their becke, so as the standers-by were astonied thereat; whereupon all other studious of this exercise would unto these two persons as to the oracle of Apollo verie often resort, to be resolved in all their doubts.’”

Having trained the horse in accordance with the simple and natural rules laid down by the ancient authors, the trainer will find that the secrets of the art of riding are few and easily acquired: the hand controls everything, for which purpose the mouth of the horse (as Gryson says) must be brought to the greatest possible perfection. That is the foundation of the whole art; if it fails, the goodness nature has given the horse is destroyed. To whatever end devised, the hand must be the guide. By the true use of it the horse may be brought to any perfection consistent with its nature, and so far as the art in that point will allow. It is the instrument of all others for the true management of the horse under all circumstances; and it is the lightness of the hand upon a tender mouth which conveys the wishes of the rider to the intellect of an obedient horse. For where the true order of riding is not rightly understood, and the true use or temper of the hand (wherein the chief part of the art consisteth) is unknown, or by impatience is banished for the time, there the ill effects before alluded to must needs follow; for violent means assuredly induce the horse to care less for hand, spur, or bit. The ignorant then apply some torture or cruelty, and so from one degree of violence to another;

and yet, when all is done, and they find all their pains to no purpose, they complain of the horse! as if it were the horse's fault by nature, instead of the rider's ignorance by violence, which have been the direct cause of dulling and deadening the senses and feeling of an intelligent and noble animal. The remarks upon the use of the hand will be understood to apply more particularly to the action of that member upon the bridle, which the Italians call *il manico dell'imone*—the handle of the stern. Nothing but practice and skill can teach a horseman when and how to help his horse, but he must learn from nature when and how to correct the animal, and when and how to cherish it; and of such are the secrets of good riding and good training.

A WEEK IN THE WEST.

BY FRANCIS FRANCIS.

CHAPTER II.

What a lovely coast it is! that western Irish coast, with its frowning rocks; myriads of small islands; land-locked harbours, capable of sheltering any amount of shipping; quiet little bays, and half-hidden coves; deep caverns; with here and there a castle ruin, ancient tower, or deserted roofless house—a landmark on the cliffs; and then the clear, crystal water, which you can look down through, in calm summer weather, and see the brilliant seaweed, and the blue and green fish shooting to and fro amongst its long snaky arms at the bottom. Now and then perhaps some overgrown conger will look out for a moment, and then go coiling and curving away till he is once more lost in the flowing weeds. Then, perhaps, a lobster, crab, crawfish, or sea-spider, will attract your attention; or a cuttle-fish, or a large jelly blubber, will come flapping along. I was watching these things as I lay lazily at ease in the gig of the Fern on the succeeding afternoon. The cutter was becalmed, and we had gone on shore in a quiet little bay to see the curiosities. Far up, crowning the cliffs, was an old ruined castle, which had formerly belonged to some defunct O'Donnell; the O'Donnells having been lords of Heaven knows how much territory in these parts. Yorke, Lady Betty, and Alf, had scrambled, or were scrambling, up to look at it. There was a famous spring there too, and two of the crew and one of the boys took up a water-cask to fill it with the miraculous water. Miss Winchcombe "didn't care about rivers; wasn't disposed for climbing; preferred stopping where she was; didn't care about marvellous things—didn't believe in them;" and she dabbled her pretty little white hand in the water, and looked delightfully lazy. Of course she couldn't stop by herself; and her charming brother declared himself bent upon "rummaging that jolly old ruin there;" so I volunteered to stay and take charge of her and the boat. The boat had been run on shore; but fearing that perhaps the tide might reach her, I told the boy who remained with us to jump out and shove her off the length of the painter: he did so; and, instead of getting into the

boat again, passed the bight of the rope round a large stone, and then lay himself down on the beach, just out of ear shot, but near enough to lend any assistance should we call him.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and Julia and I interchanged a languid remark occasionally; once or twice I fancied she had, during the day before, looked at me with something like interest. I certainly thought there was a kind of glance in her eye—a softness or growing kindness seemed to make itself evident—I fancied so; and, hang it! I don't think I'm what fellows would call a conceited sort of fellow, you know; that is, I don't think I am—not very—but when a girl leans on one's arm in that soft trusting kind of a way, and looks in that—you know how I mean; why hang it! you know, there's a sort of—but then what's the use of explaining it? you know all about it. It was a deuced hot afternoon, and I thought there was a sort of breeze—or something—a kind of ripple, that looked cool further out; and I saw the painter was'nt made fast, but only turned round the stone; and I saw the boy was fast asleep; and I saw that the tide, floating us further off, kept a little strain on the rope, which the gentle wash-washing of the waters was loosening from the stone; and I pointed out a something—a bird, or a bit of seawrack, or something of that sort, some distance astern of us, to Julia. I had to point it out straight before her face, before she could make it out, I know, and that brought me very close to her; and while we were wondering what it could be, I heard the painter slip from the stone, and drag slowly over the pebbles, with the next wash, into the water; and, hang me! if I don't think she heard it too; for I fancied I saw the faintest indication of a satirical smile at the corners of her mouth—perhaps I might be mistaken, but still I don't think I was; for somehow, I was looking very closely at her face just then. Indeed, if I remember, I fancy I must have looked at it a good deal that afternoon. However, the boat receded further and further from the beach, and she never looked round, and I was very comfortable, and didn't feel disposed to move; so why should I? And we were looking over the side at the objects I have specified above, and we pointed out all sorts of insignificant things to one another, which suddenly became very interesting; and I was once or twice obliged to take her hand in mine, to point her finger at some object or other, that she might see it; and I think it was the second time—no—yes, the second time that I squeezed her hand; and she—yes, by Jove she did—she squeezed mine; or I thought so. Phew! what a warm afternoon it was! The third time, I remember, she did not attempt to withdraw it; and there it rested, swinging over the side, in mine—small and smooth and soft; it seemed as if it were melting away in mine. Somehow I had shifted my position, and I was leaning my head upon her shoulder, I was just thinking what a delicate, tiny, rosy, little ear she had; and what a delicious profile; and I—I'd half a mind to—only—Well, just then up came a great beast of—no, I'm wrong, the most charming and delightful porpoise I ever saw—spouting and blowing beautifully. Of course she was horribly frightened, and threw herself on my neck, and held me so confoundedly tight you know, that I—indeed she was so frightened that she fainted right off, and I held her in my arms; and, as her pale lips murmured an inarticulate word or two, I bent down my head to catch the sounds, and they were “Dear, dear *Bob*.” May I never speak another word if they

were 'at. And then she looked so tempting that I kissed her again and again, and still she didn't revive, so I kissed her the more; and poor thing, she was so unconscious—utterly unconscious you know, that she—of course it was mere spasmodic action, and she didn't know what she was doing; but she—now don't laugh—but she did her little part in that way too. And just then, as I had lost all idea of where I was; and everything else but the lovely form before me, to increase the heat of the afternoon—which really was tremendous—comes “Boat ahoy!” over the water. Curse and confound it! I never thought of those abominable people on the shore. They'd come down, &c. &c.; must have seen—ahem!—a good deal. However, it was very fortunate that Julia came to, just then—with two or three shivers and a gasp, and “Where am I? Oh! I've had such a delightful dream!” And she shot a lightning glance at me, which ended in a most unfaintlike, unsaintlike smile. “Oh! I remember now, it was the whale that frightened me, &c., &c.” and the explanation died away with, “Mind you say it *was* the whale.” I'd have said it was a hippopotamus, or a sea-serpent, and sworn to it, if she had liked. I rowed ashore as well as I could, looking sheepish; and perhaps they didn't rally us! I give you my word, that the chaff of Yorke and Lady B. was something almost unbearable; it was exasperating—Yorke was quite raw about it; and that little beast Alf, with his atrocious straightforwardisms, was worse than all. The story of the whale, as Julia persisted in calling it, was pronounced “very like a whale.” And how long they might have remained skinning us with their sarcasms I don't know; but I ventured to remind Yorke, that when porpoises begin to show on such a coast as this, it would be as well to be on board ship with a good offing.

“Right for once; and the sooner we're off the better. Give way, lads,” said Yorke, looking out to seaward, where a straggling cloud or two were coming up from. The men began to give way. It was a tolerably long row; and, by the time we had got half-way, we saw just a flaw or two come rippling along over the water, like the leaves that fly before the wind—heralds of a coming breeze. By the time they reached us, the cutter had let down the main tack, and filled her sails. The long wind-rippled line swept past her towards us, and she heeled over, gracefully, to it; and one or two of those long Atlantic swells, which seem like the pulses of the ocean, came rolling-in just then, as if to say, “Look out, we're coming.” From the distance, cloud rose over cloud. Then they came bearing down like squadrons charging. Then they would break, deploy into line, and then re-form. Suddenly, with very little warning, a sea got up, and we began bobbing up and down in the most cork-like and buoyant way, to the intense alarm of the ladies. As I was still sitting near to Julia, I could not refrain from putting my arm round her waist, to reassure her; and the gentle pressure of her elbow on my hand told me that my aid was not unacceptable. The cutter was bearing straight down to us, and in another quarter of an hour we were on board. It was not an easy matter to get the ladies on board, for there was decidedly a sea on; and the white dogs began to show their teeth.

“Well, captain, we shall have a roughish night of it—eh?” asked Yorke of Captain Coffin, his sailing master—Long Tom Coffin, as he was familiarly termed by the crew. Now, it may be curious,

but his name *was* Tom Coffin; and his nature was confoundedly long—at least 6 feet 2 or 3 inches; so he deserved his name, as well as his well-known namesake.

“Yes, sir; I expect we’ll have a sneezer ‘ere morning.”

“Better get all snug in time, so as not to be hurried by-and-by, had’n’t we?”

“Aye, aye, sir; we’ll take in that jib, and get a reef or two in the mainsail, as soon as they’ve stowed that gaff-topsail. A set of lubberly cabbage gardeners!—handsomely there. Easy with that topsail, you cooks, cooks’ mates, and cooks’ mates’ ministers. *Is* that the way you handle a taupsel? d’ye think canvas and paint cost nothing? D—n your skins!—asking the ladies’ pardon; but *they’d* better go below. Blast you; what d’ye mean by that, you tinker-shinned son of a tomtit? *Is* that the way to go aloft? Oh my blessed Maria! Young Alec, if I don’t wipe you down with an oak towel directly! Easily there. Keep her full you sir. Don’t shake her one mite or morsel. D’ye think she’s built to yaw like a pig at a pork-butcher’s? or that she’s as swivel-eyed as you are, and can look three ways at once? Very well thus. That’ll do.” And Long Tom looked up to windward, and muttered something about “offings, petticoats, and live lumber.” Long Tom had been for some years mate on board a revenue cruiser on this coast, and therefore knew it tolerably well. Somehow he got out of the revenue, growing tired of it, and into the yacht service, where the comforts were far greater, and the pay and emoluments much better—no little consideration with Tom, who had rashly rushed into a wife and family, on nothing particular per annum to keep them. He had, from long collecting, picked up a very choice and unique collection, or vocabulary, of phrases, and had, besides, considerable volubility. Having stowed the ladies away—that is, Lady Betty and Alf, who was the veriest little coward alive in rough weather, while her ladyship, being an old sailor, was perfectly aware that her berth was the best and most comfortable place for her, under the circumstances. Having made them tolerably snug, as evening fell, and the wind and sea rose, we tried to persuade Julia to go below; but it was useless, and we signally failed. We got the Fern under her storm canvas—a mere rag of a foresail, and a mainsail like a pocket-handkerchief by comparison—battened down the hatches, and ran out into the dark night, and foaming, angry ocean. What a perfect duck our little cutter was! She rode over the seas which came rolling in, each one of which seemed to threaten to deluge her, as if she were a duck in reality. When she plunged head foremost into a trough of sea that looked like a huge black grave, she merely seemed to be dipping her head to drink, and would rise, shaking her plumes as though it were all play. At the turn of midnight, it blew harder, and we lay-to, having gained a good offing. And there we lay, tossing, rolling, creaking, straining, and groaning, the whole night through. Nothing tries a boat’s soundness like laying-to in a gale; but, in spite of her heavy spars, she was as dry as a bottle below; though, of course, every one on deck, even to Mademoiselle Julia, was wet to the skin. What pluck that girl did show, to be sure! By gad, sir, she stood hanging on to a belaying pin, and smiling, as the huge billows rolled their terrific crests towards us, as if it was all the best fun in the world. She positively seemed to enjoy it, and kept saying to me, “Oh! how I

should like to be able to take the helm, and command everything in this tempest! What a delightful thing a storm is! This is really excitement. Oh! how I wish it would blow harder! I should like to see how hard it *can* blow. Don't you whistle for wind when you want it?"

"Yes, Ju; but I think we've got as much as we want."

"Nonsense," answered the wilful damsel, "let's have a little more;" and she put her pretty little lips into form for whistling, only I popped my hand over her mouth, saying, "For goodness' sake don't: the men will throw you overboard for a Jonah." It wasn't easy work talking, you may be sure, when half your words were blown back down your throat again, and you had to talk in a shout, and were fully employed in holding yourself and a friend on to anything you could, to prevent being pitched overboard.

At length, towards morning, the wind began to slacken a bit, and Yorke's persuasion, added to mine, induced the fair Julia to go below, and get a little rest. As the morning came up, the wind went down, and by seven o'clock we were once more able to shift our canvas. In spite of the rough night, everything had stood well; nothing appeared either sprung or strained—not a strand had parted; and Long Tom congratulated himself, to me, at these satisfactory proofs of his having kept a sharp look-out over the riggers, as follows: "Now this ye see, Mr. Dalton, is the results of keeping a bright look-out over those infernal landsharks. If I'd have been driving about in a four-horse coach (a favourite mode of expression of Long Tom's), I say, if I'd been larking instead of minding my business, back in the spring there, what 'ud have been the state of the Fern very likely at this present instant? Why, instead of being all right and tight, she'd have been like Moll-in-the-Wad—all flying ropes'-ends, rags, and stay-laces, with perhaps a sprung spar or two; and it would very likely have taken us a week, or a fortnight, or may-be a month, to repair damages. And now look at her. She ain't a block, strand, or ring-bolt the worse, after as stiff a gale and as dirty a night as we shall have this season. And now all's comfortable and easy again, I think I'll go below and get some breakfast. 'Duty first, and grub afterwards,' as we used to say in the Navy, Mr. Dalton;" and he disappeared.

The weather had now cleared up entirely; and, except that the heavy swell still rolled in, there were few traces left of the rough night we had had. An hour or two after this, as we were standing in, I noticed some highish land, and asked what it was.

"That's Arranmore, sir," answered Long Tom: "we'll run in between the islands there, and may-be we'll pick up a dozen or so of lobsters; and you may as well polish up your rifle, for you'll be sure to get some pops at the seals."

"Are there many there?" I asked.

"Bedad, sir," said a yachtsman who was standing by, a native of this coast, "I seen em in druvs (droves) there; I seen tin, and may-be twinty, an a rack, all at wonst, a takin do forty winks, just for de world like pigs or Christians. Deed, an yer hanner, it's not a word of a lie I'm telling ye." He continued, seeing my look of incredulity. "I seen de water-guard (coastguard) officer to shoot at one dat id weigh de half-ton—an ould white sealgh he wor, too, wid de horns on him like a cow. 'Deed an it's all true, yer hanner, for he wor shot. Howiver,

he was found dead afterwards, on the head of him were scarred all over with the marks of the bullets, where they'd hit him, as gashed off just as if the devil and his wife had clawed him."

I looked at Long Tom, who said, in answer to my look, "There's a good deal of truth in it, sir; some such a seal, very much answering the description, all but the horns, was shot there, or a little further up the coast; and he was old, and very heavy; and there certainly are, at times, large numbers of seals there. The rough weather, last night, may, however, have disturbed them; but no doubt you'll see one or two."

Yorke came on deck at this moment, and the confab about the seals became general; and it was agreed that as soon as we got into snug anchorage, we should take the gig and go in pursuit of them. And the rest of the morning was spent in cutting patches, fitting bullets, setting rifles and doubles in order, and the usual preparations. One would have thought, to have seen our array of tools, that we were expecting an enemy, and preparing to repel boarders. Julia was particularly interested—and, need I say, interesting—for she had announced her intention of making one in the expedition, although assured that she would be very much in the way—an assurance which had not the least chance of altering her determination. "There was some excitement about it, and she liked excitement. Who knows? she might kill a seal herself." We were now well in with the land, and, all being in readiness, the *Ferry* was dropped easily into a quiet deep little channel between two sandy islands, of which there were several. A warp on shore answered all purposes; and we went below, and had a little lunch, and sat smoking, waiting for the tide—half-ebb being the best time to start, as the seals were more among the channels between the small islands then; there being, at low water, a smaller space for them to move about in, and, consequently, less difficulty in finding them.

After lunch, I strolled up on deck. After a time Lady Betty and Alf came up. Something engrossed their attention astern, and I sat down on the deck, lolling with my back against the skylight, gradually consuming a fragrant Havannah, and watching the smoke curl upwards in rings. There was hardly a breath of wind where we lay—at least on deck. As I was reposing there, in a half-dreamy way, the sound of my name fixed my attention. The fair Julia was the speaker. Now it is well said that listeners never hear any good of themselves; and I was about to warn the talkers—Julia and Yorke—that I was within hearing, but another word or two prevented me from doing so, and I became a mightily-interested listener. It had chanced that a pane of glass in the skylight had been demolished a day or two before, and, at this moment, a flag was drawn over the skylight to shade the sun, and the speakers forgot that bunting does not answer the same purpose as bulkhead.

"Poor Dalton! it's rather too bad," quoth the lady.

"Do you think you can manage him?" asked the gentleman. "You see, Judy, we're in a fix; I can't help you, though you can help me. We've got into a mess; what is to be done? As long as you were at home, and only went out for a day or two to your aunt's, it was all very well. Ha, ha! I think I see you now, Judy, in that natty little top-coat and sporting buttons, that you turned out in, to go with me to Ascot. Well, as long as society, as they call it, was in the dark, why,

no one was a bit the wiser. But Lady Betty floors us. Who the deuce would ever have thought that she would have seen through the whole thing—disguise and all? and would have planted herself on us thus? after having squared that interesting brother of yours, and got clean away to visit your friends at Boulogne? That old harridan will hunt you down, Judy, with the hold she has got on you."

"Yes, I'm afraid of her, I confess; she is so crafty. I'm sure it was she who told uncle everything; and she keeps him so well informed of my doings, that he vows I shall not return there; so what on earth is to be done? I was in hopes of throwing her off the scent this time, but she has a nose like—ahem! don't name him. I've a great mind to defy her. Put her ashore, Yorke, and let her go and do her worst. And yet I don't know. Are things so confoundedly bad with you, as you say?"

"Bad!" said the gentleman, gloomily—"can't very well be worse. Regular break-up, the moment I'm nailed. What the deuce could ever have driven me to try my luck on the turf?—hang me if I know. 7,000 on the Derby; 3,000 on the Oaks; that cleaned me out like an empty purse. And here, now that I thought it a certainty, comes news of 4,000 upon Ascot, which must be paid, and directly, too. Bills, writs, and the d——I knows what, out, in Dublin, and London, and elsewhere, by the score. And, last of all, this cursed Boguey * to crown everything. Who the deuce would have thought of his whipping aboard of us at Ballyshanon, in that infernal manner? Gad! the moment I'm quadded, perhaps there wout be a detainer or two—who could have foreseen it? I thought he was Dalton's servant, or I'd have made the men chuck him overboard, before he should have set foot on deck. To be sure, Salmon has done the thing in a decentish sort of way; but, by jove! it's maddening, and we're both done brown, and regularly smashed." My eyes were opened; suddenly I remembered the unobtrusive-looking party, who, in a yachtsman's rig, had come on board in the same boat with me at Ballyshanon. I remembered that he had had a few minutes' conversation below, whilst I was talking to the ladies. I remembered that he did not appear to be one of the crew, as he was sick during the gale; he evidently was not even a sailor; and, sure enough, as I turned my eyes forward, there he was lolling against the bulwark, with his eye fixed on the companion, lest any one should rush on deck, and row violently on shore without him. I remembered, too, that he went on shore with Yorke, and came off with him, and—and—by Jove! it all came on me like a flash of lightning.—But Julia spoke again.

"But why not run to Boulogne, and sell the yacht there &c.?"

"So I would, if I could get rid of that cursed Boguey. But it's of no use; the only plan that can be worked, is to put you out of the mess; and then—then, why I suppose I must consent for the remaining term of my national existence to make merry with poor Tom Lawless in the Bench."

"Why not go through the court?"

"No go. There's a thing or two woud'nt pass; besides, it woud'nt leave me a feather to fly with."

* Pleasant and familiar term for a sheriff's officer.

Then ensued a silence of some minutes, during which they seemed to consider. At length Julia spoke again, hesitatingly—

“Dalton is certainly a very nice fellow, and I like him very much; but still he’s not Yorke.”

“Don’t I know that well enough?” said Yorke fiercely. “D’ye think it will add to my comfort in the Bench, to know it? Don’t worry me; it’s bad enough as it is. I tell you it must be; there’s no other way out of it. Besides—pshaw! after a month or two—not disliking him now. No, after that little boat scene, it would be difficult to believe that,” said Yorke laughingly, and yet bitterly.

“No, on my word, you know, at first, Yorke, positively I was frightened at that beast that came up so close to us. And after that—why, ah! I don’t know how it was, but—”

“Well, never mind after that, now. Is it to be? Will you seriously try it on? If you can only get him to bolt with you, and play your cards decently, you’ll be Mrs. Dalton. He has two thousand a year; and I know him to be a deuced honourable fellow; and I feel sure he wouldn’t, if he thought about it, behave badly to any woman who was thrown, as it were, on his compassion. I know him of old; and the memory of our old friendship, and the many things we’ve done together, and his own really good points, only makes me seem a bigger rip to myself in this transaction, so that I’m quite ashamed of myself. But there I shall never see him again; and it remains with you to secure yourself an honourable retreat. I don’t know any other man you’d have such a good chance of being tolerably well off with; and if we can only keep Lady Betty quiet, and square *le bon oncle* to hold his tongue, and paternalize you for a little, he need never know, unless you tell him.”

“But why not ask Dalton to help you?”

“So I would, if it were only a small matter of hundreds; but this is a large matter of many thousands.”

“I—I don’t like it, Yorke; but if you—”

“No more do I. I’d cut off my right hand rather than do it, if it would serve the purpose; but it won’t; so what is to be done? You can’t go with me, that’s certain; and if you go back alone, where are you to go to? Would you place yourself under Lady Betty?”

“An old —,” said Julia; never mind the word, it expressed the lowest level a woman can come to.

“You see,” continued Yorke, “there is ruin for both staring at us; but with you off my mind—though, look you, Julia, it costs me not a little to part with you;” and then came the sound of a kiss. “With my mind untroubled with this, I might perhaps grapple with my affairs, and—something might perhaps turn up—who knows? At present all is as ugly as need be; and I almost wished we had gone down in the gale last night.”

Here was a pair of blackguards! Here was a nice to do, and an amiable scheme! A hundred fancies passed through my mind at once, jostling each other. “I’d leave them in their mess. No, I wouldn’t; I’d take advantage of the opportunity to be afforded me of the fair Julia’s company, and then leave them *all* in the mess. The wretches. The—the—” Mortified vanity, pride, and a hundred passions were aroused.

At one moment I would rush below and confront them. My *quandam* friend and his—his what! was 'nt she his mistress? How did I know—how did I know anything? Sent for, to be made a fool of; humbugged, betrayed, and wounded. My mind was in a whirl: gradually, however, I calmed; better thoughts intervened, and I thought over all I had heard. I remembered my old liking and friendship for Yorke. I thought of the poor devil's ruin. How much, too, might he not suffer in tearing himself from a girl whom he really seemed to be fond of, in order to procure her a decent retreat, and a shield from the arrows of fortune, and the cold, cruel world! He evidently was trying to harden himself to the part he was to play, and had not quite succeeded, for his tones were alternately subdued and passionate. Still I could not forget that it was an atrocious plot against me. However, it had not come off—that was one thing; so I had only to forgive them their kind intentions. Julia, too, was evidently, by the sound of her voice, not a little troubled; and though a fast young lady, and an awful flirt, once or twice she evidently stifled a rising sob; and after all, though I swore at her secretly for deceiving and making a fool of me, I really could 'nt be so very wrath at her half-agreeing to run away with me. And I—yes I—had very pleasant recollections of those ripe lips, and that soft little hand; and, deuce take it! why, having escaped the plot, I'd be magnanimous—do the paternal, and forgive 'em. Besides, the mortification and confusion that would cover them at knowing that I had heard every word would in itself be a stiffish punishment. So, after thinking over matters a little, and arranging things in my own mind, I got up quietly, walked towards the companion, and slipped down into the cabin.

THE LAMPREY FISH.

BY D. G.

This strange piscous production, a native of our British waters, is rarely witnessed, and less understood, by those who pursue the common practice of angling. Even in those fresh-water rivers and dikes, where it is chiefly to be met with, it is comparatively of rare occurrence.

The peculiar organization and physical construction of the lamprey admit of much speculative consideration; and the same being very seldom subjected to the notice or observation of the fisherman, a few remarks, submitted on the character and properties of the above fish, may prove somewhat interesting to a few of the readers of this serial.

The lamprey ranks under the order of *nantes*, and is of the genus *petromyzon*. Its generic singularity is distinguished by its possessing seven *spiracula*, or cavities, on each side of the neck. It is not furnished with gills, as is the case with other fish of the *cyprinus* genus, but Nature has endowed this anomalous creature with a cavernose aperture at the top of the head, which communicates with the lungs, by which means the operation of respiration is carried on. It is also destitute of the pectoral and ventral, or abdominal fins, which are observable

in other piscous tribes, so that, in many points, it may be considered to bear a close affinity to the common leech (*hirudo fluviatilis*); and if in any one respect more than another, it is on account of its being destitute of an upper and lower mandible, as in the majority of cases in other fishes; for this creature, by the natural provision of a sucker, imbibes its food without immediately seizing it; in which respect, it bears a close and apt resemblance to the properties distinguishable in the sturgeon fish, which furnishes the isinglass of commerce. That the lamprey was at one time better known and acknowledged in this island than has been the case of later years, there cannot be the slightest doubt; and that it was a fish held in high esteem by the optimates of the land, must be readily admitted; but in the course of long-existing prejudices it has ceased to prove so popular a feature in the gastronomical catalogue as it once was wont to be, and is at this time confined almost exclusively to the kitchens of the highest order of *apician* epicures.

The writer has been informed, by an aged angler, that, at the beginning of the present century, the above was by no means uncommon in the rivers Ouse and Cam; and it was also to be met with in the Trent. He further advanced, in the course of his remarks, that he had taken good draughts of lampreys from the fenny districts of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire; but, since that part of the country has been materially drained of the waste waters with which it was for centuries overwhelmed, they are now seldom, if at all, met with. The chief supply of the above commodity is derived from Holland, whence it is imported into this country in comparatively large quantities; but the most highly prized and approved are such as proceed from the rivers Severn and Wye, in Gloucestershire, and in South Wales, where they obtain to a large size, and arrive at an unsurpassable stage of perfection.

The lamprey differs much, in its construction and formation, from the eel (*anguilla fluviatilis*); and although at a *primâ facie* glance at them they appear alike, yet, on a slight investigation, they will be found to be distinctly different. The eel is provided with pectoral and abdominal fins, which, as I have previously observed, the lamprey is short of. The one possesses an upper and lower distinct mandible; the other is without these: the former is furnished with a spinal cord; the latter with a course of *osseous vertebræ*. Thus far the points of difference inter-existing between these two fish.

I may, perhaps, be permitted to name, in this place, that there is a *hybrid*, or sub-species of the lamprey or eel, occasionally to be met with in this kingdom, received under the name of the lampern (*lampetra*), or *nine-eyes*; so called by the country-folk, from the circumstance of the above fish being furnished with a complement of nine lateral orifices on either side of the neck. The writer has, in several instances, observed these specimens in the rivers of the West of England; and once he witnessed a man who had contrived to capture a bushel and upwards of these pigmies, from the river Avon, which runs through Ringwood, in Hampshire, and determines in the British Channel, at Christchurch Bay, in the same county. The captor employed a fine-mesh net for his purpose; and, among his general catch, I had occasion to notice some very fine grayling, which was by no means a common fish in those parts. The river, hereat, forms a portion of the manorial right of Mr. J. Morant, of Brockenhurst Park, and is strictly preserved.

The lampern sustains the exact complexion of the silver eel, but seldom arrives at a weight exceeding one quarter of a pound. The narrator has seen them exposed for sale in the streets of London, being vended by country hawkers, who, on account of the illegitimate appearance of the fish, have found it a difficult matter to dispose of them. They have been offered at the rate of 2d. per pound.

During my residence in Bengal, near the salt-water lake which communicates with the river Hooghly, from which estuary the town of Calcutta is supplied with the best orders of fish, including the *bedtee* (cock-up), *hilsah* (tamarind fish), *tubisha* (the mango do.), the *suleah* (sturgeon), the whiting, and the sole, &c., &c., I have had frequent opportunities of noticing a large profusion of lampreys introduced into the *Tiretta* bazaar, or great Calcutta provision market. The above samples wore a blotched appearance. I have seen the same assuming a grey-marble aspect—pale green—cinereous olive—orange yellow—dark opaque green, and a dirty-white hue. The European community, resident in the Presidency, renounce them altogether, as being, from their unseemly and disgusting appearance, unfit or unwholesome for food; but the lower and more degraded caste of Hindoos, as well as the Mussulman people, indulge largely in them, using them as essential odible features in their curries, and regard the same as highly nutritious and palatable.

Legendary tradition would inform us that one of our early-reigning monarchs died of a surfeit, after partaking too largely of lampreys. This must go some way to satisfy the most scrupulous gastronomists, that this fish must have been held in good character by the nobles of the land at one period of time. We are further told that Queen Elizabeth, our maiden monarch, used occasionally to gratify her appetite over a lamprey pie. And Charles X. of France, who was an acknowledged *bon vivant*, was much devoted to the practice of indulging in this luxurious fish. Stewed lampreys are considered, by some choice feeders, to excel, in exquisiteness of taste, the more dignified aldermanic tureen furnished with aristocratical turtle. Be this as it may, a dish of the above is by no means to be sneezed at. There is another distinct species of the lamprey, scarcely ever seen or witnessed in our metropolitan fish warehouses, known in the country under the name of the *barbolt*. In the county of Norfolk it is called by the fishermen the "eel-pout." It is to be met with also in Suffolk and Lincolnshire; but the writer has no recollection of having met with it elsewhere. This *rara res* is in the habit of insinuating itself into rats' holes on the banks of rivers, into crevices and interstices of decayed bridges, and in the stone and brick-work of mill-dams. It is short, and thickly-formed, and arrives at from half-a-pound to a pound and a-half in weight. There is not perhaps one out of every hundred anglers that has ever come across this truly scarce tenant of our fresh-water rivers. It possesses all the good edible qualities of the eel, but is of a more repelling aspect in its general appearance. This fish ought to be better understood by anglers generally, as to its character and properties. Ichthyologists may throw some light upon the history of the *barbolt*.

During the present month (June) an unusual quantity of lampreys have been introduced into our metropolis, from Severn and Wye, some of the same extending to a large size. They appear to meet with a ready sale among the fashionable circles of society, in which they are

regarded as a first-rate luxury. The writer has been given to understand that they are sold at the rate of half-a-crown per pound; and some of these fish exceed three pound sin weight. Some persons *pot* them; and, in such a shape, they constitute an exquisite relish at the breakfast table. The prejudice existing against them, in reference to their being of a poisonous character, is altogether fabulous, and unworthy a moment's consideration. That their incongruous and uncouth form, added to the unseemly blotched complexion of their bodies, turns away many from them, who would otherwise *patronize* them, there can be little doubt; nevertheless, discountenancing all ill-founded prejudices in disfavour of the lamprey, it may be pronounced, without right of dispute, a Class A, No. 1 fish, and very many removes off (*γρησι οi πολλοι*). The unworthy prejudices, previously adverted to, are rapidly subsiding, and, from the vast glut of this fish which has been imported into the London markets during the present month, both from our own provincial fisheries, as well as the coast of Holland, the whole of which have met with the greatest encouragement, little doubt exists but that the lamprey will make its way into public favour generally, and become a feature of piscatorial excellence at the family table. The prices at which it is retailed are, however, at present, a bar against the same being brought into frequent use. Were the supplies larger, and should the demand for this fish increase on the part of the consuming portion of the community, then we may expect to read a popular lecture on the merits of an edible article of consumption, which has been too long overlooked and despised, from the lack of courage, on the one hand, to cat of it, lest it might be afterwards attended with poisonous consequences; and from prejudice, on the other, because its outward appearance in every way unfits it for a favourable reception among those who, having never partaken of it in a culinary form, are unwilling to hazard a first attempt, to convince themselves of the real merits of its kitchen character. Mr. Grove, fishmonger of Charing Cross, is, at this moment, exhibiting a large display of Severn lampreys, some of them weighing as much as five pounds each.

THE ALPENSTOCK;

OR, GLACIAL TOILS AND SUNNY RAMBLES.

BY CAPTAIN J. W. CLAYTON,

(Late of the 13th Light Dragoons: Author of "Ubique," and "Personal Memoirs of Charles II., &c.")

[COMMUNICATED TO, AND EDITED BY, LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.]

CHAPTER XIV.

"To continue: In the young wife an air of cheerfulness keeps not only in its place a husband's heart, but also wins those of perfect strangers, and tends more to make her generally popular than many other qualities more intrinsically valuable perhaps; but the effect produced upon the feelings of a husband is so fascinating that it will often dispel the gloom which may hang on his brow when worldly cares weigh him down. In short, the wife should exert herself to the utmost to be his comfort, his joy, and his life; and, in spite of the natural want of an animal flow o

spirits, to drive away as much as possible thoughtfulness, pensiveness, and gravity. If she really values the possession of him, the greeting of a smile will ever make its way through many a tear which 'tis the lot of all mortals to shed; and so, with that sweet immortal smile, will the tenderness and beauty of woman's love live eternally through the life of man, influencing even the more touchingly, though mingled with regret, his later years; for the heart which has grown cold with its chilling contact with the cruel and wintry world, will once again warm and thrill with pure enjoyment as some incident, however trifling, awakens within it the soft tones and glad melodies of the voice of the dead lost love, although 'tis but as a painful and *mournful* pleasure; for as desire is the *torment* of the young, so is *regret* that of the elder. But a degree of happiness must still remain while we have the power of thought; for through the vista of departed years we still hear the echo of a once endeared voice sweeping over the chords of our memory, soft and mournful, like the sigh of a passing spirit-wind. We still hear those voices whispering from the grave those loved tones which once made the music of our lives replete; and so that pleasant song of the past, once learnt, can never be forgotten, and its last notes still and ever reverberate on the lyre of time.

' For thought will oft look back and sigh o'er early affection,
And the soft notes of that pleasant song will be heard as a reproachful spirit
Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert of the heart.'—TUPPER.

And so, when long after-years shall have closed upon the dead love, will many a man turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and weep for the quieter influence which moved him in the earlier days of his love's—his life's young dream; for truly there is found, in the breast of her who loves, the richest development of all the tender feelings of the heart, and which become apparent in every word, in every glance, and in the happy smile.

"The *fourth* quality in a woman who wishes to secure the lasting affection of the man to whom she is irrevocably united, is one which very materially contributes to the foregoing, and that is *the habit of occupation*. Nothing engenders low spirits and depression of the nervous system so much as *idleness*, for nothing leads so directly to *ennui*; but almost every man is pleased at the sight of his wife employing herself, and filling up those gaps of conversation which will even occur between persons most splendidly gifted with talents, by the exertion of some little art, or work, or accomplishment, which will at the same time enable him to enjoy her society. It is (as regarding, however, *accomplishment*), the husband's duty, by skilful advice and instructive conversation, to keep the mind of his life's partner in constant intellectual activity; which, by thus being invigorated, energy will be put forth, work will be done; for the more there is of mind, the more work, improvement, and wholesome employment will be accomplished. All labour, in fact, demands intellectual activity; and therefore are toil and self-culture friends to each other. In proportion to intelligence, so does the mind possessing it make a given force accomplish a greater task. Make individuals intelligent, and they become inventive; and then do they find shorter processes for their ends. Let me only add, before I return to the fourth point of this discourse, that in proportion as self-culture

spreads amongst society, conversation, which of all pastimes is the commonest means of imparting and receiving amusement and instruction combined, increases in delight. For, after all, it is the great recreation of life, drawing us sociably around our hearths, and cheering us at our labour; stirring gently our hearts, as a summer breeze the placid bosom of a lake—so silently, so continually, that its very influence may be unthought of: though this source of happiness is too often lost to people of all classes for want of mental activity, a humble and a listening soul, and refinement of feeling. Doubtless, upon a superficial view of the case, the habit of employment may appear unimportant, and of little consequence in the state of connubial bliss; but after what I have said, and upon the simplest possible reflection, it will be found most essentially useful, particularly at periods of confinement, bad weather, and numerous causes which oblige a wife to seek for amusement at home; and it is her paramount duty, as well as interest, to render that home agreeable to her husband. If she fails, he will assuredly seek his amusements elsewhere; and then adieu to all contentment, peace of mind, quiet delight, and eventually love itself: and when *they* are fled, what is there left for the fabric of happiness in married life to rest upon? The foundation is gone, the charm of domesticity and its comfort is broken; and then every fond anticipation of what *might have been* vanishes like a dream, and naught left for the mind to brood over but that direst of all human griefs—the remorse that comes too late. For, believe me, dear child! after all, your chief chance of lasting happiness consists in pleasures, but not such as arise from sensual gratification, or from vice, but from the enjoyments of the mind, and the sweets of virtue; for vice stings us even in our pleasures, while virtue soothes us even in our pains. Then listen, I implore, to the words of the French philosopher: ‘Happy are they who have lost their relish for tumultuous pleasures, and are content with the soothing quiet of innocence and retirement—happy are they whose amusement is knowledge, and whose supreme delight is the cultivation of their minds and the duty of life. Wherever they shall be driven by the persecution of fortune, the means of employment are still with them; and that weary listlessness which renders life unsupportable to the voluptuous and lazy is unknown to those who can employ themselves by reading, and if God grants them to be able to lift themselves from the multitude to the dignity of authorship, and to be ‘doers of illimitable good, gainers of inestimable glory;’ to also employ themselves by writing for the welfare of their fellows; for, however unworthy the attempt, the principle will justify all ends.’* And so, my child, if you are gifted with any talents whatsoever, remember it is most sinful to so rebel against the ordinations of heaven, who has given them to you, in not manifesting them to the utmost of your power; for, consider, those talents are as loans from the One great Mind, entrusted to your care, that you may use them either for the amusement, pleasure, or instruction of society; for all they that are thus endowed are in their separate and several degrees, more or less, chosen deputies of the All-wise, and the day will come when an account of the use or abuse of talent will be surely required and rendered. And

* A defence and a reason for an author to hold out against his relations and intimate friends, who never will admit him capable of that of which they are not themselves.

so to pass our time contentedly, and usefully to ourselves and others, is, perhaps, enough to constitute all the peace we can expect in a harsh and wintry world of pain and disappointment. . . .

Then, my child, if God sees fit for thee to become a mother, tell thy daughter when she will have become as you have at this moment—tell her all I have told to you; and when in contemplation only of her marriage, if you would have her bless you, warn her thus: that ‘the carrying out of the foregoing observations are calculated to ensure the good opinion and to foster the early feeling of the *lover*, as much as they are intended to fix the unabating tenderness of the *husband*. Although men are sometimes so blinded by their passion as not to discover the defects of the object to whom they are devoted, occasions will sometimes arise, in the intercourse which takes place between them, in which these flaws of character or temper will force themselves on their sight, and create in their bosoms a distrust and reflection of repentance, nay, a shudder at the prospect of the future, which in many instances have proved fatal to the union and happiness altogether. All men are not alike in this respect; some, of course, are much more penetrating, observant, and clear-sighted than others, particularly those who have passed the meridian of youth, and have learnt to know something of the sex; therefore should the girl-lover be incessantly on her guard during the period of her probation, when *certain* eyes will ever be upon her, and attentively awake to every little expression or look that can in the least indicate the colour and tone of her temper; for what disquietude, suspense, and bitter anxiety would be caused to her loving father, should he become aware that even a thought should arise in the breasts of those with whom she may become afterwards connected, in the smallest degree disparaging or unfavourable!’

“I feel, my child, that no one has the power of making herself more beloved than yourself; endeavour, then, by meekness, amiability, and a careful study of common sense to rivet the chains which have bound you round those hearts. Much is implied in that one epithet ‘*amiable*,’ and you cannot but understand its full signification, if you will take the trouble of reflecting upon its import—‘*C’est la douceur, la docilité, quelque chose de liant, qui gagne les cœurs.*’ That position in life in which you have but just entered is, it is almost needless to say, one of the three grand epochs in our lives, for all of which the church-bell chimes, the tear falls, and Hope is the comforter—birth, marriage, and the grave. Yet as marriage is the sole one of the three in which we recognize ourselves to be free agents, how necessary to be well prepared to seek that happiness which it is so much in our own power to attain; and to a right-minded woman a great contentment will be discovered in the art of rendering herself useful to her husband, his friends, and society at large; and nothing possibly can promote that usefulness more than a thorough knowledge of self—an insight into her own faults, and self-denial to correct them. For the more we know of ourselves, the more we are acquainted with our proper talents and capacities, the better able are we to understand in what manner we are capable of being useful; and the consideration of those talents, and our characters generally, will show us for what reasons they were entrusted to us, and to what ends they should be improved.

“ But, my own sweet child, I should only weary you if I were to persevere any longer in pouring forth these effusions of my strong paternal affection; then, in conclusion, let me *once more* exhort you to be gentle, confiding, diffident, tractable, feminine, and modest in your demeanour; aye, *modesty*, without which the heart of a lady is barren and cold, destitute of all feeling, sense, and religion. Yet again I say, know thyself; search, and beware of counterfeit: for nothing is more amiable than *true* modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is *false*. The one guards virtue; the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humour of those with whom the conversation is carried on. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion. And thus, if you would be *truly* modest, be faithful to your husband, yourself, and your God.

“ So then, my darling one, my sweet, sweet daughter, here must I stop; and if you will read more than once what I have written, it will be proof that you requite my tenderness, and that you are in reality one of the few who can love their parents as well as they do their children. If ever you are destined to be a mother, then you will experience the intensity of a mother's fondness, which surpasses in general by many degrees that which is reciprocated to her; but when it is reciprocated with full force, the rapture of that mother must be felt, I fancy, in order to be fully understood. Therefore, my daughter, farewell; and let the holiest blessing of a fond and doating father, uttered in all the fervour of his aged heart, be the fittest and most dearly cherished of thy bridal gifts.”

Thus, reader, flows the language of Disinterested Friendship. And the thread of the foregoing discourse would be still unentangled were there not herein offered an example, and that a true one, of the all-absorbing power, the intensity and self-sacrifice of that one great and rare emotion of the human heart, which has in it surely something of the Divine—the Faithful Lover: it is rare; for it can never flourish where it may not be refreshed by the gentle waters flowing from the fountains of an ardent, pure, enthusiastic, and sensitive heart; for without them the blossom is but a weed, bending wild and waste, midst but a cold and spectral radiance in the path of life, which can warm no flower into bloom, but freezes into ice the sweetest and most gentle emotions of the soul. Oh, then, let us enjoy these last—let us cherish and guard them from the world's breath—those real sweets of existence—while we may; for, like the one joyous life-hour of the butterfly, short and brilliant is the duration for us. The blushing rose of the summer, e'en as it is plucked, shivers and dies; all that is mortal, all that is lovely, must fade away, wither, and drop into darkness, with the shifting sands of time; so let us live to be happy. Follow us yet patiently, gentle reader, as we have proposed—through a bright sunbeam on the stream of Time, flashing back from those of its waving hours that have now long flowed into the ocean of the past Eternity. Note with us its first glad struggle through the cloud, and mourn in sympathy over the dark fate and cruel, that at the last quenched its brightness; and although

forced back to its native realms of light, that the dark elod of earth where it had fallen, and its lonely wanderer, which had been gladdened in its rays, should by a harsh and wayward fate have dropped into darkness and despair.

FIRST LOVE.

Late in the evening of a hot July, day in the year 1759, a frightful storm burst over Vienna. Dark masses of heavy clouds hung low and threatening, and mingled with the falling shades of the lonely night; then the hurrying blast arose, and darkness fell like a pall over the city, lightened up by the lurid coruscations which blazed in blue streams of splendour from all the courts of heaven, cleaving asunder the inky clouds—down poured and hissed the splashing rain, and around roared the breath of the desolate blast, and the loud bellowing voice of the rolling thunder. At length the giant of the tempest appeared to have exhausted his awful rage—his voice boomed fainter in the distance, and the tears ceased to flow from his eyes. Anon the world of clouds rolled heavily away, uncurtaining the soft radiance of the sky, which seemed to smile sweetly and softly through the darkness, like the gentle promise of Hope, beaming down happiness and comfort upon the sin and unrest of earth; the melancholy stars were sleeping in the heavens, holy in their loveliness; and the stately moon wrapt in her silver mantle swept triumphantly forth, as if proclaiming to the troubled earth, “Be at peace!—all is over—rejoice.”

Yet at a certain house in the city, which, high and narrow, stood somewhat concealed in a bye-street, the windows and even the shutters remained closed. Within the small parlour a light was burning, and two female figures might have been seen sitting, crouching together, fearful, in the darkest corner. Their years severally seemed to number eighteen and nineteen—the only children of an industrious and quiet citizen, whose sign-board, displaying a brightly-coloured painting, proclaimed that he followed the honourable calling of a barber.

At length the elder of the two maidens opened the windows and shutters, extinguished the light, and said quietly, “Come, Dora dear! no more childish fears. Thanks to the Holy Mother, the mournful storm has passed over. Come to the window at once. How delicious is the now still and balmy air!”

And Dora came at the bidding to her sister’s side; the pale moonbeams rushed in like a silver stream through the casement, and bathed the two young faces in its gentle glory; the rays even seemed to linger on their path, as if unwilling to leave those sweet upturned countenances upon which their kisses clung.

Dora, the youngest, seemed by the changing flashes of her dark eyes, by the deep blood which ever and anon rushed athwart her proud full countenance, majestic in its olive tint, and by the expression of scorn which lifted the curling upper lip slightly from off the dazzling teeth beneath, to be possessed of a warm and passionate temperament; her small and stately head rising from the swan-like throat showered down the luxuriant tresses wildly over the ripening bosom in a black and silken torrent. Her somewhat matured figure was under the middle height, her movements lively, and her voice was like

some wild and happy melody. Such was Dora, clothed in all her night-like beauty.

Johanna, the eldest, formed a contrast beautiful as it was strange—like a fresh and smiling summer morning adorned with the rose's brilliant blush; tender and softly melting was the expression of the fair girl; the heavy mass of golden hair flowed and shone around her, while from its midst beamed the large and earnest eyes, deep and blue—like the azure sky smiling through a sunbeam. Yet, perhaps, alas! that transparent and sunny face wore but the delusive beauty shadowed from the grave; for those large and lustrous eyes, and the burning spot upon the pale fair cheek, told their own melancholy tale, and why in that dark chamber, in that cold street, in the harsh and garish city, should she breath on with such effort the remainder of her tender life? ever and anon reviving and flickering; alas! only too soon to fade from that frail form, like an expiring lamp in an alabaster urn; but ill fitted to bear the pain, the unrest, the disappointment which for ever brood over this wintry world—the gross and corrupted throne of fallen man. Yet Hope seemed to breathe to her its happy whispers—Hope, the nurse of life. And yet some say its cradle is the grave. But we will not anticipate.

After a pause, the gentle Johanna murmured softly, "Where, then, can Haydn be lingering? Usually he returns home so much earlier; but let us hope that the gracious and Holy Mother may have conducted him to shelter during the pitiless storm."

Dora replied not; but her bosom heaved tumultuously, and her large dark eyes seemed to penetrate the farthest distance.

Footsteps then were heard approaching, and worthy Master Keller, the barber, entered, holding in his hand a large wig which he had been carefully powdering. He was a little stout-set man, of brisk movements, sharp, pinched features, and restless though friendly grey eyes. He was a most strange individual, this barber; always in a very fidgety state of mind and body: small, suspicious, and nervous, all his limbs seemed to swing about as if they did not belong to him—not very unlike an electrified frog.

Upon entering the room, he put the peruke carefully down, flashed his eyes around in all directions, out of the window and up the chimney at the same time (for he squinted), walked violently backwards and forwards, thrusting his hands into his breeches' pockets down to the knees, and then taking them out again and looking at them in amazement; and then, after having pared his nails in the fireplace, and forced nearly an ounce of snuff into his proboscis, which he of course then commenced blowing and trumpeting like the roar of some wounded beast, to get rid of all the dust he had inhaled, and leaving an impression on the minds of observers of what a remarkably far-fetched idea or sense of enjoyment such a process must have been, he called out in a fretful voice,

"Why children, is not the young man, our lodger, here? he is not in his garret; I have been up there to search for him—thought he might be with you: really it is quite extraordinary how that young fellow with his gay music has taken my fancy! If he remains absent a moment longer than usual, I am as anxious about him as if he were my own son; and if I don't look after him, my girls do. Heaven knows

why he has so bewitched us all! Quite true, is it not? eh?" He concluded, laughing.

A deep blush which dyed her very neck was Johanna's only reply; while Dora murmured something quite unintelligible, tossed her proud deer-like head impatiently backwards, and left the window.

"Where on earth can that strange boy have remained all this time?" continued the father thoughtfully, after a pause. "Perhaps that ugly old Italian singingmaster—what's his name? Porpora——?"

"Porpora? papa," suggested Johanna softly.

"Well, then, I think old Porpora must have waylaid him, and is making him copy out music for him, by St. Joseph! It is not to be told or believed what Haydn does for all these musicians, and for his own pupils too. He jumps about as actively as a young chamois from one to the other, always ready and at hand to do them any service. I really believe he would even clean the boots of Master Gluck, of whom people are making such a to-do just now, if he could only persuade the old gentleman to play to him. Yes, Joseph Haydn told me himself one day that he would do anything in the world to gratify his passion for music. But alas! his services, his violent zeal, his playing with Porpora, his *compositions*—all are useless. Nothing brings him a single *sou*. Nobody thinks of paying the poor boy, because he never will ask for money. It is true that I have not received a farthing yet for his board and lodging ever since he came, and that's some time ago. I can wait, however, Heaven be praised! But do you ever notice that the youth takes it to heart at all, or really tries to obtain something? Did you ever see him look careworn or unhappy? On the contrary, he always comes home with a radiant face, so beaming with joy that one would suppose our most gracious Emperor had been offering him the half of his kingdom; and if perchance one asks him from surprise, 'Well Haydn, what good fortune has befallen you to-day?' he laughs ready to split his sides, and says, 'Porpora has been praising me'; or, 'Gluck has patted me kindly'; or, 'I have found such a lovely flower'; and, 'How deeply and exquisitely blue was the sky to-day, the sun shone so brightly!' And then doesn't he sit up there, in his garret, at his old wormeaten harpsicord, so wrapt up in those queer *sonatas* of Bach, whom he talks so much about, that he actually forgets his meals? And then those bright joyous eyes of his! when he stands before me, and says, 'Good morning, sir,' I feel as if he had done my heart good, and am obliged to restrain myself lest I should throw my arms round his neck. Mark me, my children, the good God has been most gracious to Joseph Haydn; *he will either produce something wonderful, or he will die early*. One or the other is sure to happen."

Scarcely had these prophetic words escaped the thin lips of the excited speaker, when a low knock was heard at the door; and at the good man's hasty "Come in," Joseph Haydn appeared upon the threshold.

Y A C H T - R A C I N G .

BY HULLDOWN AND HOISTUP.

Considerable discussion has recently taken place in the yachting circles as to a project for handicapping racing yachts upon a plan emanating from the late Mr. P. R. Marrett, of yachting celebrity; and urged upon the notice of yachters, in a treatise by that lamented gentleman on yachts and yacht-building. The project consists simply in estimating the size, power, and tonnage of a yacht, through the medium of admeasurement of sails and spars, in preference to the present mode of gauging the hull of the vessel.

The author of the scheme was, undoubtedly, a sailing-master of considerable experience; but he nevertheless wrote theoretically upon the subject of measuring yachts by area of sail. The suggestion was untried at the time he wrote, though it had been discussed by many sailing-masters of equal experience with the respected author, and considered by them as impracticable. Several eminent yacht-builders, on being consulted upon the subject, were also of opinion that the plan was objectionable and injudicious. Discussions took place at the time Mr. Marrett's suggestions were passing through the columns of *Bell's Life*; and, as far as preponderance of opinions went, the scheme was condemned. In opposition to those views, Mr. Marrett adhered firmly to his design, and declared it to be the only correct one of fairly estimating the capacity of a racing-yacht; and by which to regulate the scale of allowance in sailing-matches, for disparity of tonnage. But, what is more surprising, the author of the scheme had sufficient confidence in his theory to produce a reprint of his letters from *Bell's Life*; and with a number of addenda and diagrams, to thrust them once more upon the notice of yachters, as a project which had not received merited consideration, though truly deserving such, because of the confidence with which it had been fostered by the author. The result has been the production of the volume alluded to, entitled "Yachts and Yacht-building."

After such invincible temerity on the part of one so highly respected in the yachting world (and, subsequently, so deeply lamented), had the suggestion been allowed to remain dormant it would have seemed too much like condemning a plan without trying it; and, besides, it would have worn the aspect of indifference to the welfare of a highly popular diversion, had not the project been put to the test, and a fair and public trial given by the members of some or other of our numerous yacht clubs. Such a trial has already been had, not *in camera*, but in one of the most important and memorable sailing-matches ever recorded, connected as it is with an historical event deeply concerning the interests of the two most powerful nations in the world. It was a contest upon which the eyes of all Europe rested; and honoured, besides, with the presence of the Queen, and the noblest, gayest, and most numerous fleet of yachts ever seen in British or foreign waters. The result of that trial can leave no doubt upon the minds of experienced

match-sailers that the plan of handicapping yachts by area of sail cannot avail as a general practical rule. Two or three other trials have taken place with similar results of opinion; and in order that the scheme may not be condemned without a thorough investigation, a second trial is about to take place, under the auspices of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, and the results will be carefully considered and reported upon by a committee selected from its most experienced members, and specially appointed for the purpose.

The result of that trial need not be suggested, though it is easy to conjecture. At any rate there is much honesty of report in the candid statement of that committee, that they are at present undecided, and require the further assistance of another experimental match before giving a decision. Should their decision be opposed to the views of the late projector, it will be impossible to say the scheme has not had a fair trial, or undergone an impartial investigation. But if, on the other hand, the committee should discover some hitherto latent excellence or practical utility in the design, there is no doubt but the plan will be universally adopted. Of this result, however, there can be but a forlorn hope on the part of the most sanguine promoters of the scheme.

Had the author of the invention given more consideration to the practical objections to his project, and weighed them in the balance with his too sanguine ideas, he would have been less confident that his bantling would ultimately be reared. But, like all inventors, he was buoyed with hope beyond practical result, and consoled himself with that delusive argument upon which so many have been led astray, "that there is always opposition to a new scheme be it good or bad." But that weak argument may be shattered at a blow. Opposition inevitably fails if the scheme proves a good and practical one. The great error throughout Mr. Marrett's suggestion has been, in not attaching sufficient consideration to the hull of the vessel destined to carry the measured sails, and *vice versa*, too great a preponderance of consideration to the sails, regardless of all below them.

To give the project the widest possible scope, let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that it were found practicable to the present form of hull of racing yachts, and generally adopted. Can it be imagined there is no possibility of introducing a new form of hull, whereby (special regard being had to the area of sail, regardless of all below it) an immense advantage might be gained over every yacht afloat at the present day? It no longer becomes a question as to size or power of hull, but simply an estimate of canvas: therefore machines, as hideous as the flying proa of the Ladrone Islands, and simple in construction as the Brazilian catamaran, might take the places of our symmetrical racing yachts; for, to use the author's own language, "the builder is left untrammelled;" consequently, whatever science may suggest, as to a machine for carrying sail, he is at liberty to adopt it. It is therefore maintained that the outlandish proa, alluded to, would, *under the area system*, completely vanquish many an English clipper of the present day.

Are we, then, to have a display of flying proas and catamarans at forthcoming regattas, in the place of those beautiful yachts, the pride of our coasts, and the envy of princes?

Depend on it, if the sails of racing yachts are clipped with Marrett's

shears, every future match must be sailed in the fury of a gale, or it will be devoid of interest or excitement.

Is it to be said, that if two yachts are constructed by rival builders, both vessels being of equal length, breadth, depth, and tonnage; and, through the superior ingenuity of one of the two builders, one yacht is enabled to carry considerably more sail than the other, and, consequently, is indisputably the faster vessel—is the faster vessel to lose the race by being compelled to allow time to the one which cannot carry so much sail as her opponent? And are the sails of the fast yacht to be reduced by admeasurement to the same size as those of her inferior opponent; and thus the fairest flowers of her bearing torn from her, as if in mockery of her greater speed and power? Such a proceeding would be almost like laming a race-horse because it goes too fast. One yacht is clearly faster than the other; and you therefore cripple her to reduce her speed upon a level with her inferior antagonist. Is science to be so degraded, the builder to be so snubbed, and the vessel so disfigured, in order to bring her within the pale of a rule which regards area of sail as everything, regardless of stability or power of hull? In short, it would be no longer a race of yachts, but a race of sails and spars. Yachtsmen must not look at the hull, but at the hamper. The eyes of the public must be directed to the canvas only. And Jack Hulldown and Tom Hoistup will thus converse:—

“Well, Tom! are your jibs and foresails a-going to race along with mine, to-morrow?”

“Why no,” replies Tom, “our mainsails and gaff-topsails have got to run a race instead.”

“Upon what floatage do you intend hoisting them racing things?” enquires Jack.

“Well, mate, I mean to raise mine on a fir plank, with a bit o’lead beneath it. What’s your dodge, eh?”

“Oh! mine,” replies Hulldown, “will be to spread the racing things over an *invisible-immersa-non-beholdantibus*.”

“Well, I’m doomed if such a machine as that is to be found in Marrett’s *Matcheclogia-sail-racing-blunderolia*,” says Hoistup.

“No,” replies Hulldown; “but ’tis an invention that’s *post area* to Marrett.”

“Then I only wish dear old Marrett was alive to see to what a pass he has brought yachting, and what fools he has made of all the yacht builders,” replies Hoistup.

Without pursuing farther the conversation of Hulldown and Hoistup, let us proceed with our arguments.

It is impossible that Marrett’s system can be a correct one of judging the power or capacity of a vessel. It is too much like measuring a man’s talents by the size of his clothes. To suggest another argument, let us suppose two vessels, with sails of equal admeasurement (consequently, under Marrett’s plan, sailing upon equal terms), starting on a long race in fine weather, with a light wind. During half the course the vessels keep side by side, as if equally matched; when a very strong wind arises, and one of the vessels is unable to carry all her sails, and obliged to take in two or three hundred yards of her measured canvas; whilst her opponent is enabled to carry her full quantum, without

taking-in a yard, or reefing any one of her sails. Could it then be said that such vessels were fairly handicapped? or that they were sailing upon those equal terms on which they started? Unless a fresh calculation could be made immediately after reefing the sails, and the number of hours and minutes carefully noted during the time one vessel was under less sail than the other, it must be impossible to arrive at an impartial decision under a suggestion of admeasurement of sail as the basis for handicapping racing vessels.

If yachting matches always took place under the trying severities of gales and hard winds, there might be something in Marrett's suggestion of admeasurement by area; but as they are generally sailed under sunny skies and summer breezes, there should be no restriction upon the extent of canvas; but every yachtsman should be at liberty to pile his canvas aloft to whatever altitude he pleases; and permitted to set as many gaff-top-sails and sky-scrapers as his vessel can stagger under. The first breath of wind will sweep them down; though, during a calm, they enliven a motionless fleet, and make many an otherwise tedious race a lively and agreeable one. The powers of a racing-yacht cannot be displayed to the best advantage unless the sailing-master is permitted to carry as much canvas as prudence suggests; and wherever such a rule prevails, he generally sets as much as he can carry without incurring risk. Any principle which tends to deprive a yacht of one or more of her sails, may be applied in the same manner as that of expecting great things of a cunning workman after taking away part of his tools. And any measure tending to stint the sails of a yacht, or interfere with her form of hull, is injurious to the sciences of yacht-racing and yacht-building.

It has been urged that the present system of admeasurement of hull promotes a class of over-sparred and over-manned vessels, without any comfort to the owners. This proposition may be flatly contradicted, so far as regards the over-sparring and over-manning. It was so during the prevalence of the pernicious system of ballast-trimming (the age at which Marrett wrote); but since the total abolition of that degrading practice, it is found useless and impracticable to over-do a vessel with either spars, sails, or men. And so long as ballast-trimming is strictly prohibited, it is next to an absurdity to introduce an over-sparred yacht at a sailing match with any hope of success in other than a calm. But as regards the comfort of the yachtsman—referring more particularly to his enjoyment of the pleasures of *yachting* as distinct from *yacht-racing*—it is impossible that the two can be successfully combined in a small vessel. There *must* be two classes—the pleasure-yacht, and the racing-vessel. No man in his senses would harness a race-horse to a carriage, and think of travelling without danger. So no yachtsman should think of going to sea in a small racing-yacht with comfort, or without incurring risk, unless he reefs or unbends his racing-canvas, and substitutes sails of smaller dimensions.

It may be distasteful to those who can only afford to keep one vessel, that there should be such a line of distinction drawn between racing and pleasure yachts; but it must be so, as any reasonable man will conceive on reflection; or, adieu to the diversion of yacht-racing. No doubt the owners of many a good and sturdy pleasure yacht would like to win races at regattas, and have their vessels publicly cried-up as clippers; but these are not the vessels which the public care to see

exhibited; nor are they those for which the club-money and regatta funds are subscribed. The public expect something new from the yacht-builders every year, which gives a stimulus to the sport; offers a wide scope for advancement of science; bringing experiment, interest, and excitement together; and so maintaining on a sure footing this manly and incomparable recreation. Racing yachts are as much out of place in a gale at sea, as a race-horse would be if attempted to be used for ploughing heavy land. If yachtsmen will insist on putting to sea in racing vessels, they must attire those vessels in sea-going garb, *i. e.*, reefed sails or try-sails. The Amazon never goes to sea in her racing canvas, but always, on a long voyage, sets a trysail in the place of her mainsail. Here then is an example for all yacht-racers.

In conclusion, it is confidently suggested that the present mode of gauging the hull of yachts for the purpose of handicapping, as adopted by the Royal Thames Yacht Club, is open to the least objection of any other plan which has yet been devised: and in absence of that, there is no better than the Government system. It is highly desirable for the welfare and encouragement of the glorions diversion of yachting, and the promotion of yacht-building, that one uniform system of ad-measurement be adopted throughout the land; and after the searching investigations and unbounded discussions which have taken place during the past three years upon the *vexata quæstio*, it is earnestly hoped this season may see that much-desired uniformity decided.

FISHING IN IRELAND.

BY J. H.

THE FLIES FOR LOUGH DERGH.

The reports from all parts of the sister kingdom, even thus early in the season, are all that the most ardent lover of the angle can desire. The genial weather is there, as here, considered almost out of place, making anglers at both sides of the channel fear some harsh unnatural weather in April and May, to make up for the balance of power in the elements, as we have not had a taste of winter yet. If this fine weather, contrary to our surmises, should continue, and the warmth, at present experienced, gathers strength as the spring progresses into summer, the trout-fishing on the lakes and rivers in Ireland—particularly the lake-fishing—will be a fortnight or three weeks earlier than usual.

I promised in my last communication, published in your October number, that I would give a description of the flies necessary to fish on Lough Dergh. I now proceed to fulfil that promise. If any sportsman visits that part of Her Majesty's dominions this year, induced by my description of the fishing to be had there, and uses the flies I am about to describe, I will engage that it will not be the last visit he will pay to Killaloe. Bear in mind that there is not a spot on the lake which is preserved—that it is over twenty-five miles long; and that every part of it is literally studded with trout, weighing from one pound to twelve pounds—trout of sixteen pounds have been taken in it. The pike and perch to be had there are also numerous. You cannot put

out a bait to drag for a trout without being annoyed with perch, from one to four pounds weight; and the reported size of the pike seems fabulous. The old fishermen will (of course) make a solemn affidavit of some of those fresh-water sharks being taken up to sixty pounds. I once heard an old hand at Williamstown go into the details as to a monster of a pike that actually swallowed a young pig which ventured out into the weeds by the side of the lake hunting for food. Could any one have rammed a little pig down its mouth? I recollect my brother—who in his young days was an excellent angler—having killed a pike about ten pounds weight, in Blarney lough, took a young rabbit, which he found dead in the wood, and rammed him down into the stomach of the pike. When the servant cut the belly of the fish, she was horrified to find a hairy thing protruding from the inside. On the first cut of the knife she screamed, and rushed into the parlour to tell the tale; all the family went into the kitchen to see—my brother amongst the number—the most innocent of the lot. The fish was at once taken to the newspaper office to shew to the editor; and in the evening's publication was announced, in addition to several samples of large gooseberries exhibited in the office, "a pike, which was taken in Blarney lough, which actually lived on young rabbits, one being in the belly of the monster, just swallowed, with the hair all perfect. It was caught, said the editor, that day by Mr. —, of No. — street." This story went the round of the provincial press; and no person attempted to throw doubt on it, as it was vouched for by the editor.

Professor Owen, at the annual soirée of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution, related a similar anecdote. It was as follows:—

"Some of the working scientific men of London, with a few others, have formed a sort of club, and after our winter lecturing is over, we occasionally sally forth to have a day's fishing. We have for that purpose taken a small river in the neighbourhood of the metropolis; and near its banks there stands a little public-house, where we dine, soberly and sparingly, on such food as old Izaak Walton loved. We have a rule that he who catches the biggest fish of the day shall be our president for the evening. In the course of one day a member, not a scientific man, but a high political man, caught a trout that weighed three and a-half pounds; but earlier in the day he pulled out a barbel of half-a-pound weight. So, while we were on the way to our inn, what did this political gentlemen do, but with the butt-end of his rod ram the barbel down the trout's throat, in which state he handed the fish to be weighed. Thus he scored four pounds, which, being the greatest weight, he took the chair. As we were going away for home, a man of science—it was the president of the Royal Society—said to the man of politics, 'If you do not want that fine fish of yours I should like to have it, for I have some friends to-morrow.' My lord took it home; and I heard no more until we met on the next week. Then, while we were preparing our tackle, the president of the Royal Society said to our high political friend, 'There were some very extraordinary circumstances, do you know, about that fish you gave me. I had no idea that trout were so voracious, but that one had swallowed a barbel.'

"'I am astonished to hear you say so,' rejoined an eminent naturalist, 'trout may be voracious enough to swallow minnows—but a barbel, my lord! There must be some mistake.'

:"'Not at all;' replied his lordship, 'for the fact got to my family, that

the cook, in cutting open the trout, had found a barbel inside; and as my family knew I was fond of natural history, I was called into the kitchen. There I saw it: the trout had swallowed a barbel, full half-a-pound weight.'

"'Out of the question, my lord,' said the naturalist, 'it's altogether quite inscientific and unphilosophical.'

"'I don't know what may be philosophical in the matter; I only know I am telling you a matter of fact,' said his lordship.

"The dispute having lasted some time, explanations were given, and the practical joke was heartily enjoyed."

In this case, as in the rabbit and the pike, both parties were right and both were wrong. His lordship was right in the fact; so was the editor—the barbel was inside the trout; the rabbit was inside the pike. But both were wrong in the hypothesis founded on the fact, that either the trout had swallowed the barbel, or the pike the rabbit.

There are several loughs in Ireland where pike grow to an immense size. Lough Gurr, about fifteen miles from Limerick, between that city and Bruff, is one of the most famous. The "oldest inhabitant" there, when I was thirty years younger than I now am, told me of one that only wanted two pounds and a-half of one hundred pounds weight. He said it was taken by a night line. I fancy now, as I did then, that the bait must have been a codfish, and the line a rope. Whether the hook was a gaff or boat-hook must be a question which the descendants of old Phelim O'Donnell, my informant, who, I understand, retails the story to this day, with additions, must decide. I am at fault in my information.

A friend of mine, Captain Rowe, who many a time and oft was my companion in more sports than the rod and line, and who is still, as he always was, an enthusiastic angler, hooked a monster salmon the year before last near Mallow. He is about the same age as I am, nearly three score years; and how he battled the length of time he was engaged with this salmon has often puzzled me since he told me the story. About a mile below the town of Mallow, on the river Blackwater, is one of the most taking streams for a salmon. It is called Quain's Stream. Hither the Captain went one day in the month of August. About eleven o'clock in the morning he commenced. In the third cast he rose, and in the fifth cast he hooked what he considered a fine fish, from the break he made in his rise at the fly. The fish immediately went to the bottom and lodged. After bearing heavily on him for some time without any effect, he commenced chucking the line to induce him to move; but this was also ineffectual. He then came to the conclusion that when the fish took the fly to the bottom the hook must have come out of him and got fast in a rock or a root. Yet again, on consideration, he knew that there was no such thing in the stream; and this added to his astonishment as to what caused the dead weight without motion on his line. He called three little white terriers which were with a man of the name of Tobin, in a field near the river, and by throwing in stones, induced them to swim out towards where the line parted from the water. He then found that whatever he had hooked moved slowly up the river. He knew a stone or a root could not move up, and that it must be a fish; so he called Tobin to him, and got him to pelt the salmon with stones, in order to get a race out of him, or in some manner to get play out of him. For over an hour the Captain was bear-

ing all his weight, as far as was safe with a single gut casting-line and small fly; while the man was continually keeping up a fire of volleys of stones at the fish. The man eventually got tired, and returned to his work in the field. Mr. Jonas Haynes, who lived at Ballygarrett at the time, now came to the Captain's assistance. He had some little dogs with him, and by their swimming over the fish, and he pelting stones, they worked him down some distance—nearly to the brook at Ballygarrett. A heavy shower of rain then came on, which drove away Mr. Haynes, and left the Captain alone with the salmon. If I had been there it should have rained fire, before I should have been induced to leave the Captain in his troubles. Nearly three hours had now elapsed. The fish then took it into his head to move, and he crossed below the little island at the tail of the brook; the Captain followed him, crossing the brook. The movements of the fish now became more rapid than convenient to my friend, who was almost jaded. In one charge he raced from the strand across the river and nearly touched the opposite bank. The trees at the Ballygarrett side of the river, below the brook on Mr. Courtney's ground, being so high as to prevent their being topped with the rod, the Captain had to take to the water, and swim over a hundred yards to the weir below them. This was no easy matter, as he had to keep up his rod as well as he could, and with one hand struggle along, rather than swim, placing his watch in his mouth to keep it from the water. He at length succeeded in gaining the weir, where he rested for a time, bearing as lightly as possible on the fish for fear he would make a rush down the half-river at Mr. Curtin's side, and which was opposite to where he was then seated, he being too jaded to be able to stand. When, after a time, he got on his feet to battle his game again, he saw by his watch, which he laid on the weir, that it was half-past three o'clock. Four hours and a-half did this struggle continue. The Captain, when telling the story, said, "I felt rather refreshed after the swim, and was ready for work as well as if I had only just hooked him." But the fish only now showed signs of being vanquished. After winding him up within about eight or ten yards of the top of the rod, the Captain could plainly see his size. He was a real whopper. Having no assistance he had to use great caution; and having got the gaff out of his bag he screwed it together, and prepared for the finale. Eight or nine times did he bring him to the stroke of the gaff. Each time upon putting out his hand the fish charged out into the deep water. He saw that there was no chance of getting him in while he held the rod in one hand; so he bent back his rod until he caught his line with the gaff, and dropping his rod, commenced to hand-play the fish. This is at all times dangerous work, even with a small-sized fish. What a nicety it must have been with this is only known to the practical angler. To add to my friend's troubles, he perceived that the link of gut near the fly had become fuzzy, which gave evidence of the violence of the struggle, and he feared if he did not act shortly, sharply, and decisively, that all would be soon over, and he would have to sing, "All is lost now." So the next time he brought the fish near to the gaff, he reached out and stuck it in him as the fish turned out to make a race. Unfortunately the gaff struck the fish near the tail—having the power of his head he made a desperate plunge, and the Captain being too jaded to hold his grip, or that, as he says, "his hand being so wet," the gaff slipped through his hand, and off the fish went,

taking the gaff with him, and breaking the link of gut when the strain came on it. To quote the words of my friend when he was telling me of all his misfortunes in this long battle—"Why man, I was completely exhausted—I thought I never felt so queer. I was going to swim out after him, when I saw my gaff sticking up in him, and he moving off so slowly; but before I had quite time to make up my mind to do so, he had gone out of sight in deep water. I then looked at my watch and it wanted only ten minutes to five, so that I had him for nearly six long hours." The real finale of the story was even more annoying. A man of the name of Mullowney the next morning, when crossing the ford at Curtin's half-river, found the fish in shoal water, dead, with the gaff in him. He took him to Buttevant, where he sold him to the messman of the barracks. I had the curiosity to go to Mullowney, to enquire as to his weight. He told me he sold him at one shilling a pound, and that his weight was 63lbs. "Faith, sir," says he, "to tell you the truth, 'twas Captain Rowe ought to have got the three guineas; but as he did not want it, and I did, I make my conscience easy on the matter, and don't intend to make restitution, or a cause of confession to my clergy."

Salmon, or indeed any other fish of this size, are rarely taken in the rivers of Ireland either with net or rod; but it seems that in some rivers in other countries fish run up to 500lbs. weight. I cannot vouch for the fact except from hearsay; but the following order for fishing-tackle, received (since I wrote the principal part of this article) by Mr. Charles Farlow of 191 Strand, and of which he has kindly given me a copy, is proof positive, if needed, that monsters take a bait and fly, and are killed with a rod and line and such tackle as would appear almost fabulous. The following is the order. I omit the address, river, &c., at Mr. Farlow's request. "February 14th, 1859. Sir, please to send me to my address, ———, per ——— steamer to ———, one salmon-rod, 20 feet long, with three spare tops, two very strong for spinning. One best metal winch * to fit rod, of a size sufficient to hold *easily* 300 yards of the strongest silk waterproof line that is made. 300 yards of immensely strong silk-line, waterproofed. Several baits of various sizes—two of five inches; two of eight inches; two of ten inches; and two of twelve inches long, with large hooks of great thickness; no hook less than three inches long, and tied on gimp as thick as harp strings: the swivels to be all of great strength, and the tying very secure. The fish in this river run from 5lbs. to 500lbs. in weight. In a day's fishing the average size of the fish is from 60 to 70lbs. The rod and spinning tackle must be strong enough to land a fish of 100lbs. weight. I am, sir, yours truly, ———."

We may talk of sport in these islands when fishing, but at the perusal of this order I advise my piscatorial brethren not to brag much of the size of their game or the weight of their fish. We must hide our diminished heads.

And now having eased my mind of these few fishing yarns, I will describe the flies necessary for trout-fishing on Lough Derg. The two favourites, those which rise from the bottom of the lake about the middle of May, which is the time to visit Killaloe are the grey and green drake. Every fishing-tackle maker knows these two favourites. They

* The diameter of this wheel is nearly as long as the crown of a moderate-sized hat.

should both be tied of several sizes. On a stiff wind they may be fished large—on hooks tied on salmon-gut. The wings of both these insects, when they break the shell on the top of the water, stand erect and inclined outwards. The generality of wings to flies, indeed all wings are tied so as to fall on the back of the hook; those of the grey and green drake which are to be tied for fishing on this lake must be so tied as to stick out and upwards like the letter V. If the breeze is but moderate you will require to fish smaller; but in no instance must your hooks for this lake be less than No. 5.

The next favourite there is called a grouse-al-arbor, that is, a red silk body with grouse-hackle clipped close, and with brown pheasant wing. Another very good fly in the month of May is thus tied: A brown fur body with blood-red hackle, and mottled mixed wing composed of dyed mallard and guinea-hen, with plain brown mallard back. Another is a grey fur body, with a small green joint in the centre, and mallard wing. A blue jay may be fished here—that is, but *one* on the cross line; I have taken a gillaroo with it; and if you meet a salmon, the odds are in your favour that he will be at it. Going round the point of Rein-a-man I killed a fine salmon with the jay, some years ago. Another body, hare's-ear, with an olive hackle; wings, of the brown pheasant, erect like the drake. In all cases where ribbing is put on, it must be sparingly, and of gold twist. The palmer is a capital fly, tied thus—body, bronze coloured, with an ostrich hackle run up the body in three twists, ribbed with thin twist, and mottled wing, same as the brown fly described above. The orange fern is tied with orange body and blood-red hackle; wing, with the feathers of a grouse and brown mallard mixed, and a sprig of blue and yellow macaw as a fier. The "yellow boy" is tied with yellow silk body, with a double black horse-hair run over it to show it in rings; the body rather full, tapering from the wings to the jib; the wings to be of yellow dyed mallard and guinea-hen. It is quite useless to give a list of more flies.

I shall, if Providence spares me until next May, again pay Killaloe a visit. It seems to me but as yesterday since I was there last summer. How often do our days and years lose all distinguishing marks as they pass us by! Yet our fishing days return back to memory, and sparkle and break into dawn again and again before our refreshed vision. While the past of other scenes is lost in the black depths of bygone time, those of our angling adventures, like our young loves, never die, but appear as fresh in the mirror of our memory as when they stood alone in our path full of cheerfulness and enjoyment. I love to recall every battle I had with the noble salmon. If the past had its cares, it had also, to me, its great and varied pleasures. Who can remember the many, even of our own relations, who lived with us in our youth, and dwelt around us? They were vivid realities then—they are but the faintest photographs now. Who were our schoolfellows? but few we can recall to memory. They are gone from earth as quickly as from remembrance. Yet who, when the recollection of a fishing story is but hinted at, can fail to trace all the incidents as plainly as if memory, tenacious of this innocent amusement, wrote it with a diamond upon the mirror of our remembrance. If you can spare me room in your *Sporting Magazine* when I return, I shall give your readers the history of another month's ramble amongst the Irish rivers.

Dum vivimus vivamus—the gay have the odds;
Let us fish while we may; leave the rest to the gods.

Crusader	brown	9	by Crisler, out of Summer Hill, by Whalebone	started 8, won 6	won 3 royal plates	unried.	Summer Hill, Meath, Ireland	4 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Cure, The	brown	13	by Fitzclun, out of Morse, by Maluco	started 26, won 16	won the Claret	27	Bury, Hampshire Court Mill End, Henley-on-Thames	25 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Dagobert	bay	7	by Ion, dam by Lagat	started 15, won 3	won Chatterfield Stake	unried.	Thames	7 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Daniel O'Rourke	chestnut	10	by Birecacher, out of Forget-me not, by Helman Flavour	started 10, won 2	won the Derby	4	Stamere, Malton	10 gs., h. b. 5 gs.
Dear-me!	bay	11	by Melbourne, out of Equus, by Bay Middleton	started 45, won 2	won £12 at Goodwood	unried.	Harwood, Bolton	6 gs., h. b. 24 gs.
De Claro	bay	7	by Touchstone, out of Miss Bower, by Catton	started 4, won 3	won Newmarket Stakes	unried.	Coon Keys, York	2 gs., h. b. 24 gs.
Deference	bay	7	by Old England, out of Veaction, by Touchstone	started 61, won 17	won Northampton Stakes	unried.	Woolston, North Plam	5 gs., h. b. £10s.
De Boyter	chestnut	11	by Lancaster, out of B. Belle, by Sandbeck	never appeared		4	Castle Archbold, Emsay	6 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Dr. O'Toole	chestnut	8	by Hideslater, out of Dablis, by New Fashion	started 22, won 7	won £160 at Curragh	unried.	French Puzer, Curragh	5 covs., h. b. 2 covs.
Dr. Sargado	brown	13	by Physicians, out of Sweetbriar, by Langar	never appeared		10	Wentwell, York	7 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Draxton	chestnut	11	by Muley, out of Prima Donna, by Southey	never appeared		unried.	Orlington, Wellington	6 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Drumour	chestnut	11	by Eg J. ry or Wraithbit out of El-phel	started 16, won 2	won the July	unried.	Boynorpe, Chesterfield	10 gs., h. b. 3 gs.
Dr. Hakin	bay	5	by The Cure, out of Martin Cat, by M. Molech	started 13, won 3	won Ebor Hand cap.	unried.	Richmond, York	5 gs., winners gratis
Dr. Hington	brown	6	by The Flying Dutchman, out of Ellerdas, by Langar	started 16, won 3	won the Derby	unried.	Willesden	10 gs.
Dr. Hington	bay	7	by Beverley, out of Slender, by Longwalk	started 6, won 4	won Epsom Handicap	unried.	Kington, Leves	2 covs. of wind gratis.
Dr. Kieffer	chestnut	6	by Faugh-a-lin-lin, out of Espoir, by Liverpool	started 13, won 3	won City & Shurton H.	unried.	Salcliffe, Banbury	10 gs., h. b. 5 gs.
Dr. Loo	bay	14	by Venison, out of Penary, by Emilia	never appeared		10	Rascliff, York	20 gs., h. b. 3 covs.
Dr. Pandango	bay	7	by Bartr'n, out of Cassanette, by Don John	started 26, won 17	won the Acot Cup	unried.	Neasden, Driffield	15 gs., (46 mares)
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	6	by Orlando, out of Cane a, by Melhouse	started 56, won 5	won 2,000 Gs. Stakes	unried.	Laes Park, A. Sheffield	15 gs., (80 mares)
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	11	by Nussith, out of Cane a, by Touchstone	started 56, won 10	won the Claret	unried.	Hilling, Strood, Kent	15 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	11	by Giovanna, out of Emily, by Fille-a-Pain	never appeared		45	Newmarket, Warwick	7 gs., h. b. 24 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Touchstone, out of Decoy, by Fille-a-Pain	started 36, won 17	won 2,000 Gs. Stakes	unried.	Hambleton, Warwick	5 covs., h. b. 3 covs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Venison, out of Virin, by Lottery	never appeared		6	Hambleton, Warwick	5 gs., h. b. 24 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by The Saddler, out of Trudge, by Pump	started 34, won 13	won Swinley Stakes	unried.	Hickton, Warwick	5 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by The Saddler, out of Valentin, by Cerrantes	never appeared		unried.	South, Warwick	7 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Archy, out of Aurant, by Langar	started 7, won 2	won Lanes Two yr-olds	unried.	Chorforth, Wetherby	7 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by The Res, out of Miss Cobden, by Stockport	never appeared		unried.	Cheltenham	2 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Touchstone, out of Duchess of Kent, by Bel-never appeared	never appeared		unried.	Brighton and Sussex	£7 10s., h. b. £210s.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Tomboy, out of Lady Moore Carew, by Tramp	never appeared		39	Trar Taver, Doncaster	10 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Birdcatcher, out of Swallow, by Lancaster	started 53, won 16	won Chester Handicap	unried.	Maryborough, Ireland	£3 h. b. £2 10s.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Epirus, out of Jenny Jumps, by Becco	started 26, won 10	won July Stakes	unried.	Thurlogh, Stockwell	5 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Touchstone, out of Cane a, by Fille-a-Pain	started 26, won 10	won Chesterfield Cup	unried.	Bellemead, Ireland	5 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Haraway, out of Lady Lily, by Sir Haptee	started 19, won 2	won Newmarket	unried.	Swalcliffe, Banbury	£3 10s.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Haraway, out of Jenny Lind, by Touchstone	started 19, won 2	won 2,000 Gs. Stakes	unried.	Newmarket	10 covs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Oaker, out of Alice, by Canal	started 4, won 1	won Warwick Trial Stake	unried.	Sandfield, Knutsford	5 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Touchstone, out of Phryne, by Touchstone	started 14, won 5	won New Stakes	unried.	Castleton, Rugby	40 gs. (45 mares)
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Supplie, out of Elia Devil, by Valdespines	started 4, won 3	won the Angley	unried.	Lyde, Hereford	5 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Haraway, out of Victoria, by Philip the First	started 6, won 3	won the Angley	unried.	Tynagh, Galway	5 covs., h. b. £2 10s.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Malcolm, out of Envy, by Perion	started 35, won 5	won City & Suburban H.	unried.	Leburn, Kc	5 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Helman Flavour, out of Indefatig, by Voltaire	started 36, won 14	won £240 at York	unried.	Killingwood, Richmond	6 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Birdcatcher, out of Wasp, by M. Molech	never appeared		unried.	Keworth, Darby	5 gs., h. b. 24 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Bay Middleton, out of Deewax, by Liverpool	never appeared		2	Oldingon, Bridgworth	5 gs.
Dr. Pizzolotto	bay	14	by Liverpool, out of Marpass, by Muley	started 31, won 13	won 2,000 Gs. Stakes	unried.	Mesham, Aberstone	7 gs., h. b. 3 gs.

Name.	Colour.	Age.	Pedigree.	Performances.	Principal Performances.	No. of winners out by.	Sire of	Standing at	Apply to	Price.
Idle Boy	chestnut	14	by Barkway, out of Idle, by Sir Hercules.	started 9	untried.	6	Pretty Boy	Ravcliffe, York	Mr. F. Martin	15 gs. (40 mares)
Joe o' Sol	brown.	15	by Helena Platoff, out of Welfare, by Friam.	started 57, won 8	won the Kireans	3	Borderer	Beverley	Mr. G. Robinson	10 gs.
Joe Lovell	bay	18	by Velocede, out of Cyrian, by Partizan	started 6, won 3	won Great York Stakes	12	Noley	Aveldston, Wilks	Mr. W. Stebbing	10 gs., h. b. 5 gs.
John o' Gaunk	chestnut	21	by Taurus, out of Mona, by Partizan	started 38, won 23	won Newmarket S.	43	Hungerford	Hambledon, Thirk.	4 sovs., h. b. 2 sovs.	4 sovs., h. b. 2 sovs.
Johnstonson	bay	11	by Fearway, out of Maido Adleigh, by Napoleon.	started 3	untried.	untried.	—	Moyrath, Trim, Ireland	Mr. Stephenson	gratts, h. b. 2 gs.
King Caradoc	black ..	11	by Prince Caradoc, out of Miss Julia Bennett.	started 14, won 2	won £144 at Mallon	untried.	—	Scarbro'	—	—
King-maker	—	—	by Muley Moloch	—	—	untried.	—	—	—	—
King of Victors (bred in France)	—	—	by The Baron, out of Victors (bred in France)	started 8, won 2	won £80 at Newmarket	untried.	—	—	—	—
King of Tramps	chestnut	10	by Velocede, out of Mrs. Gill, by Victor	started 47, won 15	won the Port	untried.	—	—	—	—
Kingston	bay	13	by Venison, out of Queen Anne, by Slane	started 43, won 17	won Goodwood Cup	6	Gladious	Middle Park, Ethham	Mr. Hooley	5 gs., h. b. 3 sovs.
King Tom	bay	8	by Barkway, out of Porahontas, by Glencoe	started 6, won 3	ran second for Derby	untried.	—	—	—	—
Knight of Avenel	chestnut	12	by The Doctor, out of Elne Bonnet, by Touchstone	started 6, won 4	won the Port	2	Sir Walter Scott	Agglethorpe, Middleham	Mr. T. Dawson	10 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Knight of Wynne	brown ..	12	by Gilbert Gurney, out of Seaweed, by Slane	started 17, won 5	won Newton St. Leggs	5	Slattern	Water Tower, Ragby	Mr. Walker	5 gs., h. b. 2 1/2 st.
Kat of St. George	bay	8	by Bricaticher, dam by Hetman Platoff	started 13, won 5	won the St. Leger	untried.	—	—	—	—
Knight Templar	chestnut	13	by Jack-in-the-Green, out of Babel, by Inier-preter	started 17, won 4	won Cheshire Stakes	untried.	—	—	—	—
Koa-h-noor	chestnut	10	by The Libel, out of Miss Kitty Cockle, by Cadland	started 17, won 4	won Cheshire Stakes	untried.	—	—	—	—
Lambton	bay	9	by The Cure, out of Elphides, by Emilius	started 26, won 10	won York County Plate	untried.	—	—	—	—
Lambourn	chestnut	5	by Loup-Garou, dam by Pantaloon	started 17, won 5	won the Molecomb	untried.	—	—	—	—
Lancelles	bay	9	by Touchstone, out of Cora, by Beishazzar	started 17, won 5	ran well in England	untried.	—	—	—	—
Leopold	chestnut	10	by Phlegon, out of Marinella, by Soothsayer	started 7, won 2	won Acrot Yase	1	Bastion	Leighton	Mr. Markham	7 gs., h. b. 3 gs.
Libel, The	brown ..	17	by Pantaloon, out of Pasquinade, by Camel	started 7, won 3	won Chester St. Leggs	14	Truth	Stedmers, Mallon	Mr. Watis	10 gs., h. b. 3 gs.
Little Harry	bay	14	by St. Luke, out of Elyth, by Number Nip	started 3, won 1	won Stewards' Cup	4	Toxophilite	Angers-street, Dublin	Mr. Forshaw	10 sovs., h. b. £2 10s.
Longbow	bay	13	by Hivriol, out of Miss Bowe, by Catton	started 21, won 13	won Stewards' Cup	4	—	Knowsley, Prescott	—	—
Lord Falconberg	bay	9	by Bricaticher, out of Alice Hawthorne, by Muley Moloch	started 19, won 1	won a Royal Plate	untried.	—	Edinburgh	Mr. McAdam	10 gs.
Lord of the Hills	brown ..	5	by Touchstone, out of Fair Helen, by Pantaloon	started 4, won 1	won £603 at Goodwood	untried.	—	—	—	—
Lord of the Isles	bay	7	by Touchstone, out of Fair Helen, by Pantaloon	started 10, won 4	won 2,000 gs. Stakes	untried.	—	—	—	—
Loup-Garou	brown ..	13	by Lanercoot, out of Moonbeam, by Tomboy	started 6, won 1	received £15 ft.	6	Lambourne	Croft, Darlington	Mr. Wateringham	6 gs., h. b. 2 gs.
Loyola	black ..	5	by Surplice, out of Laude, by Langar	started 10, won 5	won the Clearwell	untried.	—	Redlands, Northleach	Mr. Ledard	10 gs.
M. D.	brown ..	5	by The Cur, out of Theano, by Waverley	started 11, won 3	won the Nursery	untried.	—	Adsworth, Northleach	Mr. Haines	5 gs.
Magister	chestnut	5	by Magnet, out of Theano, by Waverley	started 4, won 1	won £80 at Manchester	untried.	—	Moontown, Meath	—	2 sovs., h. b. 3 sovs.
Mandrucado	chestnut	8	by Oriando, out of Lady Paramount, by The Earl	started 6, won 2	won £75 at Kelso	untried.	—	Bockham, Uckfield	Mr. T. Brown	5 gs., h. b. £2 10s.
Marauder	chestnut	4	by Cosack, out of Durney, by Emilius	started 8, won 2	won £100 at Newmarket	untried.	—	Stodrig, Kelso	—	5 gs., h. b. £2 10s.
Mazley Hill	brown ..	8	by Melbourne, out of Mowrina, by Touchstone	started 4, won 1	won £720 at Newcastle	untried.	—	81 Bridge-street, South	Mr. Hornby	5 gs., h. b. £2 10s.
Mazyas	chestnut	8	by Oriando, out of Malbran, by Whisker	started 7, won 5	won July Stakes	untried.	—	Stokers, Driffield	—	winners gratis
Midas	chestnut	11	by Belram, out of Morops, by Voltare	started 20, won 9	won Newmarket St. Leger	untried.	—	Middle Park, Ethham	Mr. Bickton	5 gs., h. b. 2 1/2 st.
Middlesex	brown ..	6	by Melbourne, out of Evening Star, by Touchstone	started 6	ran for 2,000 gs.	1	Pan	Burgley, Stamford	Mr. Hill, Rose	10 gs.
Minuet	chestnut	12	by Blane, out of Swahiseria, by Voltare	started 21, won 10	won Acrot Yase	5	Plague Royal	Hastons, Ipswich	D. Miller	5 gs., h. b. 2 1/2 st.
Mira Hamid	bay	—	an Arabian	ran well in India	won Calcutta Derby	untried.	—	Ravcliffe, York	Mr. F. Martin	7 gs.
Mira Alice	—	—	—	—	—	untried.	—	Halesgate, Loocherle	Mr. R. Scott	5 gs.
Mr. Milner	brown ..	13	by Day Middleton, out of Miss Milner, by Malek	started 9, won 1	won Molecomb B.	untried.	—	Newmarket	Messrs. Barrow	3 gs. (30 ma(e)s)
—	—	—	—	—	—	untried.	—	Newmarket	—	7 gs., h. b. 3 gs.

17	Moortock	..brown..	by Heron, dam by Young Phantom	started 8, won 4	won a Plate	untried.	Whitehall, Woolton-under-Edge	S. Cole	7 fs., h. b. 3 gr.
11	Mountain Deer	..bay....	by Touchstone, out of Mountain Sybil, by Belshazzar	started 20, won 6	won the Criterion	0	Dean's Hill, Stafford	Mr. Painter	15 gs. (40 mares)
10	Muscovite	..bay....	by Helman Platoff, dam by Camel	started 10, won 2	won Cesarewitch	untried.	Barton, Lancaster	R. Harris	10 gs., h. b. 3 gr.
11	Neakam	..bay....	by Helman Platoff, out of Wasp, by Muley Molech	started 10, won 2	won Northumberland P.	2	Middle Park, Eitham	Mr. Blankiron	8 gs., h. b. 4 gr.
11	Neakam	..bay....	by Napier, out of Sally Noble, by Sandbeck	started 16, won 2	won Sir Northern Hand.	untried.	Leamard, Yorkshire	T. Luan	8 gs., h. b. 3 gr.
16	Newcourt	..bay....	by Sir Hercules, out of Sybil, by Spectre	started 10, won 2	won Hereford Stakes	9	Lyle, Hereford	Mr. P. Martin	3 gs., h. b. 2 gr.
11	Newminster	..bay....	by Touchstones, out of Beowulf, by Dr. Syntax	started 10, won 2	won St. Leger	9	Racliffe, York	suba. (half)	3 gs., h. b. 2 gr.
5	Newton-le-Wil-	..brown..	by Melbourne, out of Laph's, by Bustard	started 19, won 6	won Kirwan Handicap	untried.	Limerick	3 sovs., 2 sovs.	5 sovs., 2 sovs.
9	Nutwick	..brown..	by Nutwith, out of Amian, by Sullan	started 19, won 6	won Drawing Room S.	untried.	Stratford, London	Mr. Salmon	5 gs., h. b. 3 gr.
19	Nutwick	..bay....	by Tomboy, dam by Conus	started 7, won 2	won St. Leger	29	Berghley, Stamford	Mr. H. Rose	2 gr.
7	Omer Pasha	..bay....	an Arabian—a pure Seglar's Djedrahane	never appeared	untried.	Albion, Northampton	Mr. Wilson	10 gr.	
7	Oulton	..bay....	by Melbourne, out of Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Molech	started 11, won 7	won Queen's Vase	untried.	Cawston, Rugby	Mr. Hemming	10 gr., h. b. 5 gr.
7	Palcot	..brown..	by Touchstone, out of Canzon, by Melbourne	started 13, won 4	won £1300 at Newmarket	untried.	Knosley, Prescott	T. Porthaw	7 gr., h. b. 3 gr.
8	Papagano	..chestnut	by Birdcatcher, out of Sister to Wanda, by Simoom	started 2, —	untried.	untried.	Esauy, Richmond	J. Massie	10 gr.
19	Pelion	..brown..	by Ion, out of Ma Mle, by Jerry	started 16, won 2	won Eglington Stakes	3	Danebury	—	10 gr.
19	Pelion	..brown..	by Belram, out of Lucretia, by Keveller	started 6, won 2	won Duke York Hand.	12	Borghley, Stamford	Mr. H. Rose	3 gr.
19	Pompey	..bay....	by Emilia, out of Variation, by Bustard	started 9, won 10	won Great York Hand. (2)	17	Boston	Mr. P. South	3 gr.
19	Pottinger	..bay....	by Plenipotentiary, out of Esterly, by Defence	started 23, won 6	won £80 at Newmarket	11	Howden, etc.	Mr. Sanderson	0 gs., h. b. 2 gr.
16	Poynton	..bay....	by Touchstone, out of Lady St. Ifford, by Conus	started 6, won 2	won Great York S.	11	Crown & Thistle, March	Mr. Hardbon	0 gs., h. b. 2 gr.
11	Prime Minister	..brown..	by Melbourne, out of Pantalonnade, by Pantaloon	started 31, won 2	won the Port	1	Childwick, St. Albans	Mr. Mather	3 gs., h. b. 2 gr.
10	Pizafighter	..chestnut	by Tearaway, out of Deception, by Eagle	never appeared	untried.	untried.	Stand-home, Carrugh	—	2 sovs.
8	Quince	..chestnut	by Slane, out of Preserve, by Emilia	started 27, won 4	won Goodwood Stakes	14	Bessey, Hampton Court	—	3 gr., h. b. 3 gr.
18	Ratan	..chestnut	by Buzzard, dam by Picton	started 7, won 3	won the Criterion	untried.	Airedition, Wills	W. Horsshaw	10 gr.
18	Ratsplan	..chestnut	by The Baron, out of Pocalontas, by Glencoe	started 71, won 42	won 21 Royal Plates	untried.	Trethill Castle Farm	—	22 gr. (40 mares)
9	Rattle	..chestnut	by The Fallow Buck, out of the Hamble, by Camel	started 7, —	untried.	untried.	Audler's Ash, Liss.	Mr. Ayling	8 gr.
16	Recovery Junior	..chestnut	by Recovery, dam by Hampton	has carried a banis man regularly	untried.	untried.	Hastock, Ipswich	D. Richey	2 gr.
23	Reddifer	..chestnut	by Recovery, out of Taglion, by Whicker	started 53, won 24	won Goodwood Stakes	11	Water Tower, Rugby	Mr. Walker	5 gr., h. b. 3 gr.
7	Reynaldo	..bay....	by Kingston, out of Kirle, by Sullan	started 3, —	untried.	untried.	Churchend, Whitelien	Mr. Pent	5 gr., h. b. 3 gr.
3	Riflesman	..bay....	by Touchstone out of Camp Follower, by The Colonel	started 16, won 8	won Great York S.	untried.	Shelmers, Naton	—	15 gr.
18	Rochester	..black..	by Chatham, out of Margrave, by Little John	started 17, won 5	won £273 at Newmarket	5	Fontain, Bedford	Mr. Ward	6 gr., h. b. £25.
13	Roland	..bay....	by The Saddle, out of Escutrix, by Liverpool	started 15, won 2	won Wolverhampton S.	1	Spodworth, Welberby	Mr. G. Gores	10 gr.
8	Ruby	..bay....	by Bay Middleton, out of Crown Jewel, by Duke	started 9, won 1	won Albion Park S.	untried.	High Wycombe	Mr. T. Robson	5 gr., h. b. 2 gr.
12	Rusborough	..chestnut	by Tearaway, out of Cruiskeen, by Sir Hercules	started 29, won 4	ran dead heat for St. Leg.	untried.	Agglethorp, Middleham	Mr. T. Dawson	10 gr., h. b. 5 gr.
7	Saraband	..bay....	by Colchester, out of Sequillia, by Sbee Anchor	started 47, won 8	won Doncaster 2 y.-old S.	untried.	Macclesfield	Mr. Harvey	0 gr., h. b. 3 gr.
18	St. George	..bay....	by fhymal, out of Whim, by Drone	ran well in Ireland	untried.	untried.	Holcombe, Somerset	Mr. Lanceworthy	£8 10s.
22	St. Lawrence	..brown..	by Skylark or Laping, out of Helen, by Blacklock	started 28, won 25	won the Chester Cup	11	Market Harboro'	Mr. Burdett	7 gr., h. b. 3 gr.
24	St. Martin	..brown..	by Acton, out of Galena, by Walton	started 18, won 9	won Dumfries Cup	untried.	Tromyard	—	2 gr.
10	St. Michael	..bay....	by Beltrium, out of Hope, by Muley Molech	started 11, won 2	won Sefton Handicap	untried.	Charmoy, Wainage	Mr. Grimshaw	5 gr., h. b. 2 gr.
10	Sir John Barley-corn	..brown..	by Ismael, out of Loveslip, by Camel	started 4, —	untried.	untried.	Shirley, Hemley-on-Thames	Mr. Hussey	2 gr.
15	Sir Peter Laarle	..bay....	by The Saddle, out of Well-a-day, by Priam	winner of many	steeple-chases	untried.	Cheltenham	Mr. Holman	5 gr. (45 mares)
10	Sir Tatton	..bay....	by Melbourne, dam by Margrave	started 12, won 4	won St. Leger	15	Stanton, Shifnal	Mr. Eyle	7 gr.
10	Sirlock	..brown..	by Sheet Anchor, out of Nanette, by Parisian	started 5, —	untried.	untried.	Barney, Norfolk	Mr. Barrat	4 sovs., h. b. 2 ovs.
16	Spanish Jack	..brown..	by Don John, out of Miss Lydia, by Walton	started 3, won 1	won £70 at Newton	3	Clay Hill, Kent	Mr. Schullio	0 gr., h. b. 3 gr.

Name.	Color.	Age.	Pedigree.	Performances.	Principal Performance.	No of Winner-out by	8 fr of	Standing at	Apply to	Price.
Spencer	bay	7	by Colchester, out of Poika, by Emilius	started 20, won 10	took prize at Chester	unrtd.	---	Thirkley, Thirk	Mr. Mansfield	5 gs., h. b. 9 gs.
Sprig of Shillelagh	bay	6	by Colchester, out of Thorn, by Hawkway	started 20, won 10	won 5 Royal Plates	unrtd.	---	Beverley	Mr. Bigham	5 gs., h. b. 3 gs.
Siletto	black	8	by Touchstone, out of Frence, by Velociter	started 10, won 3	£185 at Chester	1	Mrs. Stone	Agsthorp, Middleham	Mr. T. Dawson	5 gs., h. b. 24 gs.
Stockwell	chestnut	11	by The Baron, out of Pochonstas, by Glenice	started 21, won 9	won St. Leger	2	Terrons filly	Kirkby, Tadcaster	Mr. Scott	30 gs. (30 mares)
Storm	bay	10	by Touchstone, out of Chuzane, by Pantaloon	started 21, won 1	won £160 at Doncaster	2	Stormall	Bedlady, Reading	Mr. Ledard	10 gs.
Sultan	chestnut	6	by Crescent, out of Madame Vestris, by Distinct	started 19, won 6	won Cambridgehire	unrtd.	---	Theobald's, Enfield	Mr. Gray	10 gs.
Sanshine	chestnut	7	by Treasurys, out of The Mist, by Sir Hercules	started 11, won 4	won £93 at the Curragh	33	---	Asherton, Ireland	---	5 gs., h. b. £1 10s.
Sarplice	bay	17	by Touchstone, out of Crocifix, by Priam	started 16, won 23	won Queen's Vase	31	Roman Candle	Dunbury	Messrs. Westherby	15 gs. (40 mares)
Sweetwater	bay	17	by Gladiolus, out of Lollypop, by Starb	started 24, won 2	won Queen's Vase	12	Minceant	Slantor, Shiffnal	Mr. Eyles	10 gs. (30 mares)
Tadmor	chestnut	15	by Ion, out of Emyra, by Sultan	started 11, won 8	won Greatwick Stakes	12	Leontes	Rordon, Diss.	G. Skirgeon	10 gs. (30 mares)
Teddington	chestnut	11	by Velando, out of Miss Twickenham, by St. Giles	started 18, won 10	won the Derby	9	Mayonaise	Theobald's, Enfield	Mr. A. Gray	25 gs., (full)
Tempest	brown	6	by Melbourn, out of Meane, by Touchstone	never appeared	---	unrtd.	Alcoran	Newton Purcell, Oxon	Mr. Crawford	5 gs., h. b. 24 gs.
Theon	brown	17	by Emilius, out of Maria, by Whisker	started 6, won 3	won Doncaster Two-yr. S.	17	---	Boston	Mr. P. Snell	10 gs.
Trapper, The	bay	8	by Ion, out of Prairie Bird, by Gladiator	started 6, won 5	won Duke Michael S.	unrtd.	---	Theobald's, Enfield	Mr. Gray	10 gs.
Turk, The	bay	6	by Melbourn, out of Agnes, by Pantaloon	started 13, won 3	won a Cup at Chelmsford	unrtd.	---	Arcle, Louth, Ireland	G. Campbell	4 gs., h. b. 2 sovs.
Turn	bay	13	by Taurus, out of Clarissa, by Defence	started 5, won 2	won Chesterfield Cup	10	Hanlet	Warfield, Berks	J. Price	8 gs.
Ugly Duck, The	bay	18	by Anson, out of Monstrosity, by Pheolpentiary	started 5, won 3	won 2,600 gs. Stakes	30	Ammon'a	Berry Hill, Stoke-on-Trent	Mr. Parly	5 gs., h. b. 24 gs.
Uncle Tom	black	7	by Colingham, dam by Iran	never appeared	---	unrtd.	---	Ardfinan, Caher	---	5 1/2 sovs., h. b. 2 sovs.
Vanderdecken	brown	9	by My Midgellon, out of Harbelle, by Sandbeck	started 18, won 3	won Cheshire Stakes	unrtd.	---	Theobald's, Enfield	Mr. Gray	10 gs., h. b. 2 sovs.
Vandermulla	brown	6	by Van Tromp, out of Miss Julia Bennett, by Muley Moleh	started 10, won 3	won Warwickshire H.	unrtd.	---	Willstren	Mr. Tibburn	10 gs., h. b. 3 gs.
Vandyke	bay	4	by The Flying Dutchman, out of Emeute, by Lanecroft	started 3, won 1	won Mo'isfont S.	unrtd.	---	Masblead, Exeter	---	5 gs., h. b. 3 gs.
Vaticas	bay	13	by Velociter, out of Yat, by Langar	started 27, won 11	won Newmarket S.	7	Valant	Ha'nbledon, Thirk	Mr. Seehling	5 sovs., h. b. 2 sovs.
Vedette	brown	5	by Voltaire, dam by Birdcatcher	started 10, won 8	won 2,000 gs. Stakes	unrtd.	---	Reydon, Diss	G. Skirgeon	20 sovs. (35 mares)
Vengeance	bay	7	by Chanticleer, dam by The Saddler	started 21, won 7	won Osarawitch	unrtd.	---	Hastborne Hants	Mr. Milton	0 gs., h. b. 3 gs.
Vindex	bay	9	by Touchstone, out of Garland, by Langar	started 40, won 13	won Osarawitch S.	unrtd.	---	Newmarket	Mr. Butler	10 sovs.
Voltaire	brown	19	by Voltaire, out of Mardra Lynn, by Malatio	started 11, won 5	won the Derby	12	Vedette	Middletorp, York	Mr. Smalwood	40 gs. (full)
Volunteer	bay	7	by Ithuriel, out of Abwit, by Sheet Anchor	started 1, won 6	won St. Leger	unrtd.	---	Ashton, Lancashire	W. Robinson	5 gs.
Warlock	brown	6	by Sheet Anchor, out of Eplince, by Emilius	started 1, won 6	won St. Leger	unrtd.	---	Kirkby, Tadcaster	Mr. Scott	10 gs.
Weatherbit	brown	17	by Sheet Anchor, out of Miss Letty, by Priam	started 8, won 2	won Four-year-old S.	81	Reudman	Gasby, Richmond	Mr. Massey	25 gs. (40 mares)
West Australian	bay	7	by Melbourn, out of Mocerina, by Touchstone	started 11, won 1	won the Derby	8	Mazuel	Kirkby, Tadcaster	Mr. Scott	30 gs. (30 mares)
Wild Dayrell	bay	9	by Ion, out of Ellen Middleton, by Bay Middleton	started 4, won 3	won the Derby	unrtd.	---	Chilton, Humberford	Mr. Rickaby	30 gs. (40 mares)
Wild Huntsman	bay	8	by Harveys, out of Honey Dear, by Penipo	started 26, won 11	won Great Yorkshire S.	unrtd.	---	Edinburgh	Mr. McAdam	6 gs.
Windbound	brown	13	by Pantaloon, out of Phryns, by Touchstone	started 6, won 1	won £74 at Reading	10	Armielus	Roadley, Hungerford	Mr. Dawson	15 gs.
Windischgratz	bay	11	by Jeremy Diddle, out of Medea, by Whaker	started 18, won 3	won Goodwood Stakes	2	Amiskillan	Oadie Archibald, Ennis-Millen	H. Heppostall	5 gs., h. b. 9 gs.
Wood-Pigeon	bay	17	by Velociter, out of Amlina, by Sultan	started 17, won 7	won Ascot Stakes	10	T. bit	Burghley, Stamford	Mr. H. Rose	15 gs.
Woodstock	chestnut	13	by Chatham, out of Clementina, by Acton	started 46, won 18	won Ascot Cup	4	---	Burdock, Puddocks	W. Mass	12 gs.
Yellow Jack	chestnut	6	by Birdcatcher, out of Jamaica, by Liverpool	started 7, won 1	ran second 6 times	unrtd.	---	Newmarket	Messrs. Barrow	11 gs.

The Groom's Fee, if not included, varies from a Guinea to Half-a-Crown. We are not answerable for all the Performances of, or Stock out by, Irish Horses.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

"I belong to the unpopular family of Telltruths, and would not flatter Apollo for his lyre."—*Rob Roy.*

The great Reform battle in St. Stephens is not to be named in point of interest to the war now waging in Covent Garden. The one is dull, tame, insipid, and unusually uninteresting; while by the other a degree of excitement has been kindled rarely to be met with now-a-days. In this instance the lyre of Apollo has far more fascination than the sweet voices of the "collective wisdom."

The season of Italian Opera is at hand. Already many of the foreign birds have winged their flight towards these shores; and instrumentalists are daily practising at a rate most marvellous; and conductors are preparing to wield their batons with their accustomed dexterity. All is work, work, work; save and except in the old quarters for Italian Opera, and there all is still and motionless. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE it appears is not likely this season to be in the field, the landlord not altogether approving of his late tenant's notions of "tenant-right." Of course it is too late now to offer advice, but the present aspect of affairs is highly suggestive. If some seasons ago Mr. Gye had been only installed here, closed doors would not now be the order of the day, COVENT GARDEN need not have been rebuilt, and, with such a manager, the advantage of the situation would have been secured. As it is, he is in a new house, prepared to begin his second season with a strong company and powerful orchestra under the conductorship of Mr. Costa. Still he is not to be unopposed, as his neighbour, DRURY LANE, is prepared to do battle. Indeed, a war on paper has already begun, and the two chiefs are preparing for a tilt in all the heavy and costly suits indigenous to the Courts of Law—and all for the services of one Signor Graziani, whose cupidity would be rightly served by both managers declining to entertain his proposals.

Before the conclusion of the DRURY LANE dramatic season, "Ballad Operetta," as it was termed, was produced for the special delight of all those whose taste inclines towards the nautical. The rather original title of "William and Susan" was given by the present sponsors to the old loves of "William and Black-eyed Susan." Such a William and Susan, too! Their parallel was never seen. All the traditions handed down by Mr. T. P. Cooke of the true British Tar are at once sent to the winds by the modern representative of Britannia's brave defender. Only imagine Dibdin's William with a moustache, and Black-eyed Susan with blue eyes! Then let imagination dwell upon the impressiveness of the sentence of the court martial as it is sung by the Admiral, whose cocked-hat has evidently "braved the battle and the breeze," if his flag has not! But there, variety is charming; so "Black-eyed Susan" thus metamorphosed may find admirers.

The closing season of Mr. Charles Kean will be made memorable if it were merely for the grand spectacular display made in "Henry the Fifth." This, it is understood, is the last of the plays of Shakspeare to be produced with all the liberal accessories of the present manager. Accordingly the representation warrants the declaration that, in the noteworthy determination to surpass even his previous efforts in giving effect to his elaborate undertakings, Mr. Kean has thoroughly succeeded. In these days of rumours of wars the stage arrangements for carrying on hostilities will be viewed with no trifling degree of interest and curiosity. The "Siege of Harfleur" thus presents no ordinary picture, heightened as it is by all the most valuable appliances of art, enhanced by archaeological research and managerial taste so observable at the PRINCESS'S.

At the HAYMARKET, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews have again appeared. The old pieces in which they have played have been more attractive than the novelties, as they were termed. Both of these—"Milliner to the King," and "Nothing to Wear"—are from the French; the latter trifle having been before represented at the Lyceum, under the guise of "Number One Round the Corner." In the former, Mr. Mathews is amusing, as a chattering, dashing, deeply-indebted chevalier, although the character is hardly good enough for him. With Mrs. Mathews, perhaps it is the other way; the part she sustains being too much for her powers, which are seen to more advantage in such farces as "The Eton Boy." Mr. Buckstone intends at Eastertide to set before his audience undeniable proof of his untiring energy in providing for the taste of the town.

The engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan, at the ADELPHI, has been taken advantage of, to once more bring before the public the favourite pieces of "Still Waters Run Deep," "The First Night," and "The Bengal Tiger." With these Mr. Wright also appears in a farce sometimes, in "Domestic Economy" on other occasions in "Welcome Little Stranger." Mr. Webster's bill of his new house is judiciously varied.

The attraction of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams was not prodigious at the LYCEUM. There is no doubt the sameness of their style palls on public taste. Another reason may be adduced is the extreme badness of the pieces in which they have appeared. As it is, the manager is looking forward with hope, and with a persevering pen produces a new play.

There is no accounting, certainly, for the perseverance of some playwrights. An instance has just occurred at the STRAND, where a farce has been served up under the denomination of "Vandyke Brown." Mr. J. Clark acts in it, in the most amusing manner; indeed, that is the only feature. The perseverance of the adapter is somewhat remarkable, it will be admitted, when it is remembered that this is the third translation from the French of the very same piece. On the first occasion, some years back, it was brought out at the Princess's; then a season or two ago it was produced at the Haymarket; and now for the third, and it is hoped for the last time, it is before the footlights.

The season of English opera at COVENT GARDEN was not brought to a conclusion without a flourish of trumpets, proclaiming the reforms made before the curtain by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison. The public with some reason looks for rather more than attention to the

convenience of visitors. When they are duly installed, they require that which the managers' programme held out—English Operas, with a proper company of singers. Beyond Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Weiss, the past season has not been signalized by the engagement of any singers of pretension. For another season the managers have ample time to secure all the available talent of the day. Madame Bishop, Madame Hayes, and Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and others, would impart life and energy to English opera. Besides, the infusion of variety would be a most welcome feature to the management of Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison.

STATE OF THE ODDS, &c.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.

Mr. Parr has sold Odd Trick into T. Taylor's stable; and Mr. Evans's Misty Morn, for 300 gs. Mr. Ten Broeck has purchased of Colonel Jeff Wells, of Louisiana, the four-year-old Stork, "the best race-horse in America," for 7,000 dollars. The horse has arrived at Newmarket, and with him a two-year-old by Lexington, dam by Glencoe. Some American horses, the property of Mr. Harlow of Cincinnati, has also been sent to Newmarket. Their pedigrees sound rather strange to the student of the English Stud Book. The steeple-chase horse The Lobster has been sold at Tattersall's for 230 gs.: he goes into Scotland. Some other hunters, the property of Captain Bernard, were disposed of at the same time.

Enrydice, winner of the last Cambridgeshire, is dead. She had been put to King Tom.

We have to record the death of Mr. Isaac Day, the trainer. There were few men better known either on the Turf or in the Field. He was a great authority with all classes of sportsmen in the Cheltenham country. While his doings with Caravan, Vulcan, Newcourt, and many others of less repute, and more recently as the manager of Lord Clifden's stud, have always given him a prominent position as a racing man. Colonel Suchling, for many years a member of Tattersall's, is also in the obituary of the past month.

The Spring Meetings have had by far the best of the month's business, although the Derby has not been without one or two noticeable features. Amongst the chief of these have been the gradual advance of Gamester and Volcano, either supported with great nerve. We leave them with scarcely a point's difference, and one or the other virtually

about second favourite. Not but that Marionette is firm, and with plenty of friends ready to say a good word for him. Ticket-of-Leave has also an improving look ; and Schuloft, a second horse of Scott's, will no doubt see a shorter price. Cavendish has been rather off ; while the favourite, Merryman, Gaspard, Rainbow, and others have had a very quiet time of it. Drogheda is still in great force for the Chester Cup ; Royal Sovereign, in Drewitt's stable, having clearly the next best of it. Neither the Two Thousand Guineas nor the Oaks will warrant a remark.

	Feb. 28.	March 7.	March 14.	March 21.	March 28.
THE DERBY.					
(Run June 1.)					
The Promised Land	—	12 to 1	11 to 1	12 to 1	—
Marionette.....	—	—	14 .. 1	—	—
Volcano	22 to 1	14 .. 1	15 .. 1	—	15 to 1
Gamester	—	25 .. 1	20 .. 1	100 .. 6	16 .. 1
Musjid	—	—	100 .. 6	—	—
Merryman	—	18 .. 1	—	—	—
Gaspard	—	1000.. 30	25 .. 1	—	—
Cavendish	—	30 .. 1	100J.. 30	30 .. 1	—
Rainbow	—	29 .. 1	—	—	—
Bainamoon.....	—	30 .. 1	—	—	—
Ticket of Leave	—	40 .. 1	—	33 .. 1	30 .. 1
Schuloft	—	—	—	50 .. 1	—
Gladiolus	—	—	1000 .. 15	80 .. 1	100 .. 1
Stockham	—	—	1000 .. 14	—	—
The Far West	—	—	100 .. 1	100 .. 1	—
Viking.....	100 .. 1	—	—	—	—
Newcastle	—	—	—	100 .. 1	—
THE OAKS.					
(Run June 3.)					
Ariadne	—	—	450 .. 100	—	—
THE 2,000 GS. STAKES.					
(Run May 10.)					
The Promised Land	4 .. 1	4 .. 1	4 .. 1	—	4 .. 1
Lord of the Manor	—	100 .. 8	—	—	—
THE CHESTER CUP.					
(Run May 4.)					
	ys.	st.	lb		
Drogheda	3	5	8	9 .. 1	—
Polestar	5	7	8	20 .. 1	—
Royal Sovereign	4	6	4	—	20 .. 1
Queenstown	4	6	2	—	—
Herae.....	4	6	4	30 .. 1	—
Simpleton	4	6	10	1000 .. 30	—
Bankrupt	3	4	7	30 .. 1	—
Jordan	4	6	10	50 .. 1	40 .. 1
Rogerthorpe	6	6	11	50 .. 1	—
Raspberry	3	5	0	—	4000 .. 60

M A Y, 1859.

EM B E L L I S H M E N T S.

CAPTAIN SPENCER, AND SUNBEAM.

ENGRAVED BY J. B. HUNT, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BANNISTER OF CARLISLE.

AND

T H E S H A N N O N S I D E.

ENGRAVED BY E. HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY H. L. ROLFE.

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DIARY FOR MAY, 1859.

New Moon, 2nd day, at 4 min. past 10 afternoon.
 First Quar., 9th day, at 59 min. past 4 afternoon.
 Full Moon, 16th day, at 7 min. past 9 afternoon.
 Last Quar., 24th day, at 49 min. past 10 afternoon.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.	Sun rises and sets.			Moon's Age.	Moon rises & sets.		HIGH WATER London Bridge				
			h.	m.	d.		h.	m.	morn.	aftern.	h.	m.	h.
1	S	Low Sunday.	r	4	33	28	RISES. Morning.	0	53	1	11		
2	M		s	7	23	N	8	48	1	29	1	47	
3	T	Chester Races.	r	4	29	1	SETS afternoon.	2	5	2	23		
4	W	Chester Cup Day.	s	7	27	2	10	14	2	41	3	0	
5	T	Boston Fair.	r	4	26	3	11	26	3	20	3	41	
6	F	Abingdon Fair.	s	7	30	4	Morning.	4	2	4	23		
7	S	Nottingham Fair.	r	4	22	5	0	22	4	45	5	8	
8	S	Second Sunday after Easter.	s	7	33	6	0	59	5	33	6	2	
9	M	Newmarket Spring Meeting.	r	4	19	7	1	26	6	33	7	5	
10	T	2,000 Gs. Stakes Day.	s	7	36	8	1	43	7	40	8	18	
11	W	Irish Metropolitan Steeple Chases.	r	4	16	9	1	58	9	0	9	38	
12	T	Prince of Wales Y.C. Match, Erith.	s	7	39	10	2	13	10	15	10	48	
13	F	Old May Day.	r	4	13	11	2	25	11	19	11	48	
14	S	Newark Fair.	s	7	42	12	2	38	No tide	0	14		
15	S	Third Sunday after Easter.	r	4	10	13	2	54	0	38	1	2	
16	M	Louth Fair.	s	7	45	P	RISES afternoon.	1	24	1	45		
17	T	Doncaster Races. Edinburgh Races	r	4	7	15	9	21	2	5	2	25	
18	W	Cricket—Cambridge: M.C.C. v. U.	s	7	48	16	10	26	2	45	3	4	
19	T	Salisbury Races.	r	4	4	17	11	13	3	23	3	41	
20	F	Launceston Fair.	s	7	51	18	11	51	3	59	4	18	
21	S	Ashbourne Fair.	r	4	1	19	Morning.	4	37	4	56		
22	S	Fourth Sunday after Easter.	s	7	54	20	10	18	5	15	5	36	
23	M	Cricket—Lord's: M.C.C. v. Kent.	r	3	59	21	10	36	5	57	6	19	
24	T	Bath Races.	s	7	56	22	10	51	6	43	7	7	
25	W	Wye Races.	r	3	57	23	11	4	7	34	8	5	
26	T	R.T.Y.C. Match, Erith.	s	7	59	24	11	16	8	40	9	14	
27	F	Harpden Races.	r	3	55	25	11	27	9	45	10	14	
28	S	Kidderminster Fair.	s	8	1	26	11	39	10	42	11	8	
29	S	Rogation Sunday. [Surrey.	r	3	53	27	11	53	11	34	No tide		
30	M	Cricket—Kennington: M.C.C. v.	s	8	3	28	12	11	0	10	0	25	
31	T	Epsom Races.	r	3	51	29	12	36	0	49	1	13	

RACES IN MAY.

Chester Spring	3	Hambleton H. Club	17	Wye	25
Newmarket F.S.	9	Galway	18	Dursley	27
Doncaster Spring	17	Salisbury	19	Harpden	27
Edinburgh	17	Sheffield	28	Epsom Summer	31
		Bath	24		

STEEPLE CHASES IN MAY.

Limerick Hunt	2	Wark, North Tyne	4	Doncaster	18
Galway Hunt	2	Wexford	9	Athlone	18
Elphin	4	Irish Metropolitan	11	Tipperary	23

T H E O M N I B U S .

“ There he sat, and, as I thought, expounding the law and the prophets, until on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse.”—BRACEBRIDGE HALL.

A Visit to Mr. Herring's Studio—Meeting's of the Month—Stud Mem's.—New-market Craven Meeting—Close of the Hunting Season—“ The Coursing Record ”—Stable Practice—Flyers of the Hunt—Mr. Rarey at St. Petersburg.

As we have missed Mr. Herring's well-known hand from the London exhibitions for some time past, we determined to take the South Eastern, and have a run down to Meopham Park, and see what he was doing. Tunbridge was all alive for a pigeon match, and Tom Sayers, still smarting slightly from that terrific ninth round with Bill Benjamin, was expected to be the lion; but alas! peering faces were thrust into carriage after carriage in vain. Tom Sayers within twenty-four hours of his fight was of course at a premium, and the admiring circle had to shoot without him. Their disappointment did not concern us, and with “ sailor Jack,” who once tooled the Glasgow mail through Doncaster, on the box, we were soon clear of the town. The hop-yards, with their piles of poles, wore a very dreary air, and we longed for the autumn, when their hanging green clusters would once more be ripe for the wedding, and (as Charles Mackay sings)

“ Young and lusty Barley,
Comes o'er the fields to woo.”

Three miles down the Seven Oaks road brought us to Meopham Park, which the great painter has made his hermitage. The carriage-drive, shaded by trees with large fantastic branches, which would have made old Parson Gilpin of the New Forest adore for a moment, and then rush for relief to his pencil, is as smooth as a bowling-green, and Mr. Herring must delight in keeping it up, as a memento of the days when he was the Prince of Whips on the great North Road. No wheel, however, touches it now; the gate has been closed since his son Charles was carried over it to his grave, two years last June, and it is really sacred to his memory. And well it may be; as a better son, or a more skilful and deeper lover of art, for his years, never passed away to his rest.

The Park consists of about forty acres, the greater part of which was just being shut up for grass. The five-foot gate at the bottom is rather memorable; as a four-year-old, who had come in a cart with a couple of quarters of peas for Mr. Herring's pigeons, ran off when they were delivered, and jumped it with the cart at his heels, only breaking the top bar. Mr. Herring does all the farm-work with three donkeys, and the leader in the bush-harrow and roller team

was pointed out to us, as having won nearly all the saddles in the neighbourhood. No wonder he has so often to stand for his likeness along with the white Arab. This horse is one of the four first horses that were ever sent over by the Imaum of Muscat to Her Majesty. He was given to some one about the Royal Mews, and then sold at Tattersall's. When it became necessary to have a model for the dead horses, which Mr. Herring had to introduce into the Battle of Waterloo at the Gallery of Illustration, he sent for Pedro, a black man from Batty's Circus, and had him taught to lie down. With a few lessons he became so complete a trick horse, that Pedro declared he wanted nothing but youth to beat all the Bedas, and the other time-honoured pets of the horse ballet, out of the field. He looks peaky and worn now, and his tricks have rather departed from him; but in his prime, Mr. Herring was followed by a gentleman into a yard in Piccadilly, and had 200 gs. bid for him there and then; but tricks and all, he was worth far more money. In spite of the prejudice against Arabs, he was wonderfully stout, and when Mr. Herring drove him from Camberwell to Stevenage and back, about 75 miles in one day, to paint some horses for Lord Strathmore, he was fresher than the English black, who was in the phaeton with him, and who had never shirked his work by comparison before. Her Majesty hearing of Mr. Herring's severe illness (asthma), which has for some time past quite disabled him from leaving home, sent down four of her horses for him to paint. They included Korseed (a white Arab), Bagdad, a black charger of Prince Albert's, and Said; and the latter is in the Osborne collection, with a back-ground of white sand and Arab tents, in the composition of which, his friend Mr. D. Roberts, R.A., gave him the advantage of all his varied Eastern lore.

There was not much more to be seen outside the house, beyond a peacock, and a Dorking cock, proudly strutting among his hens, as if he knew that posterity would of a surety cast an eye upon him in canvas in the years to come. We had expected to see some rabbits; but although Mr. Herring was once president of the Rabbit Club, and presented it with a cup, he has parted with all of them, and buys one if he wants a study. The painting-room almost adjoins the stable, but it has been but little used since his son's death. A model of a coach in a case rests upon some packing-boxes, and the original sketch for the picture which he took of the beautiful Attila, just before he went abroad, is the only tenant of the easel. That fatal journey, like the sketch, was never completed.

The house itself is a remarkably pretty one; and seeing it as we did under a sun which would have suited July, it only lacked flowers to make us fancy that summer had come again. The partridges, which are never disturbed on the estate, were feeding on the grass-plots, and the birds were singing their love-song among the thick groves just bursting into blossom, and everything was in harmony with a painter's home.

Mr. Herring usually paints in his dining-room, which is all hung round with prints from his works, "Distinguished members of the Temperance Society," holding the post of honour over the side-board, as the print has always done in the public mind. A study of Teddington was on the floor, along with a race-horse saddling; while a half-finished sketch of a moorland foreground, and a huntsman getting his hounds out of

cover, stood on the two easels. The canvas was ready for a new and larger painting, but the idea had not quite come, and there was nothing but a white blank, so far, ready to be covered, for ever and aye, with a scene from racing life. We learnt casually that the original of "The Farm Yard," went down, with the plates and proofs of it, in "The Arctic," and that the original of "The Baron's Charger" shared the same fate. Strange to say, the gentleman who had the charge of them could not go out with that steamer, as he was unable to get a document signed in time, and thus his life was happily saved.

The principal picture in the drawing-room is a very beautiful one of Wood Piling. Kent and its woods round Penshurst, which so often

" Heard the sound of Sydney's song,
Perchance of Surrey's reed,"

present many a fine study of this nature. It seems that there is a family in the neighbourhood, who especially pride themselves on the accomplishment; and accordingly, at half-past six, one summer morning, Mr. Herring sallied out, and caught them by appointment, just at the most picturesque crisis, when the timber is slung aloft, and the cart is being backed under it. The entrance-hall does not lack its pictures. A bull, with a crest as fine as The Briar's, catches the eye among a group of dairy cows; and we paused on the stairs, to have a good look at a farm-yard, with a rare lengthy short-legged pony. Above it, hung a farming scene, with plough and harrows both at work, and distant view of the sea, and "two dogs thinking" in the foreground.

The drawing-room is full, both walls and floor; while on the table there lay some studies of Herefords in oil, and a couple of gentlemen in a fore-shortened gig. We needed no other proof that the veteran has not lost one iota of his power at sixty-four, than a glimpse at the marvellous style in which he boldly grapples with the giant "Fore-shortening," and flings him in picture after picture. He seems to fairly revel in the game; and, in fact, rather scorns side-views. Above the door, if we remember rightly, are some timber-carts foreshortened; and then came Teddington and poor Job, on their way back to scale, and this is separated from two steeple-chasers taking a fence, by one of the old eight-horse waggons. The hoar-frost on the trees is wonderfully managed, and a dim grey light, suitable to its hoary antiquity, pervades the whole thing. A Horse-fair on a Common then joins the array, and we are not sure that it is not our favourite of the lot. The gig drives right out of the picture through a bevy of horses and customers on each side, and meets a chesnut which is quietly parading up the road, as if the bit of blood in his veins does not care to consort with the nags of more common mould, and their admiring knots. But the gig hasn't it all to itself, and Mr. Herring's first love, the mail-coach, follows steadily in its wake, with the Windsor bags in the boot.

A sketch of A Kentish Harvest-field is next in order, and the original was purchased for 460 gs. Going to and Returning from Labour are smaller pictures; then comes a corn-waggon crossing a stream, to which Seven Oaks Church furnishes a beautiful back-ground. Anon we get among the posters, and a pair of the blue-jacket and white hat line are stopping for refreshment at one of the old hostels. Another farm-yard

with some quaint old buildings and spotted pigs stands near the window, and flanks a splendid painting of "Refreshment," which has been already engraved. We think it is about 50 by 40, and as a specimen of brilliant colouring and drawing, in its style, we have hardly ever seen anything like it. The figures are changed in some points from the original picture, and a Dorking cock has supplanted a game one. Perhaps the most wonderful pieces of execution in it, are the bay horse's saddle, and the cock's tail with its feather of burnished green. Deer stalking is not forgotten; and some goats and kids play a strong part in a brow-house scene, to which a horse with a flesh-coloured nose gives especial character.

With the exception, however, of "Refreshment," these are all minor works to "The Return from the Derby," "The Cattle Fair," and "The Horse Fair." After the sickly Adelphi-like studies, with which Mr. Frith regaled us; jockeys walking among the crowd on foot as if they were going round for half-pence or carrying a pie-dish, and "bonnets" dressed in top-boots, noble lord hats, and green-coats—it is refreshing to see the real thing; and here we have it, on a much smaller, but a really genuine scale. The scene is near The Windmill inn on Clapham Common, and both sides of the road are lined with spectators. The bit most to our mind is the policeman scene; Pater familias, who has had his carriage driven against the shafts of a cart, delivering up his card to that fussy "blue," and the conscious dignity with which the coachman stands at the head of his horses, while his irate master conducts the negotiations. The Horse Fair is on a much larger scale altogether. It represents the street of a village, down which the gig and the mail-cart drive. There is such action in them, that go to which part of the room we like, we never seem able to get out of their way. Still, what pleased us most, is the young bay who meets them, and glances timidly round, while his guide strokes his neck, and reassures him, in the

"Hush-a-bye baby,
Mother is nigh"

style, as the Jehues sweep past in a dust cloud. The Cattle Fair seems a match to this, but there are far more figures in it, and we wonder at the marvellous patience and skill with which that beautiful old town, with its Crown Inn and Butter Cross, has been built by the brush. A drove of rich coloured Herefords struggle up the centre of the town among the sheep, and the waggoner roars for everything to get out of its way, while children bear their part on the extreme left, and cluster anxiously round a red tunicked monkey. But we have not space to tell more about them. We were in the wake of two or three noble lords when we went to this private view, and we doubt not that a letter the day before will secure many others the same pleasure that it was our lot to enjoy.

We think it just on the cards that Mr. Herring will go in once more for the thorough-breds, inasmuch as a Northern Noble Lord has given him a commission for portraits of three mares and foals and two fashionable stallions. The whole are, we believe, to form a composition picture, and should it come off (which we are sure nothing but ill-health will prevent), we shall not fail to run down to Meopham Park to get a sight

of so interesting a production, more especially as we feel persuaded it will be the last of that class of works that he will ever undertake.

The lateness of Easter has made sad havoc with us, and deprived us of that Two Thousand report, on which we were wont to place our May number's hope and trust. The past month has had its fair share of good racing; but, as yet, results have not told much of a tale on the Derby favourites. In accordance with the opinion we have expressed for months, we must see Marionette beaten before we will believe it. Croxton Park seems quite deserted by its gentleman-friends; "Mr. Clarke" could not, of course, be there; but it did seem strange to see four professionals in the once great Granby Handicap; where Zuyder Zee's weight-carrying powers were precisely fitted. Gaspard's race was quite a fluke, as he lost it entirely by watching Little Agnes, to whom, as well as the winner, he gave 13lbs. John Osborne's hand must have lost its cunning in this his first great trial of the season; and as for Helia, we only know that she was beat thirteen times last year. There have been the most extraordinary surmises about the Benhams chesnut; some wrote of him, that he was no longer than a walking stick, and others, when they saw him, said that he was not above fifteen hands high. As to his length and height, we can speak from what we saw of him about four months since, when he was upwards of fifteen-one, and struck us as a blood-like horse of very fair length, on rather a high leg, and built more for speed than anything else. Shrewsbury witnessed the maiden victory of The Greek, and one of the most genuine three-mile contests we have had for some time, between Life Boat and Tournament, who is a handsome edition of old Touchstone. Misty Morn and Brandy Ball were also in force, both here and at Ludlow; but we marvel how Mr. Frail, with such election prospects before him, and so many blue, yellow, green, &c., candidates to put into the scales, could concentrate his mind on the thing in horse shape at all. Daniel O'Rourke had rather a hard-earned victory with the little thick Buttercup, at Thirsk; and Sir Charles Slingsby appeared in Sir Tatton's old rôle, as an M. F. H., riding and winning on his own horse. He must have felt much happier when he rode back to scale on Egg Sauce, than when he found a fox in a trap, on his recent special invite to a fox-hunter's shooting party in the Ainsty country. Talk of subjects for a painter! there could be nothing like this. Keepers do indeed make sad fools of their masters; and we should think that "Velveteen" and his traps must have got an unlooked for check that evening.

York meeting was a fair one on the whole. Lady Falconer goes on improving, and is very smart and racing, and a great contrast to the big and slightly leggy Rattlebone. High Treason is a fine flash horse, and was backed for a good deal of money. Burgomaster is also "a great smacking horse;" and the Chanticleer filly, who will, we trust, coax the harlequin, of Bishop Burton, permanently into the Turf once more, is not a very big, but a very strong mare. Secret Treasure has not grown; and Volatile and does not look like a stayer.

Thormanby is racing-like, and with good size. Nimrod hardly savours of a Derby course behind the saddle; and Ambush is a little mare, and as smart as her Birdcatcher race. Neophyte is good-looking, but roguish and with a temper to boot; but still big and useful-looking, and had evidently done work for ever more. At Malton, we had another Hobbie Noble out in Starbeck, a winner; but still a small and a bad one.

The licensed victuallers had a cold day of it at Epsom, where Lupellus, the neat son of Loup Garou (that inheritor of the Lanercost honours) got a pull over his Northampton conquerors. It is noticeable how all the two-year-old winners come this year in clusters to the top; as at Northampton we had Lupellus fourth to Madame Eglantine, Rattlebone and Cheesecake; and now at Epsom Lupellus was first, with Madame Eglantine, Thormanby, and White Rose next him. In the Metropolitan, 7st. 9lbs. was mere play to the slashing Life Boat, and we were glad to see J. Goater in the "Howard" colours again. It is a pleasure to see, him and Boyce, and a few others, getting their share, instead of those endless boys. The two-year-olds on the first day at Catterick were a very bad lot, with the exception of Cramond, the first of Andover's yet that has started. On the second day they were rather better; and Butterfly is a fine racing-like mare, but very short of time.

The Rawcliffe stud sale was not a success, though the 109 guinea average for the twelve Newminsters saved it. Fourteen Dutchmen only reached 74 gs., and four Slanes 42 guineas; while 315 gs. for a Newminster, 300 gs. for a Dutchman, 56 gs. for a Slane, 50 gs. for a Cruiser, and 21 gs. for an Arthur Wellesley, was the final order of merit. It would baffle any man to say what there was in Cruiser and Arthur Wellesley to induce a Company to risk putting mares to them at all; and certainly they have discovered the secret of destroying all confidence in them as a Company when they had the effrontery to adjourn the sale for a day because a good many of the visitors left. As with railway so with horse companies—they can do cool things which no single individual would dream of. We wonder what the next new kick will be. The Americans have been very anxious to buy either Saunterer, Védette, Barnton, Knight of St. George, or Oulston; and we believe that they are in treaty for the latter. Of the Fandango foals we have a very good report, and nearly the whole of them are bay colts.

A correspondent writes us as follows from Newmarket. He is not very diffuse, but he pierces the very bowels of the thing:

"Monday was the most wretched day that ever peeped out of the heavens—a regular drencher. Mr. T. Parr claimed Sedbury after the Craven, to show him the way with Gaspard, at £500; whether it was really required is a matter of grave doubt, as by this time he ought to be well assured that his Derby chance is entirely out. If he wanted anything further, the running of Helia to-day in the Newmarket Handicap would be ample. North Lincoln won, hands down, beating two bad ones; but had anything been good enough to collar him, it is doubtful whether his roaring, now confirmed, would have allowed him to win at all. Musjid showed very pluckily in the match; it was a lump of weight to give, considering the opposing jockey thought his mare could

run a bit ; but she looked T.Y.C. all over, and therefore in a mile he might have given her more weight and yet not be a good one. He certainly did not appear to me improved, as I expected ; he is slackbacked, though short there, and not deep in his back ribs. I find no particular fault with him anywhere else ; he goes fast, but whether he looks an up-and-downhill goer is a question. He has still that queer action with his hind parts in walking and trotting, which is so unfavourable for getting up hill. At the present I should say the cherry jacket is not safe to be A 1 at Epsom ; but as he will probably run no more till then, the layers dare not take a liberty. The Biennial brought out a lot of very moderate cracks. Merryman was the cynosure of the merry men ; but he is the same cob as last year (I hate a cobby race-horse), with the unpleasant addition of a pair of very suspicious-looking fore fetlocks, on which he walked very gingerly. He was twice led to the post, and as nervous as an aspen. They spoke of a disappointment at the finish, but the race sets at rest the Derby pretensions of a lot. Rainbow looked well, and went as though he would cut everything down but his old complaint—'Can't stay,' was too apparent. Crafton is nothing more than a hack ; and Defender, a long-legged, flatsided brother to Ancient Briton ; but he managed to get second, Merryman third, Crafton fourth, and Rainbow fifth, Stockham close in his heels—a bad pace. The winner, Trumpeter, is a spiry light horse, with little pretensions to be a good one ; but he looked very fit, and they landed a nice stake. At the present the Derby appears to be confined to a few—'The Land,' Musjid, Marionette, Electric, Volcano, Ticket-of-Leave, and Gamester. The first I ignore ; the fourth the knowing ones shake their heads at, and say 'No,' from metallic reasons ; the others are from hearsay, so I must leave it for the result of the 2000 to let in a little light on the subject. Volcano I hear excellent accounts of ; Ticket-of-Leave and Electric I have never thought good enough. They fancy, from the latter giving Fritch a stone, that he must be good. Fritch ran at Goodwood with Promised Land, Lincoln, and Rainbow, and was beaten a long way from him. Can that be good ? added to queer joints—very delicate things to handle when the finishing touch is required. Lord of the Manor ran very game in the next race, and is a deserving outsider. For the Chester scramble Leamington's party (and they are a host in themselves) think it over. Bevis must be a very moderate one, and in no way to be depended on. There is a horse at Newmarket—Marske—bred, I think, by Mr. Blenkinron, which ran in the July with sore shins ; Harlock has him, and the party have been very sly in keeping him quiet and giving him time, and they fancy, from what they knew of him before he ran, that they have a good horse. I believe he has been going on well, but from what I saw of him I should doubt his staying. Ninarod they think highly of ; his running at York says nothing, as he only beat two half-milers. I was glad to see The Squire walking on the Heath, to all appearance as fresh as ever. The racing to-day requires little comment—plenty of it. That great brute, Brother to Sydney, showed—running third : he is not a race-horse at all—only fit to go in a mill. The weather miserably cold, and everybody sneezing.'

We hear of very few changes among the huntsmen ; and we believe that Earl Fitzwilliam has suited himself with one from the ranks of the

first whips. Humphrey Pierce joins Mr. Whieldon in the Vine country, and takes several couple of his West Kent hounds along with him. The hound show at Brocklesby took place on April 15th; and Captain Percy Williams, the master of the Rufford, was, as usual, the judge. The entry was very good in both classes: and the prize whip for dog-hounds was awarded to "Helpmate," by the Rufford Helpmate out of Skilful; and for bitches to "Riot," by Yarborough Ruler out of Orphan, an Orator bitch. We regret to hear that his lordship, who is in London, is in a most feeble state of health. Considering how Mr. Smith's lamented death stopped them for six weeks during their cub-hunting, George Carter has given a good account of the Tedworth Hunt foxes by killing 38½ brace and driving 11 to ground. The Mausoleum is quite completed to receive Mr. Smith's remains, but he is not yet laid there.

The following is our final report from the Belvoir, whose entry is said to be superb: "With a west wind, which has been prevailing nearly the whole of this blessed season, we have never had a week's good scenting weather; consequently we are a few foxes below our average number, owing to some parts of our country, which used to abound with foxes, being so very scarce of that animal that they could not afford to kill so many in the cubbing season as we generally do. They hunted, Will Goodall tells me, only thirty-six days in the cubbing season, and killed every day, with three foxes over, making a total number of thirty-nine cubs. Since then they have hunted one-hundred-and-one days, and killed fifty-eight foxes. Our two great and ever-memorable days were on the 15th and 22nd of February; the 15th being the hardest and best day I ever saw, though the latter would have been equally so had the country been in the same heavy state. As it was, the week's fine weather had dried it up; and the country, on the 22nd, rode like a race-course, which gave the horses a much better chance. I gave you a description of our run on the 15th; and here goes for the 22nd.

"Feb. 22nd, we met at Newton Toll-bar. Found first fox in Falkingham Gorse, and were away at a good hunting pace all over the beautiful country by Selpington Church (an old church standing alone in the middle of a beautiful grass country), and away up to Keisby Wood; through it, Aslackby and Dursby Wood, and away to ground nearly in view, after a beautiful hunting run of two hours and ten minutes' duration. Many here were quite satisfied, and thought it a most excellent day's sport; but these sort of days having been so few and far between, we took advantage of it, and went to Irnham Park Wood, where we found two or three foxes; and after running from fox to fox for forty minutes, we got away on the stranger, who set his head as straight as the crow flies for twelve miles, the hounds racing him all the way, over the best country in Lincolnshire, for one hour and ten minutes, and they ran into him like a lot of lions, in a large grass field at Swarton. Many came to grief; and the only two who really *went well* were Sir Thomas Whichcote and his Grace the Duke of Rutland. About half a dozen more, with Will Goodall, got to the finish. Mr. F. Gordon and Mr. Percival, of Wansford, on his old chesnut mare, struggled gamely on to the close; and Mr. Brooksner, a gentleman staying at Grantham, also with Col. Reeves and Captain Hardley, was near. We have had

several good things since, but none worthy to be placed with the two runs ; amongst them a splitting hour from Hose Gorse, and killed at the Oldhills ; and a most excellent run of one hour, on the 18th, from Culverthorpe Gorse all over the Sapperton country, killing near Tallyho an old dog-fox most handsomely, in the open. A wonderful hard woodland day on the 22nd, killing their fox at five o'clock at night, after running hard for three hours and fifty minutes. A splitting thirty-seven minutes from Claxton Thorns on the 31st, and blew an old dog-fox up most handsomely in the open between Eastwell and Belvoir ; and on April 6th, the last day of the season, they closed with a real good thrashing woodland day, forcing an old dog-fox into the Vale, and killed him most gloriously in the open, after running, without ceasing, for four hours."

The Coursing Record—which is, we are informed, to appear shortly in a book shape, with "the New Rules of the National Coursing Club, Greyhound Produce, and a variety of other matter interesting to coursers," in addition to the Calendar—furnishes the history of the most open season that coursers and hunting men have ever known. No less than 251 public meetings have come off in the United Kingdom, between September 28 and March 31, at which about 4,000 greyhounds have run. We must say, "be the same more or less," to within forty or fifty, as really it is impossible to do more than see that the names occupy some 71 pages, and that there are nearly sixty names in each. It seems too that there are fifteen public judges, and nine public slippers in England and Scotland. One of the bench has got into a mess ; and really, his letter and the owner's reply are so unique, that we cannot help preserving them, as we would a fossil.

BELTED WILL AT THE BARTON-ON-HUMBER MEETING.

SIR,—My notice having been called to two advertisements of a stallion greyhound (Belted Will), in the *Coursing Record* and *Coursing Calendar*, which are as follows : "At the recent meeting at Barton-on-Humber, a course was given against him (Belted Will) by the judge ; but the decision was considered by his owner so unfair, that it was appealed against, when the explanation was less satisfactory than the decision." Now, Sir, I appeal to your well-known impartiality to insert my reply to the above. I can call to mind the course in question exactly as it was run. The white dog led to the hare, made first and second turns, following up with two or three wrenches. Belted Will up to this point had been lurching most unmistakably ; he now perceives an opening, rushes in, wrenches the hare four or five times, the white dog killing. I never saw any greyhound exhibit more lurching propensities than Mr. Blanshard's dog on this occasion ; if his stock should run in the same style, great will be the disappointment of their owners.

EDWARD SPAFFORD.

Bubwith, March 26th, 1859.

SIR,—I feel quite satisfied to allow the replies to your letters by the Editors of *Bell's Life* and the *Field* to remain, and for the character you give my dog, I thank you—as I emphatically deny your description of the course ; but, as there is one little bit of information which you have not favoured the public with, I beg to supply the deficiency. When the murmurs of disapprobation at your decisions at the late Barton-on-Humber Meeting became loud and deep, you tried to take refuge under your incapacity, by stating that, as you farmed a thousand acres of land, you did not require to submit to be so found fault with ; and I have no doubt my coursing brethren will be glad if you remain in future in that obscurity from which it is a pity you ever

emerged, as far as greyhound coursing is concerned. The ranks of good coursers are being daily thinned, and no wonder when they have to submit to the want of judgment, as well as insults, of such as you.

Mr. Spafford.

R. R. BLANSHARD.

It is always said that a little case of fixture valuations, or hens getting into a garden, have severed more friends and neighbours than anything; and although race-horse owners and trainers do fire up about handicaps; and boating men would write for a year about a foul, commend us to coursing men for putting it on hot and thick in a paper row.

The season began well for the Judges at Biggar, whose St. Leger his daughter Clive divided with Black Knight by Beacon, out of sister to Judge; and it is rather remarkable that this celebrated bitch should not only have opened the season with her triumph, but wound it up by her death. Judge was not in great favour when the season commenced, but never did greyhound retrieve himself so well. Cumberland will be strong in stallion greyhounds now, as his neighbours Seagull, as well as Sunbeam, will be seen in the coursing field no more. Barrator, Weapon, Larriston, Junta, Ranter, Gipsy Prince, Sandy, Baron, Blackcap, Bedlamite, Sackcloth, and Beacon have also been amongst the most successful sires.

A correspondent writes us as follows about stable practice:—"I had a coachman who, after agreeing with me as to terms, came back with, 'Beg pardon, sir, but suppose you will allow me what drugs I require.' 'What drugs,' said I. 'Yes, sir; can't have fine coats without drugs.' 'Hay, corn, with once a week a bran mash, and good grooming, will do all that,' said I, 'without drugs.' He then told me, in order to give a horse a fine coat, they have recourse to powdered sulphur, antimony, and fenugric. This I have since ascertained, if given *dry*, will be *sure* to produce *blindness*, as, it being very light, the horse in gathering his corn, blows it up into his eyes."

In the sporting book-world, everything is dull, and likely to be for some time, if the war (that deadliest of all foes to authors and book-sellers) breaks out in earnest. Nothing has come out during the past month except Mr. John Mills's "Flyers of the Hunt," with which most of our readers must be acquainted, from its having been published in *The Field*. Leech has now lent his aid to it, in its book-form; and Martin Round going at a Brook; and Martin Round in a Brook; Puff Doddles Lectured in the Saddle-room; Sir Digby presenting the Brush to "the Scarlet Coat that came from a distance;" "Pompous, silent, and grand, was the demeanour of Robert Top," and "The Match." The saddle-room scene is our favourite, and the following is the lecture which accompanies it:—

"Now, above all things," resumed Robert Top, withdrawing a hand from the secret depths it had been fathoming, and raising a straightened forefinger, "keep your fat down; no matter how—keep it down. Having drawn yourself as fine as a needle, keep yourself so, as whatever talent a jockey may possess is of no use at all if covered with fat. Be civil to your superiors, obliging to your equals, and kind to those placed under ye. Let your dress be always clean and smart, and neither in yourself nor anything belonging to you permit the smallest speck of neglect or carelessness to be seen. With the secrets of your stable be dumb as death; know nothing, or, if knowing, say nothing. If questioned, as boys sometimes are both by

the crafty and foolish, say at once that your orders are not to tell, or indeed speak upon such matters. Such are the rules, Puffy, which you must observe in the event of your hoping to get on in the great stable of the North."

"The remains" considered the code nothing short of golden, and resolved to be governed by it with the utmost strictness.

"In measuring the points of what a flyer should be," continued Robert Top, "keep *him* in your mind's eye;" and as he spoke he made a slight jerk with his head towards Mainstay, as he stood drawing small locks of sweet hay from the rack, and chewing them with epicurean pleasure. "I've often tried to find out a fault," said he, going to the side of the horse and drawing a hand down his glossy quarters, "but never could. A little too full of flesh just now; but if open to improvement in condition, that's all that can be said of him, past, present, or to come."

"I shall always remember him, sir, as a sort o' guide to what the make and shape of a real good 'oss ought to be," observed Puffy Doddles.

"That's just what I want you to do," returned the head of the family of the Tops. "Nothing could be nearer to what I want you to do than that. We can judge by comparison better than any other plan; and, getting a line which we know to be the mark, let us see pretty clearly that which doesn't quite come up to it."

"The remains" considered this a great facility for forming a judgment of things in general, but horses in particular.

After a slight pause, during which Robert Top appeared to be buried deeply, not to say entombed, in thought, he inquired somewhat abruptly, "if his pupil knew what fat was?"

"Grease," responded Puffy, quickly.

"A safe answer that, lad," rejoined Robert Top, smiling; "but not one in a hundred knows more about it," continued he. "Now fat comes from the oil formed in the blood, and this is placed about the muscles and membranes more immediately in contact with the skin, too much of which interferes with the muscles, and renders both man and 'oss incapable of performing work demanding either speed or staying powers. The action of the lungs, too, is greatly interfered with, when the blood is overcharged with this oily fluid, because it cannot pass through them, and congestion follows, which often becomes chronic. For the condition of both wind and limb, therefore, it is necessary that fat should be got rid of, when fast or good work is required to be done; and sweating is the natural, and consequently least injurious, mode of removing it. This is all I have got to say about fat, Puffy."

Mr. Rarey's exhibition before the Royal Family of Russia took place on April 10th. The Emperor with the Empress and his family were present, also two of the Emperor's brothers, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael, some Princes and Princesses, and other distinguished persons. Mr. Rarey showed them two horses, one a vicious one, that would not allow his legs or feet to be touched, and that would kick at everything that came near him; lately he had kicked his box to pieces, and had killed a man, and done a good deal more mischief. He had had this horse under his treatment a few days previous to this exhibition, and he now showed him to the Emperor, like a trained Circus horse, and played with his hind legs as though they were drum-sticks. He then made him march to the music of the drum, and obey his commands, when he was the width of the school from him. The second was a wild, unbroken, entire horse, from the interior of the Steppes of Russia, and had only been haltered. This subject seemed much frightened when he came in the school, and showed many unmistakable signs of his wildness. He was approached and bridled for the first time in the presence of the Emperor; and a Russian peasant, who was with him, was called on by His Majesty for a description of his character. Mr. Rarey finally mounted him, and so rode him about the school, handled all his legs, and beat a drum on his back; and the Emperor asked the peasant many

times, as he proceeded, if he could do so-and-so with the horse; when he replied that he could never touch him at all, and expressed such wild astonishment at what was being done, that the Emperor was quite as much delighted at his gestures as at anything Mr. Rarey did. He applauded the latter several times, and expressed to him personally his gratification and astonishment at his wonderful performance, and, before leaving, ordered that an account of what had been done should be officially published in the papers. The Emperor some eight or ten days previous to the exhibition gave Mr. Rarey an order to go to one of his parks, at Gatchery, about 25 miles from St. Petersburg, and get a native wild horse that had been presented to him by the Cossacks, from the Steppes of Russia, which he did, and soon made him as tame as a dog. He had already shown him to one of the Emperor's brothers; but the horse met with an accident when in his stable, two days previous to the exhibition, which prevented him from being shown.

All Mr. Rarey's arrangements are fully completed for the instruction of the British Cavalry in his method of taming and educating the horse; and he expects to return to London for that purpose, about the first of June next, when a regular savage awaits him.

He began his course of lectures at St. Petersburg towards the close of last month, and expects to have a large class of Ten Guinea subscribers; and from thence, if the state of the continent permits, he intends to go to Moscow and Vienna.

CAPTAIN SPENCER, AND SUNBEAM.

ENGRAVED BY J. B. HUNT, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BANNISTER OF CARLISLE.

As an account of a visit to Captain Spencer's kennel appeared in "The Omnibus" of September last, we can afford to dispense with preliminaries, and come to business at once.

The Captain commenced his coursing career in 1853, with two or three fair animals, and confined himself to local meetings, where he did not lack success. At Mr. Brown's celebrated Doncaster sale, the next year, he purchased Star of the West by Bedlamite out of Gregson's Græce, and Ballet-Dancer by Field-Marshal out of Ballet-Girl; but with the exception of Sleeping Partner by Larriston out of the latter, the produce proved no hits. Sleeping Partner ran at Altcar; but she was too slow for the flat, and she was accordingly given to Mr. Brougham, and has performed capitally in a hill country, finding in fact very few of her weight to beat her. Ballet-Dancer was put to Judge, but the litter proved good for nothing. There is now one promising sapling in the kennel by Rob Roy out of Star of the West; but the rest of the litter were too small to keep.



Engraved by H. Hunt from a Photograph by Alexander of Dublin

Captain Spencer
and his
Celebrated Greyhound Sunbeam

London: Published by Chapman & Johnson, 47, Strand, 1846

Sunbeam, by John Bull, out of Fleur de Lis, was pupped on May 13, 1854, and was purchased from his breeder, Mr. Henry Jefferson, at twelve months old, at a small price; that gentleman, however, thinking he had the best end of the stick. He only ran indifferently his first season, winning a small stake at Altcar, and running up to Beacon for the Cup. In the following season Captain Spencer engaged John Irvine as his trainer, and under his care the red came out in magnificent style, and kept his form till the present year. He won the Clifton Cup (32 dogs); the Douglas Cup, at Biggar, twice over (once against 24 dogs, and again against 32); and the Bective Cup of 16 dogs; besides twice running second for the Altcar Cup, and second for the Waterloo Cup to King Lear, in 1857, and standing among the last four in the Waterloo Cup of the following year. As he did not run to his form and got beaten in his first course, Captain Spencer was *of course* very much blamed for sending him for the Waterloo Cup this year, in preference to Seneca, who was got ready for it as well. There was, however, no lack of caution about the decision, as he gave him a good private trial both with Seneca and Seagull, when the latter was in great form, and on the eve of winning the Longford Cup. He not only beat the black, but ran past him in the middle of the course, in a severe struggle up hill, which has always been the latter's forte. After this, he was tried with Seneca, and had a regular Altcar slip; but he never let him up next the hare in a beautiful trial, and beat him so cleverly, that Captain Spencer had every right to believe that the Waterloo was at last within his grasp: and so thought the public, as they would not be weaned off their old favourite, and kept him at the head of the betting to the last. As the course has been erroneously reported, we have the authority of the judge for saying, that "*Sunbeam with a bad hare led to it, and turned; and then the Monk of Thorney wrenched and killed; but I thought he had the best of it.*" Along with many others, we expected to see the hat come off, as the course was so absurdly short; but still Sunbeam did not seem to try after the wrench, and honest as he always was, four seasons will tell a tale. He was, in fact, far below his form, and ran 3lbs. above his usual running weight (63lbs.) A few days before the meeting, John Irvine found that he did not train in his usual style, and that all his food went to fat instead of muscle; and forthwith he wrote to his master (who was on a Carlisle special jury), "*Please, sir, don't back him; I can't get his muscle up.*" Altogether he ran 55 courses in public, and won 44; and except in his first two courses for Produce Stakes, he was never led to his hare.

Seagull (late Reveller) and Sidonia were purchased by Captain Spencer from Mr. Randell, in their first season, and the former has "earned his biscuits" even better than Sunbeam. He is a dashing, but rather a savage dog, very fast, and, when fit, a grand worker. Irvine has always found him very difficult to train, and he runs very much in the form of his sire, Bedlamite. He has run 44 courses in public, lost ten, and divided one. His victories include the Altcar Produce Stakes (32 dogs), (which he divided with Bright Expression and Black Flag after three undecided courses with the latter); the Sundorne Puppy Stakes (16 dogs); the Altcar Cup (24 dogs, and 8 dogs); the Biggar Cup (21

dogs); the Biggar Scottish Champion Cup (64 dogs); and the Longford Cup (14 dogs). Besides these, he was among the last four for the Biggar Douglas Cup, and ran up to Calvert after one no go, for the Bridekirk Cup (32 dogs). He is now put to the stud; and there is a very promising litter by him out of Bird's Eye.

Sidonia has run most unfortunately, as he has met with several accidents. He was fast and clever in his day; but his performance at Newmarket, when he won the 32-dog Produce Stakes, at eighteen months old, overset him, and he has never shown the same fire since. Solon, by Eden, out of Eve, is very speedy, and won three stakes, and ran up for a fourth, but, like all the blood, his first season was his best. Speed the Plough, Shylock, and Sine Qua Non have also won small stakes, but they were not good enough to persevere with.

In breeding, Captain Spencer has been very unlucky; and the dis-temper has often caused a dreary season's outlook from Prospect House. Last season it fell heavily on the Sunbeams, and only four out of Sceptre's ten were reared: while eight out of another bitch went down. Both Sceptre and Bird's Eye would have been served by Sunbeam this year, but they came in season just before the Waterloo. At present there are six puppies by Seagull out of Bird's Eye; while Sceptre and Punchbowl have both pupped to him—Sceptre eight, and Punchbowl eight; and Star of the West to Solon. Among the most promising sapplings are a fawn dog and black bitch, by Black Cloud, out of Sister to Sunbeam, purchased from Mr. Spinks; two red dogs and one bitch (two of which have been christened "Silk" and "Scarlet"), by Sunbeam, out of Sceptre by Figaro; and one red-and-white dog, by Masquerade, out of Lady Annie, and bred by Mr. Thompson.

To John Irvine, whose good-humoured face and burly form in a green coat and rough cap have become so familiarized to every lover of the leash, much of Captain Spencer's success is due; and when the "sason," as he calls it, is over, he is as busy as a bee; now with the greyhounds; now with the pheasants, or the fowls; and now with Lizzy, Leila, Sappho, Bloom, and the rest of the shorthorn herd; in fact, putting a helping hand to anything and everything. We never heard of his being thoroughly out of humour, except when a brother-trainer came to the kennel, and after a variety of crabs, would insist that Sunbeam's tail was not properly put on. At such an insult, John became a perfect Disraeli in private life, and the other soon wished he had withheld his criticism. He keeps the great goal of his ambition steadily in view, viz., a Waterloo Cup with a young Seagull or Sunbeam; and we heartily hope he may get it before many more harvest moons have passed over his honest head.

R O O K - S H O O T I N G .

BY AUCEPS.

Although the above-named pastime cannot be justifiably classified under the head of "legitimate" sporting, nevertheless, as the same, at the present season of the year, constitutes an agreeable as well as profitable source of amusement and recreation to many, the subject of *rook-shooting* may not prove altogether out of place, at this particular crisis.

The fowling-piece, as far as the general character to which its uses are applied, may be looked upon as an idle feature of portable furniture for some months to come, and will not be disturbed from its case until the flush month of September of the present year arrives, summoning the gunner to take the open field, and recommence his accustomed healthy pursuit of partridge shooting.

Rooks having, in the course of the past month, been busily occupied in performing the duties of incubation, agreeably to the annual procreative laws of nature, these nigrate colonies, distributed throughout various districts of the United Kingdom, are now being assailed by little companies of rook shooters, who adopt several distinct modes of possessing themselves of their feathered booty. There are some who, in priding themselves upon the preciseness of their unerring aim, are in the practice of despatching their helpless victims by means of the rifle, and since the latter murderous projectile has undergone so many highly-finished improvements, its uses have obtained to a very general extent, and it is, as far as "ball shooting" is concerned, extremely probable that this mischievous weapon will ultimately supersede the use of the common military, plain, tubular barrels of fire-arms altogether.

The skill and expertness of the marksman may be brought into pleasant association in the course of his rook-shooting practice. The latter, if well followed up, will assure him of good faith in his killing pursuit, when provided with this particular weapon, and as "practice, they say, makes perfect," there will present to him on such occasions a vast field for an interesting course of rifle-shooting improvement. Be this as it may, it must be admitted that there can be no more harm in perforating a rookling with a single pellet, than in riddling the same through with a distracted hurricane of shot—whilst under the former trial the bird will be less liable to be cut to pieces than in the latter.

The double-barrelled fowling-piece in general use is chiefly maintained in following up this particular class of sport, and in cases where the parties are intent upon spoil, the destruction of the young broods is carried out to an unpardonable extent. This practice cannot be regarded as sportsmanlike;—it is wanton cruelty, exercised without respect to natural causes and effects. Let a remnant of the younglings be spared: then these winged colonies may be suffered to propagate in their turn, and so continue to extend their agrarian prerogative for generations to come.

The cross-bow is occasionally brought to bear in rook-shooting, and those who are expert marksmen, when provided with this latter instrument, have been attended with extraordinary success, whilst occupied in their volucrine sport. I remember a very particular friend of mine, who observed that he could satisfy all his purposes, whilst engaged in the pursuit of rookling shooting, far better with a cross-bow than with his old "Joe Manton." He was formerly a captain in the 20th Light Dragoons, which have now been disbanded for many years past, and was much in the habit of exercising the cross-bow, by way of amusement, on general occasions. In the course of time he became so accomplished an adept at the art of bullet archery, that he could, with a decided certainty, pierce a playing-card at the distance of fifty yards. Pigeons, starlings, and other smaller birds fell before his pet projectile, without a chance of escape. There was no disappointment sustained by the shooter, from the occurrence of a "flash in the pan," or the utter failure of an "igneous spark" through the idle indifference of a "dull flint" or a "hard-worn hammer." No; the bullet was true to the billet it was submitted to reach, and unerringly responded to the missile direction of the *vis arcus*, dismissed by the hand in accordance with the aim of the archer. The writer has known the old dragoon—for he had seen sixty summers, and was a fresh unscathed trooper at three-score years of age—turn over a dozen pigeons consecutively with his well-directed bow, at a distance of thirty yards and upwards; and his favorite retriever, Neptune, would return with the quarry, which he had redeemed perhaps from a pig-stye, whilst the swine would take fright at the sudden and unwarrantable obtrusion of the canine visitor, who had disappointed their appetites, most probably by snatching up and carrying away the devoted object of their craving expectations.

There was proximate to the residence he occupied, which was named Pennington Cottage, near Lymington, in Hampshire, an extensive rookery; and as the proprietor of this rook-hold was in the habit of affording a few of his neighbours permission, annually, in the season, to amuse themselves with enjoying the pastime of shooting the young birds, the Captain took advantage of the hospitable farmer's courteous indulgence; but he in no one single instance was ever observed to handle a fowling-piece on such occasions. Equipped with his implement of archery, and accompanied by his *fidus Achates*, Ben Bungay (a rough-headed, Devonshire lout, destitute of one eye, which he had lost in contending for a prize at the punishing game of "single stick," some years before, in the village of Dodbrook), he would enter the arena appointed for the sport, and exercise the privilege which had been by the good farmer assigned to him, of killing two dozen young rooks, and no more. The task was as facile to the experimentalist as would be a problem of Euclid for a senior wrangler to solve. He never missed a single bird, so true and unerring was his optical aim, whilst Ben Bungay contrived to make out that his master was as good with the use of "one eye" as was himself, and wondered why it was that men were furnished with "two" eyes when they could see well enough with "one" only.

The great advantage of the cross-bow in the practice of rookling-shooting is this, *viz.*, that it makes little or no noise, and does equally as much execution in its way, as does the single-barrelled fowling-piece. The constant firing of six or seven guns one after another, successively,

has the certain effect of frightening and scaring the old birds from their accustomed haunts, and has proved the means of ultimately banishing them altogether away from their homesteads.

A gentleman, the lord of a manor in the county of Hertford, possessed two very extensive rookeries, which were situated in a park on his estate. They were about a quarter of a mile apart from each other, and he took a particular pride in these his sable volant colonies. He suffered a few chosen friends to shoot the young birds on his estate, but upon the expressed condition that they should confine their sport to one rookery, not permitting the parties to encroach upon the other. By this means he respiteed one of his congregational preserves once in two years, from the punient and murderous annoyances of his neighbouring assailants, which gave the parent birds the power to enjoy the biennial opportunity of nurturing their young broods, and educating the same to a stage of maturity.

A party from London managed, in the course of one day, to capture no less than 150 couple of the above birds; but either from accident or design the shooters aimed at the objects that presented themselves to their view promiscuously, and contrived thereby to destroy many of the old stock. This circumstance proved so highly repugnant to the owner's feelings, that he never suffered his rookeries to be thenceforth trespassed upon, by any class of people whatever. The result was, that in the course of four years there were established rookeries in all parts of the parish, to the great objection of the farmers, who seriously complained of the increasing nuisance, observing that the birds scratched out the newly-sown grain, and devoured the same as fast as it sprang. A combination of the above fraternity, in consequence of this circumstance formed a deputation, and waited respectfully upon the "lord" to complain of the grievances to which they were subjected, observing that, they could not afford to pay their rent if they were not suffered to grow their corn. This was a tender nerve to lean upon. "Rooks" and "rent" were quite two different things. The choice was left open to the lord to take. It was very hard to part with the former, but it was still harder to forego the latter. It was the case of "Hobson's choice or none." The rooks, in a comparative point of view, when the subject was fairly and dispassionately weighed, rose rapidly up in the scales, whilst the gravity of the rent considerably preponderated. This result stamped summarily the fate of the rooks. The sable-feathered colonies were no longer a subject for the care of the lord. The door of slaughter was thrown open to the agrarian complainants, who commenced an early and undisguised warfare on the unprotected tribes, until their inimical and unsparing assailants had completely routed the long-cherished tenants of the aviary, to admit of more useful and essential improvements and benefits from the farms, on the produce of which they had so long fed and feasted without paying any tithe for their destructive trespass.

It has been questioned by some whether the rook is so objectionable to the farmer's interests as it is imputed to be. That the former subsists upon worms, grubs, and other vermicular and noxious insects, there can be no doubt whatever, as may be receipted from the fact of those birds being witnessed in large numbers busily occupied in following and picking up such insect food in the tracks or wake of the farmer's

boys, when they are in the act of ploughing up the new unturned earth, in which they have lurked during the cold and inclement months of winter, in a state of torpid security. But then, again, on the other hand, it may be questioned by others, thus:—Does the existence of the rook benefit the farmer in a corresponding or to a greater extent than the same proves destructive to his interests? It may be thus viewed—Which of the two nuisances produces the most mischief to the farmer's prospects—the rook or the grub? Which would consume the largest measure of the farmer's food? The former bird is but a periodical destroyer: the latter pest is a perpetual underground blight, which increases in its numbers unobserved, and in defiance of the farmer's most unremitting exertions to eradicate it. They are, there can be no question in the matter, both highly objectionable to the best interests of the agriculturist. But the grub is a subtle thief, which will not show its perfidious person; whilst the rook is open to the eyes of all, and is often gibbeted as a convicted felon on some stake, and exposed in an open field where young wheat is beginning to sprout, as a warning to others of his surviving brethren to avoid meeting with a similar ignominious fate.

Young rooks have long been esteemed as constituting an acceptable class of viands, when properly prepared for the dining-table. In the character of pies the same are held in good repute; but it may be here remarked that the birds should be invariably skinned when they have undergone the operation of being dis-entrained, and the back or spinal bone abstracted, or the same will impart to the meat a disagreeably bitter taste and flavour. On the contrary, if this course of treatment is duly attended to, the birds will be all that is to be desired of them, embracing the agreeable and tender qualities of a young pigeon.

On some establishments, a good and extensive as well as profitable trade is constituted out of a rookery. The young birds sell in the London markets at sixpence a-piece; and vans, loaded with hampers filled exclusively with the former, towards the latter end of April glut our poulterers' shops. There is always a steady demand for this peculiar article of consumption; and as rooks remain but a short interval in season, they are much and readily coveted by families of the market-going character.

The lovers of the trigger have in many instances already entered upon the sport which these observations treat of, and where rookeries are still to be met with, immediate application on the part of those who may covet the pastime under consideration, to the owners of such establishments, should be made, as there are generally at the present season more applicants to be met with by the rookery proprietors than can possibly be accommodated, without many disadvantages attendant upon an unlimited extent of indulgence being encouraged by the owners on such occasions.

In the East Indies, there is a particular class of pigeons, known as the green pigeon, which constantly alights and breeds on and in the *Ficus indica* (Indian fig-tree);—it is never known to settle on the ground. The plumage of this bird so much and so closely resembles the colour of the leaves and of the branches, that if the pigeon does not move, its person would escape the keenest eye of an accurate observer. The natives, in capturing these creatures, have recourse to a long

bamboo tube, through which they, with the aid of their breath, propel clay pellets, like marbles, at the objects they are in pursuit of; and so unerring is their aim, that they will sometimes pick off from the boughs a whole flock of these birds, one after the other, without creating among them the slightest alarm or apprehension.

A short time since, two Lascars, near the London Docks, were furnished with a couple of similar implements, and had contrived to secure more than a dozen sparrows by the same means.

Rooks have been very early in arranging and setting in order their nidificatory homesteads this year, and with mild weather the young broods may be expected to come out well, and afford an ample fund of amusement to the shooter.

THE COQUET AND THE BREAMISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WANDERINGS BY THE LOCHS AND STREAMS OF ASSYNT, AND THE NORTH HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND."

INTRODUCTION.

The county of Northumberland is justly celebrated for the numerous waters offering attraction to the angler; indeed, there is not a burn or rivulet which does not in a greater or less degree contain abundance of trout. Amongst the principal streams may be mentioned the North and South Tyne, famed for the quality of its salmon; the Blyth, the Wansbeck, the Coquet, the Breamish, the Till, the College Burn, the Glen, the Bowmont, and the Reed Water. To attempt to treat at length of these various waters would be far beyond the limits of a short treatise. I have, therefore, confined myself to the Coquet, with the addition of one chapter upon the Breamish, which may be termed its twin sister, as deriving its source from the same parents—"the Cheviot Hills." I have endeavoured as far as possible to offer to my readers a guide, which may serve to conduct them to the best portions of these waters, in their piscatorial rambles. I would willingly have relinquished the failure or success of such a task to abler hands, but finding none willing to undertake it (while I have repeatedly heard the desire expressed by anglers that a work on the Coquet should appear), I have ventured to offer to the public this volume, which I trust may be found serviceable to those visiting the far-famed "petted water." I have dwelt somewhat at length upon the practice of "shade fishing," as being a mode of angling almost peculiar to the Coquet. The "rumbling minnow" I have also noticed, being as far as my own knowledge goes, a lure used only on this water. I have in a cursory manner hinted at other streams, which may easily be fished by the angler, who may make his temporary residence on the banks of either of the above-named rivers.

Of all the Northumbrian streams, that which holds the pre-eminence amongst anglers is the Coquet, which rises in the Cheviot Hills (forming

the boundary between England and Scotland), and flowing by Harbottle, Rothbury, Weldon Bridge, Felton, and Warkworth, empties itself, about a mile below the last-named town, into the German Ocean. At all the above-mentioned places good and comfortable quarters are to be obtained. The Coquet contains the common yellow trout in numbers unsurpassed perhaps by any river in Britain, besides a vast quantity of bull-trout, termed "Coquet salmon" in this locality, and frequently sold to the uninitiated as true salmon, which they resemble in appearance; but in point of internal colour, and still more so in flavour, they are a very inferior fish. It requires but a single glance from the experienced angler to reject the pretensions of the bull-trout, which presents a larger head, a more lanky person (to say nothing of the square tail) than the true salmon, or *Salmo salar*. It is generally stated that the real salmon formerly ascended this river, before the existence of the present impediment, hereafter to be mentioned, at Warkworth; indeed, while fishing the Coquet myself, for some years, I was informed that the *Salmo salar* had been on several occasions captured above the existing hindrance; but I never saw a fish, which, on examination, was anything more than a bull-trout, in unusually good condition. While the parr, as it is generally termed in Scotland, the smelt, as it is frequently called in England, and the lastspring, as it is denominated in Wales, has given rise to more discussions as to its identity with the salmon than any other of its genus, not a little difference of opinion has existed amongst anglers and naturalists respecting the bull-trout (*Salmo eriox*, Linn.)

The great Sir Humphrey Davy, in the first edition of his "Salmonia," introduces us to this fish as the sea-trout, under the appellation of "*Salmo eriox*." In the second edition of the same work, he terms him the salmon trout, or *Salmo trutta*.

Mr. Yarrell, who submitted each of the various members of this family to particular and comparative examination, describes the sea-trout or salmon-trout as having the gill-cover intermediate in its form between that of the salmon and the bull-trout, while the teeth are more slender and numerous than they are in either of the last-named fish.

While the author of "Salmonia" considers all the varieties of the salmon family, which he was able to identify in the rivers of Britain and Ireland, to be the common salmon and the sea-trout, I am myself of the opinion of Mr. Yarrell, that the bull-trout is a distinct variety. The teeth of the bull-trout are longer and stronger than those of the salmon or sea-trout, and the tail is square; while the "maculæ" on the gill-cover are more numerous than in the salmon or grise, which seldom exhibit above one or two spots on that part of the head, while the scales, which are smaller in proportion than those of the true salmon, adhere firmly to the skin. The colour of the flesh is much paler than that of the salmon or salmon-trout, while the flavour is also very inferior.

I have occasionally killed bull-trout in the Coquet, which had been some time in the river, but were very tolerable food when boiled; the best mode of using them, however, is to kipper them, and eat them broiled, adding a little pepper and butter according to taste—the butter is a desirable concomitant, as this fish is naturally dry. The true whiting or salmon-trout, which in its early stage of existence is termed finnock in the North of Scotland, is occasionally taken in the Coquet. This is a fish affording to the angler, perhaps, better diversion than any other,

varying in point of weight from one to three and four pounds; and in an edible point of view an excellent morsel.*

Having now named the varieties of fish to be found in the Coquet, with the exception of the silver eel (of excellent quality) which it contains in great abundance, it remains for me to describe the modes of capture adopted upon this water, as well as the best portions of the river to ensure success, and other information, which a residence of some years upon its banks has enabled me to gather.

CHAPTER I.

The Coquet—Snow and Rain Floods—Obstructions to Free Ascent of Bull Trout—Watchers—Rothbury Poachers—Bull Trout—Variety of Lures used on the Coquet—Best Flies for Bull Trout and Yellow Trout—Winged Flies and Hackles—Spinning Tackle—Minnows—Spinning and Drop Minnow—The Rumbling Minnow—Fishing with the Salmon Roe—Worm Fishing in Discoloured and Clear Water.

Before entering into a description of the various lures used upon the Coquet, I must inform the reader that this river is generally termed a "petted water;" and its name, originally spelt *Coquette*, which was given to denote its winding and uncertain course, was not more applicable than the epithet of "petted," which it has received from the angler, who may fail to-day almost to stir a single fin, and may easily fill his creel to-morrow, the state of the water and atmosphere being apparently the same.

That trout are more capricious in the Coquet than in the generality of waters appears evident; at the same time, here as elsewhere, a fair measure of success may generally be obtained by craft and perseverance.

The Coquet, like all rivers which rise in a highland country, is subject to sudden and violent floods, which subside again with equal rapidity. It frequently happens in early spring that the Coquet continues for some time in a state unfit for the angler's sport. This is the case when there has been during the winter a heavy fall of snow, which lies upon the Cheviot Hills until the increased power of the sun melts it and brings it down the river as what is termed in the locality "snow broth." Owing to the melting snow upon the Cheviots, a flood frequently occurs in the Coquet without any previous rain. The temperature of the water is of course very much lowered by the "snow broth," which is inimical to the angler's success. Very little good is ever to be done when the river is in this state. When the snow is only acted upon by the sun, this "broth" remains in the river for some time; but when heavy rains occur in the west, the flood is larger and more violent, and the snow in consequence more quickly carried down to the sea. After a rain-flood, when the water has become clear, and has assumed a dark porter colour, excellent sport may be expected.

The bull trout ascend the river for the purpose of spawning during the months of October and November. The greater portion of these fish are caught in the traps above Warkworth, where an artificial fall has been erected, which crosses the river. The fish, unable to surmount this obstruction, endeavour to push their way

by entering sluices, purposely left at the sides; into which having entered, they are secured by shutting a kind of flood-gate. A considerable number of fish, however, surmount this obstacle, and proceed up the river for a short distance beyond the Acklington Factory, where another wooden barrier exists, with a kind of staircase in the middle. A great number of fish are captured here; still, however, many hundreds overcome this hindrance also, and have an uninterrupted progress up to Felton Park, where there is another wooden barrier, but of more moderate elevation. I have frequently watched the ascending fish at these barriers, when there have been perhaps three or four hundred in the pool below, and have observed twenty or thirty leaping at the same time; some of which surmounted the fall at the first or second attempt, whilst others have been repeatedly thrown back, and have not cleared the barrier until after an hour's repeated and incessant leaping. Having passed the barrier in Felton Park, no further obstruction of the same kind is opposed to the ascending fish, although a vast number die by the spear of the poacher before they reach their spawning ground.

The lessee of the fishery at Warkworth, who pays a considerable rental, employs watchers to protect the fish during their ascent for the purpose of spawning. These watchers are generally paid-off in the month of January, although the rod fishing for the Coquet salmon does not commence till the 8th of February. Many fish, however, are killed with fly soon after the commencement of the new year; and a still greater number are destroyed by the poacher on their first ascent from the sea. Many are killed at night near the Acklington Factory, and also below the barrier above Felton Bridge; but the scene of the most wholesale slaughter perhaps is Weldon Bridge, about three miles above Felton. To this place a number of men from Rothbury, distant six miles higher up the river, frequently resort, and are joined occasionally by a few choice spirits of the same genus, resident at Framlington, a village about two miles from Weldon Bridge, on the great turnpike road. These men, whose names generally bespeak their direct descent from the moss troopers, who in days of yore so harried the borders of Scotland, still inherit in a strong degree the marauding propensities of their forefathers, which is now indicated in their unceasing pursuit of fish and game, as was that of their ancestors in the seizure of the stock of the neighbouring farmers. These men come down in strong bands at night, sometimes having their faces covered with black crape, and by the aid of torches and spears slay the bull trout in great numbers; while carts are waiting in the neighbourhood for the conveyance of their booty. It is strange to behold the precision with which these men transfix their prey, while the lurid glare of light and the uplifted bloody spear, accompanied by the noise and curses vociferated by these daring violators of the law, whenever a man has fallen or missed his fish, will leave a lasting picture on the memory of the Southron who has never beheld one of these nocturnal excursions of the Northern Borderers.

Notwithstanding the several means I have mentioned by which these bull trout are captured, sufficient still remain every season to afford ample sport to the angler. Many of the natives of this locality consider the capture of Coquet salmon to be fully as exciting as that of the *salar*

or true salmon; while I have heard some affirm that when fishing for yellow trout, they always endeavour to part company with so coarse a fish, should he seize the fly. I cannot for my own part say that I fully enter into the feelings of either party. I never felt the same degree of satisfaction in killing a bull trout that I have experienced when capturing the true monarch of the flood, or a fine fresh run grilse, or even a fine salmon trout. On the other hand, however, after many years' experience in the angler's craft, after fishing numerous lochs and rivers, from the Border stream up to the north of Sutherland, including both the east and west coasts of Scotland, I am still inclined to believe that instead of wishing to get rid of a hungry bull trout, I should be quite satisfied with the diversion of his capture. Notwithstanding what I have said in disparagement of this fish in an edible point of view, I must affirm that when hooked he affords excellent sport; he is a large and powerful fish, calculated to test the skill of the angler as well as the soundness of his tackle. I have killed this fish in the Coquet, of a weight varying from three to ten pounds, the average being about six pounds. I saw a very fine well-grown fish of twelve pounds killed with the rod at Brainshaugh, a little below the Acklington Factory; and one of eighteen pounds was killed with fly in the same water. This was said to be the heaviest fish that had been taken, and was stuffed as a curiosity by the captor. In the year 1848 I killed a fresh run fish weighing five pounds, immediately below Weldon Bridge, which afforded excellent sport; and having hooked him in a position that rendered his escape highly probable, owing to the trees and shrubs which prevented my keeping well up to him, I had considerable difficulty in manœuvring his capture. This fish was in fine condition—his flesh of deeper colour than the generality of his species; still in point of flavour he fell far short of the true salmon. The bull trout is a bold fish; and if the water be in a good state and the weather favourable, the angler is pretty sure of success. As many as six, eight, and even eleven fish have been taken with fly by a single rod in the afternoon. On one occasion I hooked thirteen fish at Brainshaugh in the course of two hours.

The lures used on the Coquet are the artificial fly, the minnow attached to the spinning tackle, the drop minnow, the worm, and what I deem rather a poaching bait—the salmon roe. In addition to these, what is here termed the *rumbling* minnow is used, as well as beetles, maggots, wasp-grubs, &c., which are employed in the height of summer in what is termed *shade fishing*. This last mode of fishing is very deadly, and it is by this means the finest and heaviest fish are taken with the rod. With respect to the first-mentioned lure, the artificial fly, the angler will need but a small assortment. For the capture of the bull trout, no flies answer so well as those having either a red or yellow body, with red ginger or black hackle, and wings from the black and white feathers of the turkey, of which those having a slight brownish tinge are the best. For the common yellow trout the March brown, the hare lug with woodcock wings, the black, and red, hackle, together with flies formed from the grouse feather, the golden plover, and the partridge, with hare's-ear body, each being dressed as hackle flies, and a few flies dressed with yellow silk bodies, red or black cock's hackle, and wings from the grey feather of the jay, will be found a sufficient stock. This

last-named fly, termed in this locality "The yellow body and *blee* wing," is an excellent killer in the Coquet as well as on many other waters. Generally speaking, however, hackles claim the palm over winged flies in this river. I have repeatedly found, when fishing with winged flies on the Coquet, that they have scarcely taken a fish until considerably the worse for wear; and that it was only when the wings were nearly or quite annihilated that they became tempting, after which they have performed their office admirably. When angling for the bull trout in the early part of the season (in the months of February and March), the flies used should be of a size suitable for grilse: in the month of April, unless the river be flooded, those used for the common yellow trout, which should then be of a tolerable size, will be found more inviting. All flies used on the Coquet should be dressed without tinsel, which, while forming a most important appendage in Scottish lochs, and in all rivers frequented by sea trout, is certainly better omitted on this water. I have endeavoured below to describe the artificial lures likely to ensure success.

COQUET SALMON FLIES.

- No. 1. *Wings*.—Black and white mottled turkey feather.
Body.—Red worsted or pig's wool.
Legs.—Black cock's hackle.
- No. 2. *Wings*.—Black and white mottled turkey feather.
Body.—Yellow worsted or pig's wool.
Legs.—Black cock's hackle.
- No. 3. *Wings*.—Brown mottled turkey feather.
Body.—Red worsted or pig's wool.
Legs.—Ginger or red cock's hackle.
- No. 4. *Wings*.—Black and white mottled turkey feather.
Body.—Claret worsted or pig's wool.
Legs.—Black cock's hackle.

COQUET TROUT FLIES.

- No. 5. *Wings*.—Grey feather of the jay.
Body.—Yellow floss silk.
Legs.—Black cock's hackle.
 (This is termed "The Yellow Body and Blee Wing.")
- No. 6. *Body*.—From the hare's ear.
Legs.—Wing feather of golden plover, dressed as a hackle.
- No. 7. *Wings*.—Feather of woodcock.
Body.—Hare's ear.
Legs.—Black cock's hackle.
- No. 8. *Body*.—Red silk or worsted.
Legs.—Red cock's hackle.
- No. 9. *Body*.—Black silk or worsted.
Legs.—Black cock's hackle.
- No. 10. *Body*.—Hare's ear.
Legs.—From wing feather of grouse, dressed as a hackle.

The second bait, which I have already alluded to, is the minnow used upon spinning tackle, which should be formed of two, or at most three hooks; although some anglers employ six, and even eight. For my own part, I am convinced that this complicated machinery is rather calculated to mar than to ensure success, as being apt to come in contact with stones and sunken roots, while the tackle I recommend, consisting of two or three hooks, is amply sufficient to secure fish if they be in taking humour. Much depends upon the selection of the minnows themselves, of which abundance may be taken when the river is low,

either by means of a minnow net,* or a minute portion of worm on a small hook. Minnows of the largest as well as the smallest kind should be rejected; also those of a dark colour; while those of a moderate size, about two-and-a-quarter inches in length, and of a silvery appearance, are the most likely to secure success. As it frequently happens that minnows cannot be procured at the time they are required, owing either to a thick and flooded state of the water, or some other cause, it is advisable that the angler should have a stock preserved with salt or in spirits, which will afford a substitute at a pinch, but have no pretensions to the merits of the fresh minnow; inasmuch as the eye has lost its lustre, the silvery appearance has much faded, and the whole fish has become, by keeping, less able to stand the wear and tear caused by the counteraction of the water.

In the use of the spinning minnow I am decidedly in favour of tolerably heavy leading, but in this matter much must be left to the judgment of the angler in every water; and, indeed, in the Coquet, so varied are the streams, both as regards depth and rapidity, that a weighted minnow which would sink in an instant in one stream, would be whirled away upon the surface of the next. In short, a single swan-shot is sufficient here, while six or eight would be required in another stream. The best method of meeting with this difficulty shall be explained hereafter. Having said thus much regarding the spinning minnow, I have now to say a few words of the same bait in his drop form, termed "the drop minnow."

When the drop minnow is used, no swivels are actually required, as the bait is not intended to spin, but rather to dive upwards and downwards; at the same time the attachment of a swivel will tend to prevent entanglement of the line, in the same manner as when attached to a chain it saves a dog from hanging himself. The tackle used for the

Fig. 1. Drop minnow hook.



Fig. 2. Rumbling minnow hook.



Fig. 3. Hook for salmon roe.



Fig. 4. Double hook for shade fishing.



drop minnow consists of a single hook (Fig. 1) having a leaden shank,

* Although I never carried a landing-net when fishing the Coquet, or any other water in which trout did not run of considerable size and weight, or in which from the nature of the banks there would be considerable difficulty in landing a fish without it, I recommend every angler to possess one, and to have the net made with a mesh small enough to take minnows. I have on many occasions been indebted for a supply of baits while fly-fishing to my landing-net, which is constructed upon the above principle.

which is attached to a strand of strong gut with a loop at the end, which, by means of a baiting-needle, is passed through the minnow by the mouth, bringing it out at the vent, leaving the leaden shank in the body of the bait. The loop is now attached to about three yards of a strong gut casting-line, which is fastened to the common reel-line. In deep still pools this bait should be quietly dropped to the bottom, and immediately raised gently to within a foot of the surface, and thus continued falling and rising. This is a deadly bait in summer, when trout have retired to the deeps. The particular localities on the Coquet in which this lure will be found attractive shall be mentioned when we come to describe the various portions of the water most deserving of the angler's attention.

Another mode in which the minnow is used on the Coquet is termed the "rumbling minnow." The tackle consists of a single hook (Fig. 2) attached to a strand of fine gut, which is joined to a gut line of six or eight feet in length, having one or more swivels to prevent entanglement, spinning not being a matter of importance when the minnow is used in the rumbling form. I am indebted to the kindness of an experienced Coquet angler, William Dobson, residing at West Thirston, for instruction in a very neat and simple method of attaching the rumbling minnow to the gut casting-line. By the system alluded to much time and trouble is saved whenever it is requisite to attach a fresh bait. Instead of attaching the hook to a strand of gut, whip it to a loop similar to that used for salmon or grilse flies, with this exception, that the loop, instead of reaching beyond the shank of the hook, should terminate a short distance within it. Whenever a fresh minnow is to be used, it is necessary merely to insert the shank of the hook into the mouth of the bait, and to bring it out at the vent by means of a small baiting-needle; after which it remains only for the angler to pass the loop at the end of the casting-line through that attached to the hook, and over the shank end of the same, and all will be found secure and ready for use. Whenever a new minnow is required, by re-passing the loop of the casting-line over the shank of the hook, and drawing it through the loop attached to it, the hook is freed, and ready for insertion in the manner above described.

The "rumbling minnow" should be cast across and rather up-stream, and allowed to "rumble" down until the line becomes *taut*, when the bait should be re-cast in the same manner. This mode of fishing will be found most successful in a clear state of water, and especially in the evening, immediately before and after sunset, in the months of July and August. By this means large trout are to be obtained.

With regard to the salmon roe, I never was myself particularly eager in its practice, considering it to be at best but a poaching bait, and requiring little or no skill in its management; added to which, the angler continues almost inactive, which inactivity is rendered by no means more agreeable by frost, which is the state of atmosphere most propitious to the employment of this lure. Notwithstanding my own dislike to the practice of salmon roe fishing, still, as it is a means used on the Coquet for the capture both of the yellow and the bull trout, I must not pass it over without notice. The state of water most suitable for this bait occurs after a considerable flood, and just as it is falling; the colour of the element being of a yellow or drab colour, caused by mud and sand,

which are still mixed with it. For this lure a double hook should be employed, formed of two hooks, No. 8, figure 3, whipped together on strong single-gut, in such a manner that they may stand at right angles to each other. Upon these a piece of the paste about the size of a small bean should be pressed with the finger and thumb, so as to cover the hooks with the exception of the extreme points of the barbs, which should protrude through the bait.

A moderate leading should be used, and the instant the fish has seized the bait, which will be indicated by the bending of the rod, he should be struck, or he will in all probability suck off a great portion of the roe, without tasting the hook.

The best places for fishing with the salmon roe are neither to be found in deep still water, nor in the main current of the stream, but rather in the eddies at the sides of it, to which places fish resort, partly to avoid the violence of the water in a state of flood, and also for the purpose of seizing worms and insects which are swept into those parts of the river. The angler when fishing with the salmon roe should select a likely place, and rather keep his position than move about in quest of a better, as the more the water becomes impregnated with the roe, the greater will be the number of fish congregated to the spot; for this reason it is that a party of three or four rods, placed at moderate distances from each other, decidedly tend to increase the sport of each angler. There are days on which fish pay but little attention to this bait, which is, however, perhaps the most deadly employed. In the neighbourhood of Felton and Rothbury it is no uncommon thing to see several fishers on the bank at very moderate distances apart, some individuals having three or four rods in operation at once, each line being baited with salmon roe, accompanied by a large worm which hangs impaled upon a hook about a yard and-a-half higher up. This is certainly making the most of a deadly mode of fishing, and in the course of two or three hours a single rod will frequently capture from six to twelve dozen good yellow trout, with the probable addition of a specimen of the *eriox*. I shall dismiss the subject of roe fishing with remarking that the rod employed for the purpose, whether single or double-handed, should be stiff in its formation, as it enables the angler to strike with greater quickness.

Of fishing with worm in flooded water I have little to remark, except that a large dew-worm is the most suitable for the purpose; and provided it continue lively under its impalement, it will do its own work, while the fisher may stand smoking, with his hands in his pockets, from which he is required occasionally to withdraw them to raise his set rod whenever he sees it in the act of bowing to its constituents. If the angler wish to improve this tame and uninteresting portion of the craft, let him add a float to the line, the bobbing and ducking of the painted-cork forming a pleasing contrast to the general inactivity of the affair. In all probability a good-natured eel will occasionally take compassion on the angler by nibbling for a considerable time in the water, and by twisting and twirling when transferred to *terra firma*, and after having been finally decapitated in order to extract the hook, will leave the ardent worm-fisher the agreeable employment of delivering his line from a world of entanglement. Although in an edible point of view I cannot by any means enter into the Scotch antipathy to eels, which are

generally designated by them "nasty beasts," I think the epithet very appropriate as far as the angler's profession is concerned. I consider good silver eels, when caught in running water and afterwards properly fried, to be one of the best of piscine delicacies; although I cannot go so far as a school companion, who told me he "should like to be called up every hour in the night to eat them stewed." This, like the fishing for them, is too much of a good thing in my opinion.

Thus much for worm fishing in flooded water, which branch of the art I leave its lovers to practise to their hearts' content, wishing them after their inactive labours a comfortable night's rest and pleasing meditations.

There is another mode, however, of using the worm (but not an individual of the same species), which tests to a very high degree the skill of the angler: I allude to worm fishing in clear water. This branch of the art requires great dexterity, and combines also the same activity and varied scenery enjoyed by the fly-fisher. I have known many of the best performers in both branches of the craft; and while I am so wedded myself to the practice of the artificial-fly that it is always more or less irksome to me to adopt any other mode of fishing, even the use of the natural insect itself, which in many points of view is but a shade removed above "bait-fishing," I am free to confess that I have met with more adepts in the fly than in the worm department. One reason for this is without doubt the fact that the latter is less generally known than the former; and indeed, I may say that over the whole of Great Britain and Ireland it is but comparatively a few who have seen or even heard of "worm-fishing in clear water." In the minds of most men the very title appears a contradiction of terms. Worm-fishing in discoloured water they readily enough understand, accompanied with a stiff bamboo rod, a float, a camp-stool, and an umbrella; or even apart from these addenda and inconvenient comforts, the pursuit is never questioned as to its success; but the idea of catching a trout, perhaps the most cunning of all fish, with a worm in clear water, is quite preposterous. The incredulity of such men is only increased when they are told that on the brightest and hottest day, and in the lowest and most crystal state of water, when the smallest fly attached to the finest gut or even horse-hair will scarcely secure a few small finsters, the worm if rightly used will capture a creel-full of fish. As a single instance of the incredulity of men upon this point, I may mention what occurred when I was fishing the river Don in Aberdeenshire, two years ago. There had been a long-continued drought, and the river had become as low and clear as it well could be. I had been for some time pursuing my avocation as a fly-fisher, chiefly near the mouth of the river, where at low tide, and for a short time after its flow, I had occasionally very good sport amongst the sea-trout, which varied from one to two pounds. I also in the deeper parts of the river took every now and then some tolerable yellow trout; at the same time, this was such a rare instance of good luck, that I felt in the fly department Othello's "occupation was gone," until another *spate* might come. I collected two or three scores of worms of the black-head or button kind, and having toughened them in moss for two days, I sallied forth, being looked upon by the various fly-fishers as an insane man. According to the old proverb, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating:" mine turned out to be a

very tolerable one. The first fish, the largest I caught that day, weighed two pounds and a-quarter, and this was taken in a stream which had been well thrashed by three anglers not half-an-hour before. I managed on this occasion to secure a handsome dish of fine trout, the smallest in my creel weighing half-a-pound. After this I was deemed sufficiently sane to be left, at all events for a time, free from the restraint of a lunatic asylum. I need scarcely add that not a few of the sceptics were soon busily employed in lifting stones and tiles, and digging into rubbish and dung-hills in an active pursuit after the black-headed worms, which were soon impaled by novices, and sent in search of more finny victims. Some succeeded tolerably well; others made a bungling business of it; but all were convinced of the fact that fish are to be caught by worms under a cloudless sky "in clear water."

THE ALPENSTOCK;

OR, GLACIAL TOILS AND SUNNY RAMBLES.

BY CAPTAIN J. W. CLAYTON,

Late of the 13th Light Dragoons: Author of "Ubique," and "Personal Memoirs of Charles II., &c."

[COMMUNICATED TO, AND EDITED BY, LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.]

CHAPTER XV.

His scanty garments were dripping with wet, as well as his light brown hair, and he was shivering in every limb from cold; but still he held his slight form triumphantly erect, and such a bright expression of feverish joy gladdened his face of child-like beauty, that Johanna, springing up quickly, ran towards him, and asked with an unsteady voice—

"Why, Haydn, what's the matter? what has happened?"

"Oh something wonderful, dearest Johanna," enthusiastically answered the young man. "A thrice-blessed chance has befallen me. Listen then to me; and Father Keller, you also must attend; and Dora too." He then continued breathlessly, artlessly, and with great animation—"I had remained longer than usual this afternoon with a pupil, who does not take as much interest in 'my dear music' as I could wish; although I had promised Signor Porpora, yesterday, to be with him this evening at seven o'clock, to speak upon important business, and also to fetch some new airs which I am anxious to study carefully, in order that I may accompany them properly at the Maestro's next soirée. Well, though Porpora's dwelling was some distance from that of my pupil, I ran as fast as I could, but he was clearly gone. After waiting some time in the hope of his return, I went away, intending to call again later, and strolled quietly to and fro on the ramparts. It had become very hot and sultry—not a breath stirred the leaves; all nature seemed to pause in its course. No bird was seen; no sound was heard; and the flowers bent down their heads and sickened. Then looking towards the sky, I observed how visibly the breath of God was sweeping near; and then soon was heard the first low murmur of his anger

—speaking to shrinking mortality in the distant thunder. Feeling how anxious you would all be on my account, I hastened my steps, and fled as fast as possible from the approaching wrath of the Heavens, to reach my happy home. As I was running through a bye street, the full sweet tones of a beautiful harpsichord broke suddenly upon my ear. I remained rooted to the spot; for I knew and felt who inhabited that large grey house, and whose were the hands under which such melody was flowing. I leant close to the wall, exactly under the window from whence the sounds proceeded. Unmindful of the threatening deluge, and wrapt in ecstasy, I lived only in the trance of delight inspired by so divine a harmony. Deep in my inmost soul the chords are engraved. From amidst the war of contending elements; through all the loudest horrors and wildest uproar of great Nature's overwhelming wrath—a sublime and giant spirit burst forth like the march of an angel, till, unresisting, unrestrained, and all-conquering, it soared on its wings of glory and strength, and penetrated to the pure and holy Heavens. *The great master Glück was playing!* As the last strains died away upon the air, every vestige of the storm had swept away; all around was still and clear; the moon and the stars, and the smile of God himself, seemed beaming down from the face of the sweet skies. I then saw the tall form lean from the window. I recognised the noble and serious countenance, whose deeply-thoughtful eyes wandered enquiringly around; and brooding over the lordly calm of that stately brow, as clouds hang over the sea, was Thought—mighty and creative. And so, my friends, blessing that noble mind with tears of gratitude, admiration, and delight, away I crept quietly homewards, heart and soul enraptured. Yet stay—a dizziness seems creeping over me; the rain has chilled me to the bones—I would lie down and rest awhile."

"Yes, dear boy," said old Keller, anxiously, "get you to bed quickly; even now your hands are burning with fever."

Then the bloom on the cheek of the young Johanna paled. An anxious fear shot like an ice-bolt to her heart: quietly she turned to open the casement—the moonlight slept along the streets; and above she raised her streaming eyes, and fervent was that silent prayer breathed forth to the Great Protector.

"A good night to you, you thoughtless boy," said coolly the stately Dora; and the young man left the room.

And there was great distress and sorrow in the house of Keller the barber. Joseph Haydn lay unconscious in fever. True, the hastily summoned doctor, wise in green spectacles and wig, at first declared that a slight cold was all that ailed his patient; yet on the third day he shook his head importantly, saying that "On the ninth would be the crisis;" while the various-coloured physics and the yards of plaister were poured down and laid on—yet all seemed in vain! Still the poor young musician lay almost motionless, with fleeting breath and burning cheeks; while the swollen lips, parched and blue, smiled and uttered their sweet and melancholy ravings of "heavenly harmony" and "angels' songs," intermingled with his love for the poor girl, who, with a heart bowed down by its load of sorrow, was weeping and watching by his side.

"My own bright Johanna, rose of my heart, come hither and taste with me of these holy melodies. Do you not hear them—the seraphs

quiring to the ascending spirits of the newly dead? Now, now—listen to the awful sweetness of the Heavenly organs. I sleep, Johanna; I sleep, for thou art gone; I see thee no more, and the world is dark. Yet will gentle slumber satisfy the yearnings of my spirit, to wander still with thee, side by side, and cheer thee on thy way. Come, gentle sleep, in mild oblivion, and sweet mockery of death, enwrap my suffering clay; and my soul, freed for a time from its prison, shall sail forth exulting on the waves of space, to meet and mingle with thine. Even now I see thee in the light of a spirit, which has wandered to me, to purify the more my love for thee. Hist! methinks I hear a sigh. No; 'tis only that in every faint sound of the night I distinguish 'Johanna.' On the voice of the breeze I hear the murmurs of angels, whispering down from the halls of Heaven the sweet burden of the one loved name—Johanna."

Thus he wandered on. Hour after hour rolled by, and still the faithful girl, in all that sweet, enduring nature, the eternal love of woman, lent from Heaven itself, and which transforms her by the bedside of suffering into one of its own ministering angels—still the poor faithful girl, the lovely Johanna, sat by the couch of the unconscious sufferer, wringing her hands in the anguish of despair. Dora would sometimes glide noiselessly into the little room like a dark phantom, cast a withering glance on the invalid, knit her brows, smile scornfully at her weeping sister, and then turn hastily round, and rush out again, without one word of compassion or sympathy; while Father Keller wandered about helplessly and hopelessly, like a spirit looking for its grave, once again thrusting his arms into his breeches, up to the elbows, and then again taking out his hands, and looking at them in consternation: he neglected all his best customers, during his reveries, and powdered all his wigs wrong! "Do you remember my prophesy?" he would say. "Surely he will die."

And in this state of things arrived the dreaded ninth day, when, alas! the appearance of the invalid changed but too evidently. The dull clouds, and dark dews of death, were gradually and heavily lowering and sweeping in leaden shadows over the wan and altered cheek and hollow eye; fainter and more uneven passed the waning breath from between the livid lips. The hand of death seemed upon him. "The poor youth can only last through the night, or I do not deserve to be acknowledged as a follower of Esculapius," said the doctor, with a sapient eye. And Johanna heard those words, shuddering with horror. Distracted with a thousand different emotions, trembling with excess of grief, she rushed into her own adjoining room, and threw herself on her knees before the image of the Virgin. For some time she remained, writhing in agony of mind, and speechless, before the face of the merciful Mother. "Help, oh help, holy Queen of Heaven. Oh! restore my *beloved*; for what is there that lives, that breathes for me, to revere, to think upon, to exalt, to *love*, but him. If an offering be needed, then take me—take *my* young and blooming life. Holy Mary, look upon me! I vow to devote myself for ever to thy service, to become a pious nun, to take the veil as the bride of thy Son. Blessed Virgin, hear me, receive my vow. Spare me this grief; send health to the sufferer; and save, oh! save him from death." As she thus prayed in the unspeakable sorrow of her distressed spirit, she

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raised her eyes again, and it seemed to her as if the flowers in the little jug, placed in front of the Virgin's image, which before had appeared faded and dead, were then blooming and fresh, and smiling brightly towards her. A sweet joy streamed, like a sunbeam midst the chills of winter, through the gloom of her childish and believing heart. "Behold, he blessed Mary accepts my vow!" cried she.

"Dearest father," said the girl, when alone with the barber, Keller, "if our Haydn recovers, then shall I fulfil the favourite wish of my dear departed mother, and shall take the veil in the convent of St. Ursula. This day have I vowed to do so, before God and the Holy Virgin!"

Keller smiled and sighed at the same moment. "My daughter," said he, "thy obedience comes too late; he will not live, the doctor has said it."

But Joseph Haydn recovered, in spite of the doctor, and quite as rapidly as he had become ill. His joyous laugh once more rang through the little household; the merry expression of his eyes returned; and, by degrees, he gradually regained his lost strength. Who, then, was so happy as Johanna? for did not the beloved one spend whole days at her side, in the snug little parlour? For might she not wait upon him with all the tender care of a sister; place his chair at the window in the warm sunshine; or bring him the sweetest and freshest roses? Were not all the grateful glances of those dear eyes; all the joyous smiles of those most expressive lips—all, for her alone? Aye, and how proudly she listened to the numerous solicitous enquiries after the health of young Haydn. Even old Porpora, with his brown and wrinkled face, and fiery eyes, came himself to visit his "Birbante," as he called the useful young musician, half in joke, half in earnest. But how gentle and mild the old man at once became when he beheld the weak, fragile pale youth, who had scarcely strength enough to stretch out his hand to welcome him! How soft and sweet sounded his pitying "Poveretto," and his caressing expression, "Mio caro figlio." The invalid felt his old master's kindness deeply, and flushed with delight and emotion, as a lily in the setting sun.

Then, when once more alone with Johanna, he would speak of the happiness it gave him to frequent the society of such great masters—of his adored music—of his heavenward aspiring plans and hopes. And then descended upon his Soul—that rock against which the billows of all bodily adversity idly clash; that divine inspiration which gave birth to those sonatas and quartets which will ever reverberate on the lyre of Time; and there, in the darkness of that quiet chamber of sickness, they blossomed; and there ever sat watching and praying the pretty Johanna, with her soft blue eyes swimming in their sorrow. But then, alas! too soon was the first ecstatic joy, which leapt from her heart at the dawn of returning health in her adored one, changed by the demon of fate into the bitterest anguish; for the long-accustomed angel-face played upon by the smile of Heaven itself, whose own deep blue was reflected in its eyes; while the voice of the loving soul, within, was melting them more tenderly, remained firm, constant, and unwearyed by the sufferer, through the livelong hours of the day, and the joyless vigils of the night; till gratitude, reason, attachment, and at last love, were demonstrated so undisguisedly, so distinctly, that the pure tenderness of the youth's whole spirit and impulsive nature was

beaming irresistibly *from his heart*, and reflected in those large clear eyes, wandering still in frequent unconsciousness; yet ever returning, true as the needle to the pole, to rest themselves upon the faithful, gentle nurse by his side, and flowed forth with every breath, and influenced every word. Convulsively and secretly were the poor girl's hands clasped together, for she was almost overwhelmed with the double burden of his happiness, and the weight of her own solemn vow. Days passed on; the invalid rapidly recovered; and each day he loved his Johanna more dearly. The poor girl then thought of the gloomy convent walls; and during the long and silent night hours, many were the bitter tears with which her pillow was moistened. And, furthermore, without apparent cause, her sister Dora seemed to avoid her, looking pale and haughty—yes, Dora evidently shunned her sister, and their young invalided guest, and even her old father! and locked herself up for hours together in her own little room. However, one morning, as the little family were assembled together, a large official letter arrived, directed to "The Musician Joseph Haydn," from one of his principal patrons, the noble Count Morzin. It contained a formal appointment to be director of music at the celebrated chapel belonging to that nobleman; and Haydn clasped his hands, saying, slowly and emphatically, with much emotion—"O God, good and great, how I love thee! vouchsafe to receive the gratitude of the poor young musician, and how continually will I thank thee, and sing thy praises all my life long!" And then turning his glorious eyes full upon the face of his beloved, which, like an April day, was all smiles and tears, he exclaimed joyfully, "Now Johanna, dearest, may I pour into thine ear my tale of love, pure and holy as it will be, undying. How often—oh, how often, in the wild nights of delirium, the angel-eyes of my Johanna have ever beamed upon me like faithful and holy stars, and the soft music of her voice swept over my soul in *Æolian strain*. The days of sickness flew on, and still, even 'midst the flitting fancies of my brain—still I yearned for my Johanna, and knew not she watched beside me: the sun shone through my casement, yet I was hardly mindful of its beams, for her darling image outshone all: the cold nights rolled by, and my dreams were ever of Johanna and happiness—of her who is *now* the shrine to which all my thoughts—my whole soul—must bow. My being was intoxicated with love, and changed as the earth by the sunrise. Wherever in my dreams I looked, and the fancy led me, the world seemed full of her, and I saw her in all that was good and beautiful. For in every beam that trembled on the waters, and every star that smiled sweetly through the skies, I saw but a reflection of those deep and earnest eyes which shed, amidst the darkness of delirium, such a brightness upon my soul. Now, Johanna, may we not be happy? Do you love me?"

Dora suddenly rushed out of the room; but the poor Johanna, sinking helplessly down at the feet of her lover, stretched out her arms despairingly towards Heaven, and cried in a heartrending tone—"Joseph,

* This was Haydn's first appointment. In the following year he became "*Kspell Meister*" to Prince Esterhazy, with a salary of four hundred gulden. "This very small appointment," wrote Count Morzin, "is only in token of grateful acknowledgment for the beautiful symphony in D, which my dear, clever Haydn lately composed expressly for my chapel."

dear Joseph, away with thy sweet dreams; for, as there is no happiness here on earth, we must part—part for ever. I have made a vow to the holy Virgin; at the end of the year I take the veil.”

When the words were ended, she sprang up, and rushed out of the chamber; whilst poor old Keller supported the half-fainting Haydn, pressed him compassionately to his breast, and, with many sighs, related to him the irrevocable vow of his eldest daughter.

A day or two after the scene just recorded, as Johanna was languidly pacing with sorrowful steps her little bedroom, endeavouring by fervent prayer to gain fresh strength for the heavy trial awaiting her, a confused and hasty noise in the room above attracted her attention. A strange, a most unaccountable presentiment seized her: her whole strength and presence of mind returned with full force. Silently and eagerly she crept up the stairs—the door of the dreaded chamber stood ajar; she gazed for one moment through the opening, and her maddening gaze caught the flutter of her sister's dress, as she climbed the little parapet of the wide opened window, with the evident intention of throwing herself into the street beneath. One wild shriek escaped Johanna's lips; but at the same moment, with the rapidity of lightning, she with a bound reached the window, and dragged back the frightened culprit into the room.

A few months later, a young, pale, and lovely nun professed in the convent of St. Ursula, receiving the name of Marie; and two days afterwards was celebrated the quiet wedding of Joseph Haydn and Dora Keller.

Haydn's parting interview with her he had loved so deeply, hopelessly, and despairingly, was inexpressibly touching. Whilst the agitated young man promised the pious enthusiast, from his great affection for her, and from the love which Dora felt for him, to offer his true honest hand to the youngest sister, feeling also that this union would enable him to discharge a portion of the great debt which he owed to his fatherly friend and host; then the lovers exchanged a first and holy kiss. Oh what an epoch in our lives is that first wild long and delirious kiss, when our lips *feel* the union of our souls!

“Be true to thy God, thy wife, and thy noble and holy music,” sighed forth the beautiful girl, almost heart-broken; “but do not forget me, and be patient with Dora. A year hence, not sooner dearest, come to me at the convent grating; but oh! do not speak, for those too well-beloved accents will sink like drops of burning lead into my heart. *Look* at me only, with those loving eyes calmly; and if thou art *happy* with thy wife, bring in thine hand a fresh bouquet; but if thou art *not* happy, Joseph, dear Joseph, then shew me the faded remains of this white rosebud, which, as my parting gift, I leave with thee; and now, now, farewell. My first, my best, my only love! may God and His holy angels protect thee! Spare me sometimes, dearest, a thought—the poor and fond Johanna; and do not forget those happy days we have passed together, and the fervent words we breathed—those days, when no grief dimmed the sunshine and bright hours of our happy home—those days, whose sweet Memory will ever hover round my path like Ghosts of departed Joy; and for ever, as long as this heart which lonely beats

within its breast has passions—as long as existence has woes, the angel-eyes of my own loved one will still beam upon me like holy stars, and the soft music of his voice sweep over the desert of my heart, sounding for ever in Memory's ear, sadly and sweetly, like the well-remembered tones of some mute lyre. Joseph, *darling Joseph*—my own—fare-well!" * * *

At the expiration of a year there arrived at the convent of St. Ursula a slight, fair young man, who enquired, in a subdued tone of voice, for "Sister Marie;" and soon, then, a bent and delicate form, as a lily bowed by the blast, quietly and silently approached him, disclosing through the folds of its veil a gentle face, blanched as the marble over which it glided; and Haydn, the musician, raised his eyes, and recognised with difficulty, through the scalding tears which seamed his young cheek, his once blooming and still adored Johanna. Quietly he held out a *faded rosebud*, raised it to his lips, and kissed it fervently. Then the poor nun sighed most bitterly, pressed her forehead against the cold iron grating, and gazed long, intensely, earnestly at the countenance of her lost love. There, indeed, was the clear and noble eye: the majesty of intellect still sat upon his brow; but the child like joyous expression was gone, and lines of secret sorrow, perhaps only perceptible to the eyes of love, were to be traced around his exquisitely-formed mouth. And "Sister Marie" looked long, eagerly, and stedfastly in the face of her dear friend; and *his* eyes rivetted themselves fast upon her features, as if they could never turn from them again. A few intense concentrated happy, yet agonising moments fled on; and then they took a silent, loving, and sorrowful leave of each other, and, in this world, they never met again. A week later they buried the poor nun; the youthful soul, anatomized from its body by the leechcraft of Death, had gone to take its heritage. Oh—

"Death, cold and lonely, thy frigid face is hateful.
The bravest look on thee with dread; the humblest curse thy coming."

Whether Haydn, the ever young, bright-eyed, noble-minded Haydn, whose happy melodies have endeared themselves to every heart, as the sweet-scented, smiling flowers, the forest verdure, the sun's rays, and the breath of spring, to our eyes and our life—whether, in that gay, lively song of praise * to the good Father, and for his beautiful world below, he preserved a remembrance of his youthful love to the end of his glorious life; whether his heart, in the midst of the cheerless existence occasioned by his unhappy and childless marriage, still remembered and dwelt in the delights of loving and being beloved? Take up then, O reader, the enchanting "Seasons;" reflect that Joseph Haydn was sixty-nine when bright and wonderful blossoms sprang from his creative genius, and drown all doubts and fears in the refreshing picture of the sweet innocent loves of

"HANCHEN AND LUCAS."

N. B. In 1800 died Dora Haydn, the youngest daughter of the barber, Keller. That the elder sister was beloved by Haydn, as is portrayed in the foregoing sketch, and took the veil—are facts.

* The "Seasons."

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

“ Their limbs were cast in manly mould,
 For hardy sports or contests bold.”
 SCOTT.

Of all the rowing matches in the world, there is not one which creates so universal an excitement as the Oxford and Cambridge annual boat-race. Two eight-oared outriggers are manned by crews selected from the most skilful oarsmen each university can produce; and these struggle for the palm of victory in public contest on the Thames. So popular has this annual affair become, that it is one of the most attractive sporting events of the season.

The competitors are all gentlemen members of the two universities; and, be it said to their immortal honour, they row for no prize or stake whatever, but for that which is of far higher value in the estimation of magnanimous men—the proud distinction of the first oarsmen in the land. It is a test the combination of science, skill, and muscular strength; and the very circumstance of being selected as one of the crew of the University eights is in itself an honour of no mean distinction, and one which can only be attained after much perseverance, hard toil, and self-denial.

In addition to which, considerable expense is incurred not only at the universities, but in London. Both crews generally arrive on the Thames a week or fortnight previously to the race, to practise over the course and become familiar with the river; during all which time each gentleman, though under cautious training, both dietary and otherwise, incurs heavy personal expenses. The public should, therefore, feel the more grateful at the opportunity afforded them of witnessing these gallant struggles between rival crews of the two universities; and among whom are some, at least, who are probably destined to figure in public life in years to come, though in a different capacity to that of the university eights. It is an indisputable fact, that a course of training to manly exercises, during study at the universities, is of material assistance, both mentally and bodily; and there is no exercise which tends more to promote health and vigour than boating.

On the present occasion—the 15th of April, 1859—the event was decided under the most unfavourable circumstances, as regards wind and weather, ever witnessed at these races; the wind blowing half a gale from the N.E., accompanied by gusts and squalls of snow and hail, rendering it a shivering scene for the thousands of spectators who lined the banks of the river from one end of the course to the other. Among that throng were assembled rank and beauty—the noblest and fairest in the land; and all seemed to disregard the occasional pelting storms, and looked wishfully for the coming boats with pleasure gleaming in their faces.

Every bridge was crowded with fluttering silks, and extended crinolines were seen ashore in every spot on which the eye could rest; and many a lovely form was observed to turn an encouraging glance at "those fine young fellows who weighed twelve stone and upwards."

The names and weights of the competitors are as follow:—

OXFORD.			CAMBRIDGE.		
	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
1. H. F. Baxter, Brasenose	10	12	1. N. Royds, Trinity	10	6
2. R. F. Clarke, St. John's	11	13	2. H. J. Chaytor, Jesus	10	13
3. C. G. Lane, Christ Church	11	9	3. A. L. Smith, Trinity	11	11
4. Hon. V. Lawless, Balliol	12	3	4. D. Darrock, Trinity	12	4
5. G. Morrison, Balliol	13	1	5. H. Williams, St. John's	12	6
6. R. W. Risley, Exeter	11	2	6. R. L. Lloyd, Magdalen	11	9
7. G. Thomas, Balliol	11	4	7. G. A. Paley, St. John's	11	7
8. J. Arkell, Pembroke	10	12	8. J. Hall, Magdalen	10	4
A. J. Roberts, Christ Church (Cox.)	9	1	J. T. Morland, Trinity (Cox)	9	0

There are some circumstances connected with this match which are unusually remarkable: the Cambridge crew were freely backed at considerable odds, though it was well proved in the practice several days before the race that the Oxonians were the better crew; yet, for unaccountable reasons their case was looked upon by the backers of the Cantabs as hopeless. Never was a crew so unjustly criticised as were the Oxford; and to such an extent had the feeling of deficiency prevailed, that on coming to the place of starting they were almost ridiculed by the vulgar as going on a forlorn hope; though to scientific and practical oarsmen who had witnessed their practice, they were regarded with equal favour with their rivals. In midst of all these self-confident and over-sanguine opinions on the part of the Cantabs and their backers, the Oxonians maintained a modest and becoming demeanor, and seemed almost to adopt the Yankee notion:

"Laugh on, good people; never mind!
Say quiet Yankee Doodle."

And, as if to encourage the deluded admirers of the Cantabs, on rowing down to the starting place, the Oxonians performed such antics with their oars as induced the spectators to fancy for a moment they were quite unequal to the contest; and the numerous backers of the Cantabs chuckled with glee, turned their money in their pockets, and felt more confident than ever.

But how soon was this short-sighted delusion completely dispelled! The signal is given, and, like arrows, the graceful models are propelled over the troubled surface; but before two hundred yards are rowed, it is clear to every practical man that the Oxford crew must win. The exquisite skill, the vigour, and determination with which they pulled, were enough to convince the most inexperienced that the Cantabs had no chance with their opponents; though they formed as plucky a crew as ever stepped into an outrigger, and rowed one of the most determined races ever witnessed.

From the very first, before a drop of water was shipped by either boat, the Oxonians drew steadily a-head with all the grace and power of the most finished rowers, whilst Cambridge seemed to be distressing themselves beyond their power. So perfectly and gradually did the

Oxonians gain upon their opponents, that by the time the first mile was completed, they were three lengths a-head. Once the Cantabs redeemed about one length of the space which lay between their boat and the leading one; but it was only a temporary rush, and it only served to stimulate the gallant Oxonians to renewed exertion: Oxford seemed determined to win, and to defy the utmost efforts of her sister rival.

The day seemed specially made for the Oxford crew; their boat was rather more burthensome, buoyant, and of flatter floor; and they were, besides, the heavier crew; so that those experienced in rowing, and who had so freely backed Cambridge, shrugged their shoulders, and trembled for the result as gust after gust of wind, in violent fury, performed its antics on the water, and then completed its revelry by throwing clouds of dust over the fairest faces, and the prettiest bonnets ashore. Still it was a gallant struggle, such a one as is only seen when Oxford and Cambridge meet in fierce array upon the waters of old father Thames. Away they sped, slashing their oars into the murky waves, which appeared to yawn so greedily at the little boats, as if eager to swallow them up: spray after spray flew into both the boats, and over their gallant crews, as they manfully cut their way like flashes from the electric telegraph. Oxford leads the way during the whole long course; her crew maintaining the same indomitable courage and energy with which they started. Cheers were echoed right and left for Cambridge, but not a sound was heard for Oxford; everybody seemed to wish the Cantabs to win, and everybody seemed disappointed when they saw them struggling so bravely to overpower their rivals. But why this partiality should have been so erroneous, so unexampled, and conspicuous, is a mystery to everyone.

The race seemed all but won, the struggle nearly over. Oxford was still leading with determined pluck; the Cambridge crew were gathering all their energies, and seemed bent on a desperate spurt over the last two hundred yards; public excitement was at the highest pitch; every eye was eagerly strained in the direction indicated by the sounds "They come!" when a scene occurred which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. After passing under the railway-bridge at Barnes, the roughest reach they had yet encountered lay before them, and in pulling through the broken water with a resolution that would have done honour to the British flag, the Cantabs seemed determined to conquer or sink in their efforts, and fairly pulled their water-logged boat from beneath them; and down she sank, leaving her gallant crew struggling for their lives in water, cold as the frigid zone; whilst they themselves were heated with excitement and exertion to such an extent, that their position must have been one of extreme peril to their constitutions. On such a day, and in such a state, to be suddenly thrown into the water must seriously threaten the health of the most robust; and they were also all the while exposed to the greatest danger from the steamers and other craft, which were all going at their greatest speed, and which always crowd so closely upon the competing boats. But the palm of victory was due to Oxford before the accident happened to their rivals; and after resting a few mo-

ments upon their oars, as they saw with pain and regret the perilous position of their gallant opponents—who were immediately picked up and taken aboard the attending craft—they rowed leisurely to the winning-goal, where they were received with a hearty cheer. And thus terminated one of the most desperately-rowed matches ever witnessed on the Thames. Few who saw it from beginning to end, and marked the courage and determination of both crews, will ever forget it. At the close of the race the Oxford boat was also considerably water-logged, and could not have proceeded in safety but a very short distance farther.

The result must have been the same as regards the victory of the Oxonians, if no accident had occurred. The race was fairly won by the Oxford crew; though to the immense disappointment of the backers of the Cantabs; but probably no one is so much disappointed with the result as the Cambridge crew themselves.

Never did a crew come to the contest with more sanguine hopes, nor with such flattering admirers. The betting upon Cambridge was beyond precedent. With only two competitors in the field, 5 to 2 are odds which no reasonable man would offer on such a race. And it was well known that the Oxford were equally sanguine of success, though they seemed to find but few backers. The Oxonians have thus once more placed the star of their college in the ascendant, and removed the impressions of inferiority which had been so improperly made; and in this impartial and glorious race they have wiped off every remembrance of their last year's defeat, and have shown their rivals that, notwithstanding the inferior advantages for boating on the Isis compared with those of the Cam, Oxford can yet turn out a crew inferior to none in the world.

The race over, spectators seemed anxious to make the best of their way back to town; for when once the contest is decided, and the eights are ashore, the interest turns immediately from those on the water to the amusing scenes on the banks of the river, where beauty, elegance, and refinement are jostled—

* * * * "In midst of pushing crowds,
Who vent the frequent 'Damn!'
And all is riot, row, jaw, jabbering, and jam."

But scenes of such a nature are common at every sporting contest, though probably some of those which we dotted down on the spot may form an amusing episode to the closing scenes of the contest. Everybody must have noticed three conspicuous individuals who came "sixty mile a'parpus to see the bo't races." To describe them to such of our readers who were not so fortunate as to encounter them: one was a jolly-looking personage, in gold spectacles, who looked as if he belonged to a vicarage in the country, and lived on pork of his own fattening, and eggs laid by his own hens. Ever and anon the gusts of wind compelled this gentleman to put up both hands, one to hold on his hat, and the other to save the gold spectacles from being blown off his face into the arms of some ragamuffin urchin, who would have "taken particular care of them for the gentleman." Another was a broad-talking countryman, whose constant jabbering and peculiar dialect attracted the notice of every one about him.

Any one who chanced to be near him would soon gather from his remarks a pretty faithful history of the school in which he had been trained, and the county he came from. He was constantly talking of "the bo'ts," the "seat a' larnin'," "them gals," and "them chaps." The third of this trio was apparently a young curate, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the rustic simplicity of his companions, and laughed right merrily at some of their sayings. One remark in particular was perfectly irresistible, and caused roars of laughter from the crowd who stood near by—"How them air steemurs do rile the water, Tom; and fare as thow they'd swamp bo'oth the bo'ts."

But to turn for a few moments to another scene which arrested our attention, whilst we lost sight for a time of the distinguished trio. The tide had flowed so closely up to the brink of the houses and buildings in some parts on the banks of the river, as to impede the progress of foot-passengers; at one of which places a bloated and vociferous bully stands at the stem of a stranded boat, which it appears had been made the stepping-stone of passengers afoot where the water had flowed over the pathway. The bloated individual flourished a huge cudgel in the air, and threatened to sum up the account of any one who dared to trespass upon his property by stepping into the stranded boat. But the sequel to all the bullying was simply this: the inexorable publican, with more cunning than intention of carrying out his threats, by stopping the way, compelled scores of foot-passengers to pass through his house, and directly past his ale-tap, the enticements of which he probably considered too irresistible on such a day and such an occasion.

Turn we now to the road scenes, where everybody seems rushing to and fro, in wild confusion. There are figures and faces of every cast and every age; though perhaps more men from the universities than others, and, generally speaking, a more select assemblage than is usual at other aquatic sports. But the vulgar will always mix, and betray themselves by the coarseness of their tone and the rudeness of their demeanour. There is a lady elegantly attired, and mounted on a fine handsome-looking horse: at first the spectator thinks her a lady of rank and distinction, but on looking round and seeing no attendant near her, he becomes suspicious; and in a few moments those suspicions are fully realized, as the aforesaid lady recognizes a most familiar friend in the driver of a Hansom cab, who is loitering for a fare. The lady stretches forth a well-gloved and delicate-looking hand, with "Hah, Charley! how d'ye do?" Cabby grasps the hand with unmistakable familiarity, and responds to the friendly recognition with "God bless you, my love! I never was better!"

At this moment we again recognized the three country individuals before alluded to; they were making a rush at the roof of an omnibus, and to ensure a seat beside them was an occasion too irresistible to be avoided.

"Git up here, Tom," said the countryman, with much impatience; "good fellars marn't separate."

We had not proceeded many yards ere he burst out again—

"Look 'oc, Tom! there g' three of them chaps. They be three o' the aights. My eyes! how wet they be!"

The conversation about the "bo't races" was truly amusing; as, indeed, was the whole demeanour of the three country gentlemen.

"Have a s'gar?" said the noisy one, to a stranger sitting next him.

"Are they the real British?" was the quaint reply.

"I'll warrant 'em," said the innocent countryman, to the amusement of everyone who heard him.

Such is but a sample of the conversation which passed on the journey home, though a pelting storm of snow and hail closed for a time the mouth of our conspicuous friend, who finally remarked that "he didn't think much o' the Putney bo't races, arter all;" and so he should "budge back agin to his fillds in Suffuk, and look arter his hosses."

THE HIGH ALPS.

BY A DEVONIAN.

No. IV.

The Amerten Pass—The Wildstrubel—The Baths of Lööche—The Lütchen Thal—The St. Theodule Pass—Shooting at Ptarinigan—Ascent of Monte Rosa.

Lenk, or An der Lenk, as it usually is called, is a village of considerable importance, and possesses two good inns. The view of the Wildstrubel, from the windows of "The Crown," is magnificent; and we regretted that we could not spend four or five days there to enjoy it. The season, however, was advancing, and we were obliged to move on in an eastward direction: so we engaged a porter to carry our knapsacks to the Baths of Lööche, over a shoulder of the Wildstrubel; and as we knew that we should have a walk of eleven or twelve hours, without a house of any kind on the road, we made all preparations necessary for a stiffish day's work.

At Lenk we found two fellow-countrymen, who had intended going over the Rawyl-Pass, but who, on hearing of our plans, were induced to join us. Accordingly, soon after four a. m., we all started together—the party consisting of M——, myself, and our porter, and our two new companions and their guide, making six in all.

We went up the Valley of the Simmen, nearly as far as the Sieben-Brünnen, and then, turning to the left, we ascended a steep ridge of rock, having the Amerten glacier on our right, and the Amerten Grat on our left.

From this ridge there are two tracks—one traverses the Engstligen, a green plain of some extent, and leads to Adelboden and Frutigen; and by the other, to which we gave the name of the Amerten Pass, you go round the shoulder of the Wildstrubel, cross the glacier of the Rothe Kumm, and reach the top of the Gemmi Pass, near the Lake of Dauben.

This latter track we followed; and a magnificent view we had, from the heights above the Rothe Kumm glacier, of the vast snow-fields which cover the summit of the Wildstrubel; of the twin sisters—the Altels; and of the whole range of the High Alps of the Vallais, be-

tween the Mont Combin and Monte Rosa, including the Dent-Blanche the Tête-Blanche, the Weisshorn, the Dom, the Fletschhorn, and the Matterhorn, as well as Monte Rosa itself, which latter cannot, *as I believe*, be seen from the Gemmi Pass, although the guides generally profess to point it out to the traveller.

Nearly the entire space between the Lake of Dauben and the Rawyl is one mass of ice and snow, and a grand picture it presents; yet the Wildstrubel and its neighbourhood are very little visited. I have frequently seen not only ladies, but men who call themselves pedestrians, idle away four or five days, or even more, at Thun or Interlaken, and then go over the Gemmi, without even spending one day there, to explore the wonders of the Wildstrubel!*

On the top of the ridge to which I have alluded, we had a good rest, and did full honour to the provisions we had brought with us. One or two halts in a long day's work are all that is required, and are much better than half-a-dozen: it is the most tiresome thing imaginable to be always stopping. We got on to the Rothe Kumm glacier, and crossed it about the middle, and then descended over some loose stones to the Lake of Dauben, and arrived at the Hotel des Alpes, at Lœche, just in time for the *table d'hôte* at six o'clock, having been out nearly fourteen hours. The bathers at Lœche looked on perfectly aghast at the havoc our party made on everything eatable and drinkable. Nothing came amiss; and although the landlord was liberal enough to charge us only for one dinner each, the number of flacons of *vin ordinaire* we had to pay for was quite awful!

We remained a day at the Hotel des Alpes, and indulged in a bath. The water is naturally hot, about 124° Fahr., and is cooled a little before it is used. I was cautioned against making the bath too hot, and was properly punished for having turned on the hot-water, by a headache, which is the usual penalty paid for that indiscretion.

In the bath we were in there were only four persons; but you sometimes see as many as twenty bathers, all sitting together, some reading, others playing at chess or drafts, others sipping their coffee, and all quite indifferent at seeing, or being seen by their neighbours. This promiscuous bathing shocks English ladies dreadfully; but everything is conducted with the greatest propriety; and I have often seen more objectionable scenes on the beach at Brighton or Ramsgate.

After our bath, we had a delightful walk to Albinen by the well-known ladder path, up which I once had the honour of escorting an English lady, the first, I believe, who ever ascended it; and we returned to Lœche by the picturesque village of Inden.

At the Baths, M——, who, as I have before said, had rather a fancy for guides, took one on his own account. I dare say that at Chamounix, from whence he had been brought by his former employer, he would have been very useful, but here he was entirely out of his beat. I have no complaint to make against him, or, if I have, it is entirely of a negative character, namely, that on a good road he could not keep up with us, and that, in difficult ground, as he did not know the country, we had to get another guide to show him the way. I was not at all sorry

* I hope that the work the Alpine Club are bringing out will *open up* much new country, and that it will diminish the number of loungers in Switzerland.

that M—— should purchase a little experience; and the result was, that after one day's walking, he was glad to give him twenty francs, and get rid of him.

That day, however, was not a bad one. We left Lœche about six a. m., and walked up the left bank of the Dala, which flows from a glacier behind the baths, and nearly at the foot of the Altels. The morning was threatening and cloudy, and we ascended at a rapid pace over loose stones to the north of the Mainghorn (quite a distinct mountain from the Torrenthorn, for which it is often taken), and then turning to the south-east, we descended on a glacier, and gained the track leading from Kippel in the Lôtschen Thal to Selden in the Gasteren Thal, by the Pass of Lôtschen. The sun now came out, and we saw the Lôtschen Thal in all its beauty—to the left, the Balmhorn, the Schildhorn, and the Breithorn; to the right, the Bietschhorn, and the Nesthorn; and immediately before us, the glacier of Lôtschen, from whence the Lonza derives its source, backed by the Altschhorn and the wild peaks that surround it.

Kippel is the best halting place for any one who wishes to get to the Aegischorn by the Lôtschsattel. There is no inn; but the Curé is always ready to give to travellers such accommodation as his parsonage affords. The parish priest is a great resource in unfrequented districts in the Alps. In a former number I alluded to the Curé of Saas, Mr. Imseng; I must now digress a little, and mention one of his brethren.

Many years ago, when the Matterhorn was hardly known to British travellers, and when Lauber's wooden chalet was the only inn at Zermatt, I arrived at Val Tournanche, from Aosta, on my way to Visp, in the Vallais, and resorted to the house of the Curé of Tournanche, whose uncle was one of the guides of the emperor Napoleon over the Great St. Bernard, and was most hospitably entertained by him. I could not prevail on him to join me at supper, but he came and sat an hour or two with me in the evening, and gave me much local information. He told me that a few days before I was there four English ladies had slept at his house; and as I happened to be acquainted with them, I was rather amused at the description he gave of them. They were all tall—one of them was at least five foot ten; and I have no doubt they found it rather difficult to double themselves up within the limits of the beds the worthy priest had prepared for them. He said, that when he heard that he was to be honoured with the company of four ladies, he made such preparations as he could to accommodate them, but that he had no idea that English ladies were so long!

I afterwards had rather an amusing adventure with some *gens d'armes*, or rather carabiniers, as they are called in Piedmont, on going over the St. Theodule Pass, which, perhaps, I may be allowed to relate here.

On quitting the Sardinian dominions, it is necessary to have your passport vided; and as Val Tournanche is the last village on the Piedmontese side, I ought to have had a visa there, before entering Switzerland. This I had intended doing; but after calling three times at the *Bureau des Passports*, and finding no one, I retired to bed; and I started the next morning long before the officials were up, and, of course, without any visa. I ascertained, however, before leaving, that the clerk, whose duty it was to attend at the passport office, had gone

down the day before to a village *fête* at Chatillon, where he had indulged rather too freely in *vino d'asti*, for which he had a great partiality. Just as I reached the snow on the south side of the St. Theodule, immediately under the Matterhorn, I discovered two carabinieri, each armed with a musket, ascending the mountain at an awful pace, and, as it appeared to me, with the evident intention of cutting off my retreat. The sun was scorchingly hot, and I really pitied the poor fellows when I saw what a state of exhaustion they were in. Nevertheless I pushed on as hard as I could towards the summit of the Pass, so as to endeavour to gain the Swiss frontier before they could overtake me. They increased their exertions; and as I was on the very point of getting beyond their jurisdiction, one of the soldiers, who was considerably in advance of his companion, by making a great effort, succeeded in throwing himself across the track I was pursuing. Finding that it was impossible to avoid him, I pulled out of my bag a bottle of excellent wine, that my friend, the Curé, had provided me with, and holding it up in a tantalizing manner, I asked him if he was thirsty! No flesh and blood, under similar circumstances, could have resisted such an appeal; and in a few minutes I was on very good terms with the enemy. As the second carabiniere came up, I perceived a pack of eighteen or twenty ptarmigan disporting themselves within forty yards of the place where we were standing, quite regardless of our proximity. I proposed to my new friends to try the effect of their carbines on them. They said that they were not in the habit of shooting game. One of them, however, offered me his weapon, recommending me to keep it tight up to my shoulder. I approached within about twenty-five yards of the birds, and resting my rather awkward fowling-piece on a rock in the snow, I pulled the trigger—the gun mis-fired. The other was handed to me, and the result was the same: I demanded, in vain, a fresh cap. These protectors of their master's frontier reluctantly admitted, that I had used the only caps they had, and stated that it was no wonder the powder did not ignite, as their muskets had been loaded more than six months!

The ptarmigan at length flew away; but having disarmed my opponents, I determined to turn my position to account, and taking a musket in each hand, I said, "I believe that you came here for the purpose of arresting me?" That, they stated, would be their unpleasant duty, in the event of my passport not being duly viséd. "So," continued I, "having been despatched from Val Tournanche to bring me back a prisoner, you have delivered up to me your arms!" They hoped that I would not ruin them, by taking advantage of that circumstance, and said they did not wish to annoy me, but that they were afraid of their superior at Val Tournanche, whose orders they were bound to obey. I told them that I neither wished to ruin them nor their superior; and that when they informed the latter, that I had called three times at his office in vain, to get a visa, and that not only I, but the Curé knew of the cause of his absence from his post, I felt assured that he would not make any vehement complaints against them for the dereliction of *their* duty.

Having thus reassured them, I returned their muskets, gave them a little more of the Curé's wine, and wished them good morning. For

myself, I soon crossed the frontier, and arrived safely at old Lauber's inn at Zermatt.

At Lauber's I met Mr. Schlagintweit, who has immortalized this district, and I had one or two very pleasant excursions with him; but the weather was not fine enough to make the ascent of Monte Rosa, which had long been the great object of my ambition. I had once attempted to ascend it from the Italian side, but our party were driven back by a snow-storm; and, from a variety of causes over which I had no control, it was not till the year 1857 that I reached the "aller hochste spitze" of Monte Rosa.

When I arrived at Zermatt in the month of August in that year, I found it a very different place from the Zermatt of former days. Lauber's wooden chalet had been replaced by the Hotel du Monte Rosa, and at the lower end of the village was the still better Hotel du Mont Cervin. The Riffelberg, also, had its inn kept by the proprietors of the Monte Rosa at Zermatt, and horses, guides, and porters greeted one on every side.

My friend, Mr. Schlagintweit, Professor Ulrich, and several others had now ascended Monte Rosa, but the excursion had not become quite so common as the ascent of Mont Blanc, and it was, and I believe still is, the grandest mountain expedition in Europe. The weather had been quite settled for more than a fortnight, and I thought that there was no reason why I should not indulge the wish I had so long had; so I retained Matthaus zum Taugwald and Peter Behren, two of the best guides in the district, and was beginning to make the necessary preparations, when I heard that Mr. D—— and Mr. P——, two members of the University of Cambridge, were desirous of joining me. It was a great pleasure to me to hear this, and I at once put off our ascent for a day, in order to become better acquainted, and to get into training, by going up the Cima de Jazzi together; and a very delightful walk we had. We took Taugwald, that he might be able to form some idea of our powers of endurance, and on our return he said that he was quite willing to go with us up Monte Rosa, with two guides besides himself. One guide for each traveller is enough, if the party consists of experienced pedestrians; but I would not recommend tourists who are not in the habit of climbing on rock and ice, to start with less than two each. Our third guide was a man from the Oberland, who was very anxious to make the ascent; but, as will be seen, he was unable to reach the summit.

Although we endeavoured to keep our plans as quiet as possible, it soon became known at Zermatt, that our party were going to ascend Monte Rosa the next day; the consequence was, that when I arrived at the Riffel Hotel, where we were to sleep, there was not a bed to be had, although I had, the day before, not only ordered a bed, but actually selected my room! I protested most loudly against this infringement on vested rights; and I threatened, that if I got no bed, the part of *Hamlet* should be omitted, and that there should be no ascent. The beds had all been taken, as may be guessed, by *amateurs*, who had come up to watch our progress with their telescopes; and matters were certainly getting complicated, when Mr. B——, a gentleman from Harrow, most kindly offered to lend me his bed, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

This offer, of course, I gladly accepted, and I had three hours of

sound sleep. At one I got up, resigned the bed to its lawful owner, who had been to me such a friend in need, and marshalled our forces. The number of our party in the course of the previous evening had been more than doubled, and it now consisted of seven travellers and eight guides; the additional travellers being a Professor of Geology at Strasbourg, and three Scotchmen (brothers), from Edinburgh.

At 2:30 a.m. we left the Riffel Hotel, proceeded for some distance along the Gorner Grat, and got on to the glacier, nearly opposite the polished Rocks, called "Auf der Platte." As soon as we reached the Nevé, we saw very well; but we had no lanterns, and it certainly was rather dark, in descending from the Gorner Grat, and, I believe, that when they returned by day-light, some of the party were rather alarmed at the feats they had unconsciously performed in the morning. We crossed the glacier diagonally, in a south-easterly direction, to the point known as "In der Schwärze."

Here the guides took some refreshment, and I sat down at a little distance from the rest, to contemplate at my leisure the Lyskamm, the Breithorn, and the Mont Cervin, and the glaciers that descend from them on the north side. The dim grey light, the pure keen air, and the vast quantity of ice and snow by which we were surrounded, produced that effect on me, to which I have referred in a former number, in endeavouring to describe a somewhat similar scene near the Dent-du-Midi. There was not, however, much time for meditation, and after a halt of ten minutes, we took to the snow, and ascended at a tolerably rapid rate, having the summit of Monte Rosa almost immediately in front of us, for two hours, when we thought that we had fairly earned our breakfast. Some of our friends also were considerably in the rear; and although we saw clearly that it would be necessary, before proceeding much further, to divide the party into two brigades, we were all desirous at least to be together at our morning repast.

With alpenstocks and plaids we soon erected an *impromptu* tent on the snow; and many minutes did not elapse ere the whole party were actively engaged in demolishing cold chicken, hard eggs, roast mutton, Rousillon, Fleuri, &c., &c.; and such a pic-nic we had, as one does not easily forget.

Having thus fortified nature, we were beginning to proceed on our upward journey, when I discovered that the Professor and his guide had stolen away, and that they had at least ten minutes start of us. It was not to be tolerated that six British pedestrians should be distanced by a Frenchman; so D—, P—, and I no longer felt any delicacy about abandoning our Scotch friends to their fate, and off we went at a racing pace on the Professor's track, leaving our guides to pack up the remnants of the breakfast, and follow as best they could. The Frenchman, however, was game, and it took us more than two hours to head him, and we all arrived neck and neck on "The Saddle," to the right, or west of the summit, from whence the first sight of Italy is obtained. From this point we had a grand view of Mont Blanc, whose white dome towered far above all the lofty peaks around it, the dark outline of the Matterhorn, or Mont Cervin (for I hardly know which is the favourite name for that stupendous mass of rock), forming a striking object in front.

At "The Saddle," the hard work really began; and each person re-

duced the burden he had to carry to the smallest possible compass, depositing on the snow provisions, guide-books, plaids, and every other article that could be dispensed with. We did not, however, forget to take with us a bottle of old Burgundy, to drink the health of the Queen of mountains with, when we arrived at the summit. At the Saddle we were obliged to leave our Oberland guide, who was knocked up, so that during the most difficult part of the ascent D——, P——, and myself only had two guides between us, Taugwald and Behren. Here we were all tied together, and we had to grind away in the snow for more than twenty minutes up a ridge of a steeper incline than any place I had ever previously ascended. We walked slowly and steadily on, occasionally stopping to take breath, but neither of us suffered at all from the rarification of the air.

At the top of this ridge of snow we found an arête or crest of gneiss, the teeth or jagged edge of which varied from five to thirty feet in height. Along this crest, which is so pointed that the snow cannot lie on it, we threaded our way for some fifty or sixty yards, occasionally on a ledge scarcely wide enough to stand on, with a precipice of several thousand feet immediately beneath us. At length we got to a rock twelve or fourteen feet high, which appeared to bar all further progress. Up this rock Behren scrambled, and then pulled us after him with the rope, by sheer force, hand over hand, and in a few minutes we stood on the "Höchste Spitze" of Monte Rosa, a culminating point of central Europe, and upwards of 15,000 English feet above the level of the sea.

The view was glorious indeed; to the north, the whole of Switzerland, one gigantic *alto-relief* from Geneva to Constance, from Basle to the Engadin; its boundaries the Jura, the Black Forest, and the mountains of the Tyrol and the Vorarlberg, including the huge masses of ice and eternal snow that feed the Rhine, the Danube, and the Rhone; to the south, the plains of Lombardy and of Piedmont, from Dauphiné to Venice, watered by the Po, the Adige, and the Ticino, whose course we could almost trace from their source to the point where they discharge their waters into the Adriatic.

I never felt so much excited, and I believe that my companions shared my enthusiasm; for when we had drunk to the health of Monte Rosa and of our Queen, we gave such a view-halloo as must have astonished the chamois, if any were within hearing. We got to the summit at 10:30 a.m., and remained there nearly an hour, sitting on a shelving rock about eight feet in diameter, with the valley of Macugnaga immediately below us, at a distance of some 11,000 or 12,000 feet. The weather was magnificent, and the guides said they had never seen it clearer. We distinctly saw the Monte Viso, and many of the mountains of Dauphiné to the west, and the Ortler Spitze to the east; and, of course, to the north, the Bernese Oberland formed a complete panorama, with the Weisshorn, the Mischabel Hörner, the Fletschhorn, and the Cima-de-Jazzi in the foreground. We all wrote our names on a card, and put it in the bottle that is kept in a cavity of the rock, and then commenced our downward course, during which we met two of our Edinburgh friends, who eventually reached the top.

At "The Saddle" we picked up our traps, and then continued our descent, chiefly *en glissade*, the whole party once or twice getting up

to their necks in the snow. In sliding over one of the crevasses, D—, in recovering himself from a summerset, broke his watch-chain, and his watch would have fallen into the crevasse had not the man who was behind him, in the rapidity of his descent, struck it and sent it on to the hard snow on the other side.

We got down to the Gorner Glacier in little more than two hours, and at half-past 3 p.m. we were received by some friends who were waiting for us at the Riffel Hotel.

This magnificent excursion only cost us sixty-five francs each, and so little fatigued were we, that D— and P— finished the afternoon by walking down to Zermatt, and I did the honours at the Riffel to some ladies.

In case any of my readers should wish to make this ascent, I would advise them to wear worsted gloves and worsted stockings, to cover their faces with glycerine, and to take great care not to get their feet wet in crossing the glacier at starting—a gentleman nearly lost the use of his feet last year by not attending to this; not to take too much solid meat with them, but to have a fair allowance of hard eggs, raisins, French plums, chocolate, and things of that sort; to walk slowly on the snow near the top; and most particularly, not to pay the guides more than fifty francs each, including Trinkgelt.

A WEEK IN THE WEST.

BY FRANCIS FRANCIS.

CHAPTER III.

Yorke and Julia had been sitting close together on the settee; but when I entered, Yorke was standing up, hurriedly turning over a book of prints that lay on the table, as if to hide his confusion; while Julia was still sitting, and was engaged in a close and critical examination of the hems of a pocket-handkerchief, which she drew through her fingers from corner to corner. Looking from one to the other, without speaking, so as to attract their attention, I stepped under the skylight, and pointed to the broken pane. Yorke's eyes followed mine; he became suddenly pale, and then flushed blood-red, but could not meet my eye for shame. As for Julia, she hid her face in her hands; but her neck, and even her very ears were crimson.

"You—you were?" said Yorke in a subdued tone.

"I was there," I answered.

"And heard—"

"Everything."

There was a silence of some moments; once or twice Yorke tried to look up and speak, but it ended lamentably. Their shame and confusion were positively painful to me. Presently Yorke raised his head—his face was clearer than before.

"Well, at any rate, I am glad the plan, or plot—which you will—

did'nt succeed. It's exploded, so there's an end of it; and I feel easier than I have done for some time. And now, as we must go to the d——l, Joo, we may as well do it together; and I suppose we can do as others have done before us. After all, I never got much by society; and society will neither be the losers nor gainers by our giving it the go-bye. The only thing that will ever pain me, will be the thought of the last few days, and having attempted to play a base trick, which I now see in all its villany, and which has justly converted an old friend into an enemy, and one, too, who must fully despise me. By Jove! gambling, the turf, and—and society, lowers a man's tone of morality somehow awfully. Once on a time I'd have killed a man who said that I could come to this."

"Well," I said, affecting a blunt manner, "I did'nt come down to hear all this—what reparation will you make?"

"Oh! if fighting's your game, I'll give you any amount of satisfaction," broke in Yorke, hastily, his face becoming perfectly radiant at the idea of wiping out his misdeeds so easily."

"I don't see that that would mend matters," I answered; "nor how I could meet you."

Yorke looked gloomy again, and muttered, "No—no—you—of course I can't expect that any man of—of honour" (the word stuck in his throat) "would meet me under the—the—ah—circumstances." And he sat down, leaning his head on his hand.

"Now, why did'nt you let me know something of all this?" I asked. "Don't you think I could have helped you in any other way than by running away with that very pretty, agreeable party there, who still persists in keeping her face covered? Your three most pressing matters are—the Boguey, Lady Betty, and the £4,000 which must be paid on Ascot. The two first may be managed, possibly. But whom do you owe the £4,000 to? and on what race was it?"

"To Sir Teak Entwistle—on the Cup."

"Hem! Well, now, suppose I can relieve you of all three, what will you do, eh?"

"What!"—and at first he seemed perfectly astounded—"Do? What could I do? but say that you were the most perfect fellow, and most generous brick that ever lived, to relieve a poor devil in my position, after all you have heard. As for me, all I can say is, that I am the most infernal unworthy scoundrel. But don't play with us, old fellow, for" (and he glanced at Julia) "you see if I was alone concerned—but—I don't think you'd take a mean advantage to torment a fellow, though I have set you such a deuced bad, disgraceful example, for which, 'pon my soul, I'm very sorry—I'm infernally upset, grieved, and—and flummoxed, you know—if you'll believe me—I am, indeed; and for the life of me, now the thing is past and over, I can't think how I could have done so."

"Take advantage of you!" And I in turn looked at Julia, who still sat *perdu* as to her face. "I'd half a mind to, I can tell you. Gad! you should'nt place such temptation in a man's way. You know I never was strong on that point; and I'm afraid if I'd been Joseph, Mrs. Potiphar would'nt have had to complain to her husband. However, that's not an answer to my question. It isn't, what would you say? but do?"

"Do? oh! I'd be off to France, and sell the yacht, and—and rub along somehow, and try to get back my good name and self-esteem somehow."

"And,"—and again I glanced expressively at Julia.

"Hem! oh!" and he hesitated, and then looked at me sideways. "Have you anything to advise?"

"Certainly, if you can't *think* of anything. When you get to Boulogne, or wherever you think of going, get married."

"Get! eh? By the living jingo! why, so I will: I never thought of that. What a confounded fool I am!"

"You give me your word upon that, if I get rid of the three great difficulties for you."

"On my soul, as a man of—that is, as I hope once more to be—a man of honour."

I sat down, and wrote three lines on a piece of paper, folded it, and gave it to Yorke. "Give that to Lady Betty after I'm gone; it will send her back to Dublin like a shot, and shut her mouth most carefully for ever after. Moreover, it will cause her to clear up things in a certain quarter." And again I nodded to Julia. "As for Merryboy, I knew you stood heavy against him; at least, I had forgotten it until you chanced to mention Ascot. The Jockey Club have had the conduct of his owner under consideration. The horse is disqualified, and Jumbo wins; will that suit you better?" At this he gave a great shout.

"Everything is all right then; for by the powers, instead of losing four thousand, I win six; hip, hip! 'Gad, old fellow, you're an angel; and once for all I'll cut the turf for ever."

"As for the Boguey—"

"Oh, we'll pay him off, and let him go."

"Not a bit of it; that'll interfere with your plans just now. Get rid of him here, and I'll see all about it when I go to London. Perhaps we may make some compromise."

"Well, I've no objection; but how?"

"Can he swim?"

"Not a yard, I believe; but you won't put him overboard?"

"No; only you choose a boat's crew that can; and—"

But here the conversation became private and confidential; and for some minutes after I broached my plan, considerable laughter made itself manifest. At the end of the talk, we were all three, Julia and Yorke and I, sitting on the settee, reconciled once more, and more friendly, pleasant, and agreeable than if nothing had occurred. Julia's last words, as I stood up to go on deck, were—"As for your talking about marrying me, Yorke, I don't know so much about that. I don't know how I shall go in double harness, having always run single. Besides, I don't know, after all, whether I don't like Dalton the best of the two. I've often heard of men being called bricks by your sex, but I never met what I considered one until now. And now I have found one, and I've half a mind to be off with him, he won't have my company;" and she affected to pout. "I never made a man a direct offer before; and to be refused! Oh! I'm offended."

"Well, kiss and be friends," I said, "and give me an earnest of my reward, then;" and, as I went towards her, she put up her lips, which I—

"Oh," said Yorke, with a shrug, "don't mind me; do just as you like, you know."

"Where was it the carriage was to meet us?" I asked. "It won't be worth while countermanding it, after all; I think we may as well let the arrangement stand—eh, Julia?"

"Dear, dear Bob," she said, putting on a lack-a-daisical look, and parodying a little bit of our tête-à-tête in the boat—at which both Yorke and she burst into a peal of laughter. As for me, I bolted up the companion, with the slightest possible flush on my face.

Rifles and doubles, with plenty of ammunition, were now placed in the boat; and after a few other preliminaries, off we started—Yorke and myself, with two men, and two boys; the sheriff's officer slipping quietly into the boat last of all. It was a calm afternoon, and we rowed slowly onwards, along the shore, examining every cove, peeping into caves, and carefully scanning every little rocky islet, as we passed. There were plenty of sea-birds of all kinds, from the large awk down to our namesake, the Tern, or sea-swallow; but we did not trouble them at present. I was sitting in the stern, with my rifle between my knees; Yorke was in the middle of the boat, having shifted one of the rowers; and the Boguey in the bow. On a sudden, as I was looking sternward, up popped, within fifteen yards of me, a huge grim head, which gave one the idea of a large blue, melancholy looking, bull-dog, or rather mastiff. It staggered me—this sudden and remarkably unprepossessing apparition; and before I could recover my presence of mind, or think what it was (I never had seen a seal), "flop"—down he went.

"There he wor, sir. Trath, and he's a treemingious baste," said the Irishman, with whom I was speaking of the seals previously.

"Oh! that was a seal, was it? very ugly brute. Yes, of course it was; it could'n't well be anything else. But I—confound it! why did'n't I fire?" I did not think of that—I had'n't time to. "Ah! it's always the way when you least expect it. There he is again;" and up popped the head, about sixty yards off; and up went my rifle—I covered the head beautifully, and pulled the trigger. The rifle was'n't cocked, and down went the seal again. Vexation upon vexation. How savage I was at having missed two such good chances!

"Which way did he head, Larry?" asked Yorke.

"He went down with his nose to the aste, yer hanner," answered Larry.

"Give way then;" and Yorke pointed in the direction the seal was supposed to have gone. "He may come up after going a hundred yards, or there away; and he may travel half a mile."

After rowing a few minutes, up came the seal again, about fifty yards to the west of us; we had over-calculated. Yorke's sight was upon him as quick as thought; and my own was not slow. The two balls struck the water—one a few yards in front of the head, and one apparently as many behind. The seal went down like a flash of lightning; and the ball, that had passed close over his head, went ricocheting away for half a mile or more.

We loaded carefully, and kept a sharp look-out upon all sides, but the seal kept down so long, we feared we should not see him again. At length, after apparently waiting an endless time, one of the crew pointed him out far to seaward, where the head looked like a speck. It was

hardly worth while rowing after him, for he was evidently now thoroughly wary, and would not let us get another chance at him; so we rowed along as before.

"Trath, an if that's not wan, I'm mighty deesaved;" and Larry pointed to a rock on the far shore. I could see nothing at first; and it seemed impossible for any one to detect a seal, without a glass, at the distance. "Sure, yer hanner, an it's wan of de divils a layin at his aise on de rack. Now the sun comes agen: there!" The sun had for a second or two been hidden by a cloud; but directly it came out, I saw something shining like the sun's rays refracted, or reflected, from glass, in the direction Larry pointed.

"But what makes you think that is a seal?" I asked.

"It's jest de sun, yer hanner, powering on to de wet slimy back of the baste;" and we rowed towards it. As we approached, after taking another look at the spot to make sure, Larry told us that there was a small rocky cove just beyond that little islet, on which the seal was basking; and from that, up under the land, ran a small natural cavern, which Larry believed the seals to have a weakness for—and where blue rocks "did congregate." The entrance was almost filled at high water spring tides; but as it was low water and neaps, there would be no difficulty in getting into it if we wished. But the difficulty now was, how to get near the seal, which we could now clearly distinguish, without disturbing him: some proposed one thing, some another. At length we resolved to make a *détour* of some distance, in order to take the other side of the island, and to place it between us and the seal, which was moving uneasily. I saw him plainly; he was about the size, and something the shape of a large hog. Every now and then he gave a sort of ungainly flounder, such as a man would give if he desired to spring forwards, when lying on his face, without using his hands; and each flounder told us most unpleasantly that he was six inches nearer the water. They never go far from the water, but work themselves up some gradual slope by their flippers, with a sort of convulsive walloping, dragging motion; and when a yard or two from the water, if the spot be warm and sunny, there they will lie for an hour or two, perhaps half the day, if not disturbed. But master Phoca was evidently not quite easy in his mind at our proximity; however, in a minute or two we rose a small point of the islet, and the seal was hidden from us. A little further, and we began to drift with the tide quietly, and without motion, down to the island. As long as there is neither noise nor perceptible motion, a seal will not take alarm; but shake even your finger, and his quick sight will detect it instantly; and the odds are, that he will be off the rock into the water. Gradually we drop down to the low point, with bated breath, and poised rifle; we open it slowly, inch by inch, and foot by foot. "Now—ah! confound it! there's nothing there." He had what the Yankees call "vamosed" during the time we were out of sight. "Vexation."

We now determined to take a look at the cave, and rowed towards it. Several blue rocks came rushing out, as we entered, and gulls and cormorants screamed, yelled, and croaked, outside, like so many demons. While the little sea-pies, sandpipers, and all sorts of birds, went flip, flip, flipping away, in all directions. The cave was not lofty, and we looked round. On one side there was a low shelf of rock; on the other

side the wall of the cave rose abruptly. The further recesses of the cave were dim and dark. From the ledge side ran a large flat stone; and off this flat stone something flashed into the water, just as we entered the cave. At first I thought it was a seal, and stood with my double ready to volley at anything (I had taken my double to have a shot at the birds, and there were a couple of No. 1 cartridges in it). As I turned round, I saw, about fifteen or twenty yards behind us, just beyond the cave entrance, a small black head pop up, and look round to see what was the matter. In a second I covered it and pulled, and as luck would have it, turned over a fine dog sea-otter, about six feet long, from head to tail end. We had backed almost on to him, on the crest of a return wave, and I managed to plunge the gaff into him just as he was sinking. He was quite dead—three or four of the pellets having gone clean into the brain. The shot might be said to cause a commotion, if commotion would express the row that ensued. The screaming, fluttering, croaking, hullabaloo that took place in that shadowy recess, gave us something of a notion of Dante's infernal cruise. However, finding there were no seals within, we backed out, and the boat rowed to a little islet at some distance. I could not help thinking that the seal we had disturbed was still hanging about the islet, or the cave, somewhere, and I resolved to remain on the island he had left, while they went on to the next one. I might perhaps get a shot; so I lay down, placed my rifle convenient, and waited. Half-an-hour passed slowly; three-quarters; and Yorke was still busy at the neighbouring islet. I got tired of my position, and rose to change it. I was hardly on my legs before, confound it! up rose the head of the seal once more, within ten or twelve yards of the island, and certainly not twenty from me. My first impulse was to raise my rifle, but I checked myself fortunately, and stood quite still, for he would have been down at the first motion, and off to sea. As it was, the seal evidently was rather puzzled to make out what I was; for my dress was a dark tweed, somewhat of the colour of the rock I was on, and there was a wall of rock behind me, so that I was not very conspicuous. With an easy, undulating sort of motion he sculled up to within a very few yards of me, and took a good stare at me, and still I stood unwinking, unblinking. Once or twice his nose was raised, snuffing the air, as if he strove to scent me out; but fortunately I had the wind of him. Then he went down quite at ease in his mind, and gradually his head sunk slowly out of sight, the extreme tip of his nose disappearing last. And down I dropped again, cursing my ill-luck, or my folly, for moving just then. "Oh! if I had only waited another three minutes, what a lovely pop I should have had at him. But there—he's gone; and there he rises slowly again, close to the very place where he was reposing before we disturbed him. Yes, by Jove! he's landing—he'll be within—Oh! he'll be quite close to me." My rifle was pointed towards him, as he slowly floundered up on the ledge. I was just going to cover his eye comfortably and easily, and was drawing a slow line along his side, towards his neck, with the muzzle, to that end, when, as the d——l and ill-luck would have it, somehow—I don't know how, I suppose it was excitement—I pulled the trigger—"bang;" he had it sharp in the side, but he vanished like lightning. I jumped up; and at the sound of my shot the boat came spinning round the island towards me, as hard as it could come.

The seal was hardly down before he was up again, with his back out of water. I saw he was badly wounded; but I was unable to repeat the dose, not being loaded. Presently the boat touched—I jumped in; and the seal immediately afterwards rose again about sixty or seventy yards off. Yorke fired; and I heard the ball strike somewhere—I suppose it must have been the neck, or else took a glance off, as the seal went down pretty briskly. We rowed after him, and he came up again: both of us gave him a volley, but, in our haste, missed. Hardly was he under a minute before he once more showed, pumping sorely. We had rowed close on to him, and I snatched up my double, just as he was about to dive again, and gave him a wire cartridge, at something under twenty yards. "Hurrah!" and he lay supine upon the surface. "Hurrah! Hip, hip, hip!" Such a shout: the very rocks sent back the "Hip, hip, hip!" over the water. "Where's the gaff?" "Stick it into him." "Hang on to him." "Look alive now, Larry." These, and fifty other exclamations and directions followed one another confusedly.

"Trath, and I will. Ah! ye divle. That's inty ye. Oh, Moses! oh murther! oh holy mother save us alive! I'll be drowned, and kilt intirely. De arm av me's bruck clane, and pulled out altogether, wid de jerk at the baste. Holy saints, millea, murther, pillaloo."

Larry, on approaching the seal, stuck the gaff smartly into him, but the seal was not dead—only stunned for the moment; and the sticking of the gaff into him brought him to his senses sharply; so, giving a tremendous heave and plunge, he once more disappeared, carrying the gaff away with him, and lugging poor Larry, who was reaching over, and was rather off his balance, clean out of the boat, and almost dislocating his arm with the jerk. It took us several minutes to get master Larry into the boat again; and when we did, and once more looked about for the seal, he was no more to be seen—he had disappeared totally. I imagine he must have gone to the bottom, and died there, as we saw no more of him. It was woefully annoying. A stiff dose of whiskey soon put Larry on his legs again.

"I wish it had been the Boguey," whispered Yorke; "hang me if I'd have pulled him in again."

"Hush, and mind your part of the play," I answered. Yorke nodded, and looking round, said:—

"The tide is running in strongly, and seal-shooting's at an end for the day—we'd better get on board."

And round we went; Yorke took his seat in the middle of the boat. The Tern was in sight; her sails were hanging loose, ready to slip; her gaff-topsail, when hoisted, would just catch the breeze (which strengthened with the tide) over the low island; and the tide itself would sweep her from the channel. A small shore or lobster boat was hanging off astern of her, in place of our gig. The sheriff's officer was looking towards her, wondering, I suppose, what her changed appearance meant. I saw all this, and that never could there be a better opportunity for my plan; and I winked at Yorke, who slyly pulled the plug out of the boat's bottom, and pitched it to me. I caught it, pocketed it, and immediately fired off my rifle. I jumped up with an exclamation; and everybody jumped up with an exclamation, for the men were partly in the plot: "What's the matter?" "Eh!" "What!"

"Is any one shot? Oh! say no. Don't, for Heaven's sake, let me be the cause of any one's death by my carelessness," I groaned out.

"No;" said Yorke, "I don't see that anyone's hurt as yet. You've only driven a hole through the boat's bottom, that's all; and she is certainly filling rapidly;" and he pointed to the clear jet of water that spouted up through the plug hole.

"Oh, we shall all be drowned! what's to be done."

"Those who can swim had better save themselves by swimming," I cried, in apparent agitation. "The boat may float a few minutes, but cannot long, with all our weight in it. See, the boat of the cutter is coming to us. Those who can swim had better swim towards her, and lighten the boat; those who can't had better remain." At this, there was a general throwing off of jackets; and over they all went, leaving the Boguey and myself sole occupiers of the boat. The blank horror and astonishment in the man's face, as he saw the water spouting in, and fancied we were going to the bottom, was charming. "Now," I shouted, "the only thing to save us is to bale; so bale away for your life. Off with your hat, man, and bale like mad. That's it; keep it up;" and the fellow, with reckless disregard to his personal property, plunged his hat into the briny, and finding the brim in the way, tore it off, and baled frantically.

"Oh, sir! they'll come and fetch us directly, won't they, sir? It's a horrible thing, this. D'ye think there's a great deal—that is, a great deal of danger."

"Danger!" said I, pulling towards the land, "of course there is; but don't talk, sir; bale, or I won't answer for the consequences." And I kept the poor devil baling away, as if his life really did depend upon it. While I, with my back to him, was rowing, convulsed with inward laughter. "Splash, splash; swash, swash." How he did work to be sure!

"I think I'm getting it under, sir."

"All right, work away."

Once he looked round. I had noticed that the boat, which had been instantly manned, had picked up the swimmers, and had put them on board. Up flew the gaff-topsail; the warp was cast off, and the yacht dropped out of the channel.

"But the boat isn't coming to fetch us," quoth the disconsolate Bum.

"No; the yacht, I suppose, thinks she can run down to us quicker than the boat; for I can make no head against this confounded current." I had rowed into it on purpose, and I had struck the current near the island that swept us clear away from the yacht. "But if we can only manage to keep her afloat a few minutes longer," I continued, "they'll be sure to *pick you up*; it's all right. For Heaven's sake," I implored most earnestly, seeing him disposed to take another look at the yacht, "don't give over baling just now, for now is the moment of extreme danger;" and he worked like a dray-horse, or a steam-engine. But every farce has an end; and at length, after about ten minutes more of unremitting toil, he once more looked at the yacht, which, now clear of the island, was heading away to seaward—Yorke and Julia waving their hands to us from the deck; and I waved mine in reply. At this sight, the Bum dashed his hat upon one of the seats, with a tremendous oath.

"By G——! it's a do."

"Of course it is," I answered coolly.

"Then I'm d——d, and double d——d, if I'll bale another ounce; and she may go to &c., &c.; and you, too, as soon as you like;" and he sat down, partly in a towering rage, and partly in the resignation of despair.

"In that case, said I," drawing the plug from my pocket, "we'd better stop the leak at once;" and I shoved it back into its place again. The face of the man was a study at this—rage, fear, bewilderment, and disgust, struggled altogether. At length he shook his fist at me slowly. "If you do that again, my friend, I'll knock you down," quoth I. "Recollect although the plug be in, it's easy taking it out again; and I can swim to that island. Can you?"

"You shall hear of this, sir. You shall hear of this."

"Of course;" I answered, "to be sure. Everybody'll hear of it. I'll send it to *Saunders'* as soon as ever I get to Dublin, and then get it copied into the London Dailies. They're all slack just now; and it's about the best thing they've had this long time."

"For Heaven's sake, sir, don't do that; it'll ruin me entirely. Promise me you won't send it to the papers. Oh, do, sir; I've a wife and family, sir; and such a cursed mull as I've made of this, will do me up."

"Well, I'll promise, if you'll promise never to say one word, even to your own wife, of what and *whom* you saw on board that yacht; and more than that—I'll hold you harmless in the matter with your employers, who shall lose nothing by the transaction." I need'nt say that this offer was greedily accepted. "Take that other oar then, and do your best to row on shore. It's of no use looking after the yacht—she's caught the breeze, and if you had the fleetest six-oared gig on the coast, you could'nt catch her now." With a sigh, he did as he was bid, and we rowed on shore. When we left the beach, *The Tern* was well out to sea, and was rapidly growing beautifully less in the distance.

In due time I reached London once more. Here I set myself to look into my friend's affairs and debts, and found that, like other men, his carelessness and want of inspection of accounts, when presented, had more than *helped* to cause his embarrassments. Many of them were easily cleared off; and others as easily compromised; and a few promised to wait. A few months after, I heard from Mr. and Mrs. Yorke Blaney, from Lisbon. I need'nt say that their greetings were cordial—their invitation pressing. A certain uncle in Dublin had departed this life; and as an act of justice towards Mrs. Blaney, had left her a handsome and unexpected fortune. They had'nt sold the yacht, and did'nt mean to. They were going down the Mediterranean in the ensuing spring, and hoped I'd come with them. And finally, Mrs. Y. B. sent "her kindest love to her *dear dear Bob*. Ha! ha! what fun, was'nt it?" And that was my week on the west coast of Ireland.

S P R A T S.

BY PISCATOR.

“With sprats to gudgeon them.”

So much has already been written and said in praise of the art of fishing, and the enjoyment of country scenery while occupied in this fascinating pastime, that any further detail as to the source from whence so much gratification is derived is quite unnecessary.

Probably some persons, who are unacquainted with the mysteries of this fascinating pursuit, and the knowledge it requires of many concurrent circumstances to render it successful, may think more lightly of it, and give to it, from mistaken philanthropy, a different designation. But it is now time to describe the use which may be made of the sprat. It is not of the catching of them that I propose to treat ; but now that the fishing season has commenced, and the blithe month of May is arrived, if any disciple of the amiable Izaak Walton—notwithstanding Lord Byron’s averment he was but a cruel old coxcomb, and wishing he had “a hook in his gullet,” and a “fish at the end to pull it”—should have discovered a new method of alluring a goodly fish, he is in duty bound, I hold, to communicate the means of so doing for the benefit of other individuals who like himself are followers of the “gentle science,” whether their pursuit lays in endeavouring to capture a whale or any other fish in size between that and the diminutive sticklebat, which dwells in a ditch, and affords such heartfelt delight to the schoolboy, with his crooked pin for a hook and a soda-water bottle for a fish-kettle. It is very true, notwithstanding the pleasures which many derive from the pursuit of fishing, it is a pastime which may not afford the same degree of gratification to all persons alike ; and this may possibly have been the reason, or one of them, which gave rise to the unfortunate matrimonial disputes on the subject of fishing between Mr. and Mrs. Lobski, when the former announced to his other half his intention of treating himself to a day’s recreation in fishing. I am not quite sure as to the exact words used on that occasion, but I think they were somewhat to the following effect—

“Young Lobski said to his ugly wife,
‘I’m off to-morrow to fish, my life.’”

This information, however, Mrs. Lobski by no means took in good part ; and instead of applauding her husband’s intentions, and with a kindly smile wishing him success—whether it was because he had omitted to invite her to participate in the excursion, or there had previously existed any grounds for doubting the truth of his statement—her reply, though it contained a little fond raillery, was also mixed up with a pretty broad hint of suspected fidelity on his part : for in answer to his intimation—

“Says Mrs. Lobski, ‘I know you aint (aunt) ;
You rogne, you’re going to gallivant,
To gallivant,’”

Now this must be admitted to be a very serious accusation ; and I regret to add, if my memory does not fail me,

“ What Mrs. Lobski said was right,
For Mr. Lobski was out all night ;
He ne'er went fishing 'tis known very well,
But where he went I shall not tell,
I shall not tell.”

Here was pretty conduct in a steady, domesticated fisherman ! who must have been fully aware of his unjustifiable proceedings ; yet Mrs. Lobski—in the meantime, no doubt, having kept a sharp look-out for his arrival—pretends at first, in the most playful manner, to welcome him back : for

“ When Mr. Lobski to his spouse drew near,
Says she, ‘ What sport have you had, *my dear*?’ ”

And he fancying, from her kind inquiry, all anger was gone, whatever it might have been during his absence, thought that any off-hand and evasive answer would do for her. Without attempting to give any explanation on the point as to *why* he had stayed away—

“ Quoth he, ‘ The river's so full of rats,
I've only caught—a dozen of sprats.’ ”

A vulgar, common kind of fish, it must be acknowledged, and in idea only to be associated with low pursuits—gin and wretchedness. No wonder, then, that Mrs. Lobski, with the former doubts still floating in her mind, should, with true feminine indignation, no longer to be restrained, charge him at once with his duplicity ; and in a tone of voice, easily to be imagined, replied to his attempted deception—

“ A dozen sprats ! base man,' said she :
‘ What ! catch in a river the fish of the *sea* !
You may go where you like, and say what you can,
But you know, Mr. Lobski, you're a naughty man—
A *naughty* man.”

“ No, no,” Mr. Lobski, she thought ; “ though I am your much injured wife, I am a better fisherman (or woman) than to believe that idle tale.” And she afterwards bids him not to think

“ With sprats to gudgeon her.”

Indeed, he might as well have expected her to give credit to his having caught one of these strange fish, the accounts of which were believed formerly, and one of which is thus described as

“ A terrible Monster taken by a Fisherman near Wollage, July 15, 1642, and then to be seen in King-street, Westminster, the shape whereof is like a Toad, and may be called a Toad-fish ; but that which makes it a Monster is that it hath hands with fingers like a man, and is chested like a man, being near five foot long, and three feet over the thickness of an ordinary man.”

Or of that other marvellous fish mentioned by *Autolytus*, who says—

“ Here's another ballad of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday, the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cod-fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful and as true.”

There was also another strange fish, captured in an equally odd place with the sprats—

“ Found on a Saturday, in a common shore, in New Fleet-street, Spittle Fields, where at the Black Swan alehouse thousands of people resort to see it ; herein you have the dimensions of the said surprising creature, and the various conjectures of several able men concerning what might be the omen of this creature's leaving the sea and to rove so far underground.”

Mention is also made, in Charles the First's time, of

“ The fish caught in Cheshire ; one, to whom
The rest agree, said 'twas a mermaid.”

And so strange was its appearance, that it was stated even

“ The birds
Brought from Peru, the hairy wench, the camel,
The elephant, dromedaries, or Windsor Castle ;
The woman with dead flesh, or she that washes,
Threads needles, writes, dresses her children, plays
O' th' virginals with her feet,”

could never draw people like this fish did.

After all these statements and occurrences, might not Mr. Lobski be excused for thinking there was nothing very singular in sprats being found occasionally in fresh water ? as he represented to Mrs. Lobski to be the fact. And it may be hoped, after the first burst of passion and disappointment was over, at Mr. Lobski's returning with only a dozen of sprats for his dear wife, that he would address Mrs. Lobski in the same manner as did the fond but elderly husband his young wife, mentioned in Hood's song—

“ Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a quiet hive ;
I'll be the best of men—I mean, I'll be the best alive :
Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core.’
‘ I thank ye, sir, for telling me, for now I'll grieve the more’”

was the cutting reply to this affectionate overture for reconciliation.

But I am now reminded it is time to point out the utility of the often much-abused sprat, not as an edible dish,

“ Fit to set before a king,”

but as supplying the fisherman with an excellent substitute when he is unfortunately at a loss for that best of baits for trout and perch fishing—minnows. But here let me state that to kill trout by minnow-spinning is an art which requires much more tact and skill than most persons suppose ; and a good minnow-spinner (one who can *make* the fish bite, which a really scientific fisherman ought to be able to do, notwithstanding the weather and other circumstances may be against him) will find this kind of fishing little less amusing and successful than fly-fishing itself, if not more so ; but minnows and gudgeons unfortunately in many places are very difficult, and often impossible, to be obtained, either alive or sufficiently fresh to be used for minnow-spinning. I have for some years past been obliged to send twenty miles for a supply for the season, having to pay three-pence a dozen for them when delivered alive, a man bringing over eighty or a hundred dozen at a time, which, on being put in a small stew, with a little water kept constantly running through it, will do well

and live for a couple of years, or longer, if occasionally fed with a little meal or bran thrown into them, and the place is deep enough to shelter them from the frosts of winter; but, like all other things kept in confinement, they are subject to accidents, and last year the following mishap occurred to my store of minnows: I had procured one hundred and twenty dozen, and put them into a little stew in the keeper's garden, as formerly; when, after a few weeks, he told me he thought many of them had got out, for he could see them in the adjoining pool, where there were many pike and perch. Upon examining the place, it was found a rat had made a hole from the pool into the stew, round a grate which divided the one from the other, and through which had escaped my hundred and twenty dozen of minnows, all but a very few. I then sent for another hundred dozen, and put them in the stew, having filled up the rat-hole and caught the rat. And this lot did very well for a time, until the keeper said he was afraid many of them were also gone somewhere, for he could see but few in the stew, though he was sure they could not get out like the former had done; but if so, what had become of them? To be sure, the keeper said he had frequently seen a couple of kingfishers sitting on the grate of the little stew; and as the kingfishers had, he knew, a brood of young ones close by, he *thought* they might perhaps have taken some of the minnows. This proved to have been the case; and on letting down the stew, about two dozen were all that were found to have been left out of the hundred dozen last put in, and all of which might have been saved had a bit of netting been placed in time over the little stew: and on my asking the keeper why he had not done so, he gave the usual servants' answer on such occasions—"I never gave it a thought, sir."

But to return once more to the subject of sprats. Let me recommend my brother-fishermen—who have not the opportunity of conveniently obtaining minnows, gudgeons, or other similar good baits for trout or perch fishing—to try sprats; not the dried smoked ones sold in London in small baskets, but sprats which have been only salted, and may be had at most fishmongers' shops if bespoke in the proper season. They are not a spring or summer fish like herrings, and such as can be procured fresh in the early fishing months, but come in purposely, it may be supposed, for the Lord Mayor's feast, as it is an invariable custom to have a dish of fresh sprats on that day, if possible to be then got; but as the Lord Mayor's day is early in November, this is not always to be effected, the sprats not coming in till late in that month in general. But if when they are in season, in the winter months, a sufficient quantity is then procured; potted and salted down, they will be found to keep well for many months afterwards, so as always to be ready and at hand when wanted in the ensuing spring time. They may also be procured at various places already salted, and stored away for after-consumption; and I would especially recommend Mr. Henry Cresswell, drysalter, 117, Lower Thames-street. But these, as mentioned above, must *not* be the *dried smoked* kind; and if, before being used for fishing, the salted sprats are soaked for a time in hot or warm water, they will become quite pliable, and give, so as to enable the fisherman to hang or place them on the hook as a bait to spin with, just in the same manner as a minnow is used; and the sprat will be found to be a most excellent substitute for the former, as well as being less likely to be ripped

off the tackle in that marvellous manner which frequently occurs in minnow-spinning. The sprat shines well in the water, and, being in its nature tough, will bear a large minnow-hook to be passed through it and out at the tail, to which should be given a gentle curve to make it spin well, and with a lip-hook of tolerable size to keep the head of the bait steady—for trout will frequently strike at the head instead of at the tail of the bait; a middling-sized lip-hook is of great advantage, and far better than the very small ones which fishing-tackle makers are almost always accustomed to use, in order to give to their tackle an appearance of neatness, without reference to its being practically useful. Tackle consisting of one large hook and a middle-sized lip-hook I prefer to a number or a set, as it is termed, of small outside hooks of six or seven, which often in the most skilful hands will just touch a fish without holding it fast, and are also apt to catch weeds much more than the other kind of single-hook tackle. Very small roach of the spring brood—if they can be procured early enough in the season, and used in the same manner as minnows—will also be found an excellent bait for trout; and both these and sprats are far better than any kind of artificial bait whatever, and are always ready at hand if preserved in the way above-mentioned.

With a good supply of properly-prepared sprats, passable weather, and a stream wherein to fish which really has trout in it, a reasonable good fisherman will find, by adopting the plan recommended, that he never need be at a loss for baits, and that with “sprats he can gudgeon them.”

SPORTING ANTIQUITIES.

BY HOARY FROST.

CHAPTER IV.

In our last we ventured to give our readers some account of those manuscript relics upon the subject of hunting, which are so highly treasured by all lovers of antiquarian research, and so carefully preserved among the earliest curiosities of sporting literature in the British Museum and other public libraries.

It will now be our purpose to trace the progress of this particular diversion through other channels no less remarkable for their antiquity, and in some respects peculiarly amusing and instructive to the modern sportsman.

Now that the hunting season is closed, it is pleasant to every sportsman to look back on his “going-days,” his best runs, and most distinguished positions in the field, during a season of unexampled success, such as will, unquestionably, tend to the welfare and future prosperity of the most popular sport in the land. But what can be more useful and entertaining to a sportsman than to refer back to the history and antiquities of a diversion in which he excels? Every hunter should make himself more or less familiar with these ere he can be supposed to enter upon a pursuit with a well-grounded conviction of the purity, the

luxury, and utility of a recreation so highly extolled. To arrive at which, there are abundant resources of undoubted authority, combining extensive experiences with historical facts, soul-stirring as well as useful and edifying to the dullest and most indifferent minds; but as these are not accessible to all, a discussion of their merits, with reference to some of the best and earliest authorities, cannot fail to prove acceptable to our readers.

Hunting has frequently formed the subject of didactic and descriptive pieces in the works of the English poets, and has been the theme of numberless effusions of the lyric muse, many of which possess considerable merit. Where is the hunter who will acknowledge himself to be unacquainted with the unrivalled ballad of Chevy-Chase, or the Irish fox-hunt "in seventeen hundred and forty-four?" And who can read the poems of George Gascoigne, written as early as the year 1575, "in commendation of the noble arts of venerie," and not feel the moral truths of every line, with a longing desire to take the field? That amusing writer, tells us at the commencement of his poem on hunting—

" It occupies the mynde, which else might chauce to muse
On mischiefe, malice, filth, and frauds, that mortal men do use,
And as for exercyse, it seems to beare the bell,
Since by the same men's bodies be in health maintayned well.
It exercyseth strength, it exercyseth wit,
And all the pears and sprites of man are exercysed by it.
It shaketh off all slouth, it presseth down all pride,
It cheres the hart, it glads the eye, and through the ears doth glyde.
I might at large expresse how earely huntsmen ryse,
And leave the sluggish sleepe for such as leachers dust devyse."

By following the chase men get strength of body, a free and easy mind, magnanimity of spirit, alacrity of heart, and courage to break through the hardest labours. The pleasures of the hunter are not insatiable, but are easily kept within limits, though no sport is more exciting and satisfactory.

" But let these few suffice, it is a noble sport
To recreate the minds of men, in good and godly sort,
A sport for noble peers, a sport for gentle bloods."

Hunting is undoubtedly one of the most princely sports any man can indulge in; but like all other popular diversions, it has its seasons, its changes, and its varieties; and whether we look back to centuries long since passed away, or to events of the last few years, we find the same enthusiastic feeling, unaltered in tone, in character, or in dignity, as regards this noble recreation.

According to the old chronicles and manuscripts, hunting was originally pursued simply for the purpose of obtaining the hide of the animal; but when it was found that the domestic flocks could no longer supply the ever-varying and craving appetite of man, it became a necessary recreation; and beasts of venery were then sought after and hunted in the fields.

It was also rendered necessary for the purpose of protecting the large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep from wolves and other ferocious animals. Dio Nicæus assures us that venison constituted the greater portion of the food of the ancient Britons. And Cæsar tells us that the Britons did not eat the flesh of hares, notwithstanding that the island

abounded with them : an abstinence which, he adds, arose from religious scruples.*

The Germans, as well as the people of some other northern nations, were even more warmly attached to field sports than the Romans.

Among mankind the chase has proved a universal custom, varying according to the country, the climate, the nature of the animals hunted, and other circumstances ; but in all countries, through centuries past, it has been freely used.

By the *Charta Forestæ*, which immediately followed *Magna Charta* (1225), it was enacted that "no man from henceforth shall lose either life or member for killing of our deer." And by the same *charta* the punishment for hunting on the lands or forests of another is limited to fine and imprisonment.

Directly restrictions were put upon the diversion, its universal popularity was immediately apparent ; and the *Charta Forestæ* created greater enthusiasm among the votaries of the chase.

In former days, when kings went hunting as of a national duty, as well as a recreation, the monarch took with him large companies of young men, each provided with a bow and arrows, a dart, or some such weapon : they were frequently in danger of their lives, when closely pursuing wild beasts, and they had to defend themselves or attack the beasts in open combat, and frequently under great disadvantages ; but the king was thereby enabled to judge of their courage and skill, and consequent fitness for soldiers. From the boldest and most dexterous of the party the king selected his officers ; and a daring or praiseworthy action performed in the king's presence in the hunting-field was always deservedly rewarded.

"But ere thei wente forthe to this huntynge, they dyned competently ; and during their huntynge thei dyned no more. For yf by any occasion their huntynge continued above one day, they toke the said dyner for their supper ; and the next day, yf thei kylled no game, thei hunted vntil supper tyme, accounting those two days but for one. And yf thei toke anythyng, thei eate it at their supper with joy and pleasure. Yf nothyng were kylled, thei eate only bread and cresses, and dranke therto water."†

Such were the means resorted to for testing the fitness of men for the army ; a single courageous action or feat of daring in the hunting-field, frequently forming the passport to a high position in the military ranks.

Many of these youthful hunters were particularly skilful in the use of the broad spear, and could strike a wild animal dead at a stroke, and with so much dexterity, that they seldom failed to miss the vital part, whether with a right or left handed stroke of the weapon :

"Looke thou to pitch thy thirling dart, and thou to try thy might,
Shalt cope him with broad spear, thrust with hand both left and right."‡

This manner of hunting was called "a necessary solace and pastyme, for therein is the very imitation of battayle." Not only did it show the courage and strength as well of the horses they rode, traversing over

* *Cæsar*, *Bel. Gal.*, lib. vi.

† *The Boke named The Governour*, by Sir Thos. Elyot, 1553.

‡ "*The Chase*," as described in the *Tragedy of Hippolytus*, translated from Seneca.

mountains and valleys; but it also increased in the riders both agility and cunning, with dexterity in the use of warlike weapons; and by frequent practice in such pursuits, they were supposed to become the better capable of long travel in time of war, and, as Xenophon observes, to endure with less inconvenience the hardships of hunger and thirst with cold and heat.

The old Lord Grey (termed the English Achilles), when he was Deputy-Lieutenant of Ireland, by way of inuring his sons to the hardships of war, would frequently in depth of winter, in frost, snow, or rain, have them roused from their slumbers in the morning at a very early hour, and taken abroad on hunting excursions, after which they would probably come home wet, cold, hungry, and fatigued, when all they were permitted to have for their breakfast was a brown loaf and mouldy cheese, or (what is ten times worse) a dish of Irish butter; and under similar restrictions and privations the Spartans and Laconians dieted and brought up their children till they came to man's estate*.

It is curious to note the ideas which prevailed as to the asserted similarity between hunting and war. Both early and modern treatises upon the subject of the chase, one and all speak of it as a noble, manly, and healthful recreation. But one in particular alludes to hunting as the "very true picture of war; nay, war itself."

"Some hunt the lyon, and that shewes us when subjects rise in armes against their king. Some hunt the unicorne, for the treasure on his head; and they are like covetous men, that care not whom they kill for riches. Some hunt the spotted panther and the freckled leopard; they are such as, to enjoy their pleasures, regard not how blacke an infamie stickes upon them: all these are barbarous and unnatural huntsmen, for they range up and downe the deserts, the wilderness, and the mountaines. Others pursue the long-lived hart, the courageous stag, or the nimble-footed deere; these are the noblest hunters, and they exercise the noblest game."†

"Now let the houndes goe fynd of it with nostrill full of scent,
And trace vnto the vgly den ere dawning day be spent."

In "Satirical Essays" by John Stephens, 1615, is the following apology for the frailties of a huntsman:—"If a kennel of hounds passant take away his attention and company from church, do not blame his devotion; for in them consists the nature of it, and his knowledge. His frailties are, that he is apt to mistake any dog worth the stealing, and never take notice of the collar. He dreams of a hare sitting, a fox earthed, or a buck couchant; and if his fancy would be moderate, his actions might be full of pleasure."

In Erasmus's "Praise of Follie," translated by Sir Thos. Chaloner, knight, 1577, the imaginary infatuation of a huntsman is carried to the utmost extent of ridicule:

"Such folkes also rave pleasantly, as preferre huntyng before all other pastymes, protesting what an incredible pleasure they conceeve so often as they here that foule musicke which a horne maketh, being touted in, or the howlyng of a many of dogges. Yea, I think

* Peacham's Complete Gentleman.

† Dekkers "Villanies discovered by lanthorne and candlelight," &c., A.D. 1616.

the verie stenche of the houndes kennel senteth musk vnto their noses."

Among poetical satires upon the huntsman, the following lines, by Gascoigne, stand unrivalled :

"THE FOXE TO THE HUNTSMAN.

"I sigh, yet smyle, to see that man, yea, master man,
Can play his part in pollicie, as well as Reynard can ;
And yet forsoth the foxe is he that bears the blame,
But two-legged foxes eate the ducks, when four legs bear the name.
A wonder is to see how people shoute and cry,
With hallowes, whoupes, and spitefull words, when I poore foxe go by.

Yea, some can play their part in slandering neighbor's name,
To say the wolf did kill the lamb when Reynard eate the same.
These faults with many moe can wicked men commit,
And yet they say that foxes passe for subteltie and wit !
But shall I saye my minde ? I never yet saw day
But every town had two or three which Reynard's part could play.

No, no, the minds of men, which still be vainly bent,
Must have their change of venerie, as first the hare in Lent,
The hart in sommer's heate, and me poor foxe in cold ;
But wherto serve these sundrie sports, these chases manyfold ?
Forsooth to feede their thoughts with drugs of vaine delight,
Whereon most men do muse by day, whereon they dream by night ;
They must have costly clothes, they must have deintie fare,
They must have couches stuf with doune, they must have all in square ;
They must have new-found games to make them laugh their fill,
They must have foules, they must have beasts, to buyt, to hunt, to kyl ;
And all (when all is done) is nothing else but vayne,
So Solomon the wise man sayd, and so says Reynard playne."

These may be followed by a brief extract from a poem by the same author, entitled

"THE HARE TO THE HUNTER.

"Are mindes of men become so voyde of sense,
That they can joye to hurte a harmlesse thing ?
A sillie beast, which cannot make defence ?
A wretche, a worme, that cannot bite nor sting ?
If that be so, I thanke my Maker than,
For making me a beast and not a man."

James I. was particularly devoted to the diversion of hunting ; there are several amusing anecdotes of his performances in the field.* On his journey from Scotland he rested at Withrington, the seat of Sir Robert Cary—having performed the last 37 miles on horseback in less than four hours ; and, by the way for a note, the miles, according to the northern phrase, are a "wee bit longer than they be here in the south." Whilst his Majesty was delighting himself with the pleasure of the park, he suddenly beheld a number of deer in the place: "the game being so fair before him he could not forbear, but according to his wonted manner slew two of them. On his way to Worsop, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, he halted within a mile of Blyth, "where his

* See "The true narrative of the Entertainment of his Royal Majestie from the time of his departure from Edenbrough till his receiving at London, with all or the most special occurrences," &c.: A.D. 1603.

Highness lighted, and sat downe on a banke-side to eate and drink"; and after a short repast his Majesty rode forward, and by the way in the park he was somewhat stayed; for there appeared a number of huntsmen all in green, the chief of whom, with a woodman's speech, gave him a hearty welcome, offering to show him some game, "which he gladly condescended to see; and with a traine set, he hunted a good pace, very much delighted." Proceeding farther on his journey, when near Burleigh, his Majesty dined at Sir Jno. Harrington's, "where that worthy knight made him most royal entertainment." After dinner his Royal Highness proceeded on his journey towards Burleigh, near Stanford, in Northamptonshire, attended on the road by many lords and knights; and before his arrival, there were provided "train cents and live hares in baskets, being carried to the heath, that made excellent sport for his Majestic all the way between Sir Jno. Harrington's and Stanford, Sir John's best houndes with good mouths following the game, the King taking great leisure and pleasure in the same." Afterwards the King removed from Burleigh towards "Maister Oliver Cromwell's" (uncle to the Protector), where he was entertained with "plentie and varietie of meates, such diversitie of wines, and those not riffe ruffe, but ever the best of the kinde, and the sellars open at any man's pleasure." On his departure Cromwell presented his Majesty with many rich and acceptable gifts, "as a very great, and a very faire-wrought standing cup of gold, goodly horses, fleate and deep-mouthed houndes, divers hawks of excellent wing, and at the remove gave 50 pound amongst his Majestic's officers. Uppon the 29th day, being Friday, after his Highnesse had broke his fast, he tooke kinde and gracious leave of Maister Oliver Cromwell, and his vertuous ladye, late widow to that noble and opulent knight, Saigniour Horatio Paulo Vicino."

Wharton speaks of a knowledge of hunting and falconry as an essential requisite in accomplishing the character of a knight, and states that for near four centuries it was the favourite amusement of the nobility.

In Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," edition 1640, which was acted as early as the year 1598, is the following amusing dialogue:

"*Master Stephen.* How does my cousin Edward, uncle?"

"*Knowell.* O, well, cousse, goe in see; I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

"*Stephen.* Uncle, afore I goe in, can you tell me, an' he have ere a booke of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would faine borrow it.

"*Knowell.* Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?"

"*Stephen.* No, cousse; but I'll practise against next yere, uncle. I have bought me a hawk and a hood, and bells and all; I lack nothing but a booke to keepe it by.

"*Knowell.* O, most ridiculous!"

"*Stephen.* Nay, looke you now, you are augric, uncle; why, you know, an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-adays, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greeke or the Latine. He is for no gallant's company without 'hem. A fine jest i' faith! Slid a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman!"



The Salmon Fish

THE SHANNON SIDE.

ENGRAVED BY E. HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY H. L. ROLFE.

“Great and suggestive of good is the wonder in which we gaze at the silver-sided salmon—its strength wasted, and its struggles o’er—lying there upon that gravelly or rocky shore, seduced by a feather-and-fur semblance of an insect—a winged one, the fanciful creation of some angling artist’s brain—and slain by implements which, if the power of leverage had not been called into action, would have been shivered by the first adverse plunge of the salmon, as easily as the reeds of the jungle are smashed by the rush of the wild boar.”

It is rarely one has the chance of coupling together two such kindred spirits as the artist we take our engraving from, and the author we quote in the above lines. Surely, if either Mr. Rolfe or poor Ephemera lived for any one purpose, it was to fish and do honour to the lochs, lakes, and rivers of England. Take a turn round the studio of the one, situated, oddly enough, in the very heart of the busy money-making city, so utterly at contrast with the quiet of an angler’s lot—make a call here, and you might for a moment fancy you had forgotten the address, and walked bodily into a fishmonger’s shop. They surround you on all sides—fairly landed—rising at the fly—or thrown together in those enticing looking groups, that make one long to order them to be sent in for dinner. So natural and real are they—trout, pike, roach, and the great king salmon himself—that when a man asks for one to be put up for him, he might be well pardoned asking the price—“at how much a pound?”

And, then, who does not remember those Sunday morning sermons in *Bell’s Life*?—so redolent of the brogue, the stream, and alas! of the best London cream of the valley! What an odd fish it was! How mournfully, but yet humorously he owned to the power of the one great fatal vice! How, with an aching head and sorrowing spirit, he chronicled, as a warning to the thousands and tens of thousands of his readers, his own sin, and then broke off into his history of the salmon as he perfected it on the banks of the Shin, or first learnt it on the Shannon side! We hardly know to whom to give the palm—whether Mr. Rolfe has painted or Ephemera written the more with his heart in his subject.

The season has not opened very favourably for any kind of summer sport, and the keenest fishermen have been rather inclined to hold back for a few weeks, until the weather becomes a little more settled. At Killaloe, however, the trout fishing has already been very good, while the take of salmon has, under the circumstances, all the promise of some famous sport a little later on. An old correspondent threatens during the month to pay these waters another visit, and to report fully on what he finds there. There seem to be irresistible attractions about these Irish rivers—to sportsman, poet, or mere railway-ticket tourist. As Burns sang of his bonny Doon, so has Father Prout told us of “the pleasant waters of the river Lee.” But we are afraid the Lee will not compare with the Shannon for that sort of scenery Mr. Rolfe would make a picture of.

A DAY'S TROUT-FISHING IN THE NEW FOREST.

BY D. G.

Perhaps there is no county in the West of England that presents so many varied aspects as that of Hants. Hills, vales, wood, and water constitute the picturesque features of a Hampshire landscape. The Itchin, which takes its rise in the neighbourhood of Alresford, and winding its way through Winchester and Twyford, ultimately disembogues its waters into the Southampton basin, opposite the village of Hythe, has long been famed for the abundance of fine trout which it produces; and many amateurs in the art of fly-fishing, from all parts of the kingdom, annually visit this water, and unanimously declare it to be "the trout river." The river Test again, which proceeds from a small spring situated in the Forest of Chute, in the same county, and after traversing through Andover, Stockbridge, Romsey, and Testwood, falls into the great Southampton Lake at Redbridge, is a rapid water-course admirably well-stocked with fine trout, and in the months of June, July, and August the salmon-peel is to be met with in profusion. Stockbridge has long been celebrated for the recreation and sport it has afforded to the fly-fisherman.

It is in the above crystal waters that the fly alone can be used with any success. I have tried the lob-worm, the minnow, and other sub-aqueous bait, but invariably failed in my endeavours to capture any good fish, or, as the phrase goes, "to make a good take." The current of the Test is, probably, one of the most rapid in the western districts of the kingdom, and it requires a very skilful hand to secure a fish on his rising, as the eye is in a great measure baffled by the interrupted velocity of the current.

But there are other streamlets, which take their rise in the New Forest, of a contrary character, containing a liberal supply of fine trout and eels, and it is upon these that I would wish more immediately to dwell, as they are comparatively but little known, and less frequented. The first of these brooks rises a short distance from New Park in the Forest, and coursing its way through Brockenhurst, determines at a point known as "Jack in the basket," proximate to the Solent, and opposite Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight. The second is the Arne, which also descends from the Forest, near Rhinesfield Lodge, and empties itself into the Solent at Hurst Castle. The third is the Eff, which originates from a lead spring near Sherley Holms, in the Forest, and finally finds its way into the Solent, at a small village called Quayhaven. Not one of the above streams, from their narrowness, and from the circumstance of the same traversing through woodlands, will admit of a fly being cast upon their waters, and, therefore, the practices of ground baiting or dibbing must necessarily be pursued, to meet with any success on the part of the angler.

Whilst on a visit to Lymington, I was given to understand that some remarkably fine trout were to be met with in the Eff, and myself and a

friend, Captain W——, made up our minds to spend a day in trying our piscatorial luck in this truly secluded and retired spot. It was towards the latter end of June, when we, having provided ourselves with such viands as we deemed would prove necessary for refreshment, started off at four o'clock in the morning, walking a distance of five miles through the Forest, until we came to an obscure farm-house, named "Swag Farm." It was here we first fell upon the Eff, which was not more than two feet in depth, and which was choked with aquatic plants, such as brook-lime, wild cress, silk weed, &c. Still the brooklet presented a promising feature for eel; and so, having prepared my tackle, I was determined to go to work on the very first opportunity for so doing, that awaited my attention.

In fishing with ground-bait or in dibbing, I have invariably adopted the plan of having a double strand or gut for my foot-line; for if, perchance, I might strike a heavy fish amid brakes and briars, where there is no room to play with your captive, the chance is in favour of the latter, as the line will, in five instances out of ten, become entangled in weeds or brambles, which circumstance oftentimes leads to much disappointment, more particularly so if the fisherman should by nature prove of an impatient and sanguine temperament.

My friend beside me was one of this class of mortals, and not having (either from carelessness or impatience) adopted my method, lost a dozen hooks at least during the day, whilst I did not, myself, lose one. I first tried a worm, which I carefully dropped in an open space amid the weeds. The same had scarcely touched the ground, when I perceived the line twitch, and to be in the act of receding. I immediately struck my fish, and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had laid hold of a fine trout, which I had little difficulty in landing, and which, at a bird's-eye view, I should consider weighed little short of half-a-pound. "Ho! ho!" I said, "if this is the beginning of the day's sport, what will the end of it prove?" Just as I was disengaging my prize from the hook, the Captain had unfortunately hooked a small post that was inserted in the stream, and was wending his way through the water, with a view to disengage the tenacity of the weapon from the object it had accidentally fastened upon. "Why, you are 'out of luck's way,' Captain," quoth I. "Because that villanous post was in my way," he rejoined. "Well, never heed such a trifling mishap as that," I added. "Look at this!" (holding up the trout I had just taken.) This spectacle animated my friend's feelings exceedingly; he felt that there was, at least, a better chance of success left for him, than the ugly one to which he had just been exposed.

At this juncture a farmer came up to us, and said "we were both of us 'out of luck's way,' in being where we were; for," said he, "if my bull should catch hold of you with his horns, I would not be answerable for the consequences." We deemed it time to cut away from the spot at once, and leave Hodge and his bull to keep their own company. So on we jogged through the meads, till we came to a flour mill, called Kitcher's Mill. Seeing the miller's man, I eagerly said, "You have no 'bull' about the premises, have you?" "No, measter," he replied, "but there is a savage 'bull-dog' about the place, that will lay hold of every stranger that trespasses on the premises; and, aside

him, there be two large lurchers, that will tackle a bull, and if they were near they would soon let you know their meaning." I looked at the Captain; and the Captain returned my look, as much as to say, "Out of luck's way again, here." So we took our departure from the mill, looking behind us at almost every step we took, apprehensive that our persons might be placed in jeopardy, from the annoyance of the dogs.

Having proceeded some short distance, we arrived at the high road, which was intersected by a bridge, named Flexmoor-bridge. Here the brook began to expand, and the water was free from weeds and other incumbrances, which prove so objectionable to the angler; and here we felt ourselves secure against other more serious grievances. Going over a gate we got into a corn-field, through which the Eff slowly moved along, containing a good depth of water. The sun was shining brightly, and I perceived several good-sized trout strike rapidly through the water, as we traversed beside the brook.

I now abandoned the ground-bait, and took to the dishing practice, which is one of the most killing there probably can be resorted to, as the fish are almost sure to take their natural food from the surface, and a person is certain of making his stroke good, and has only to land his fish after he has struck it. In this case I placed a grasshopper on my hook, and, approaching the stream, I dropped the insect upon the surface, when a rise contemporaneously followed. Jerking my rod, I hooked a lively fellow, which struck off with my line as I gave it out from off the reel, to some distance, when I began to check him in his career, and lead him backwards towards me. I found that he was a vigorous tenant of the stream, and one which very stubbornly opposed my measures in the act of introducing him to land; but he, after some severe struggling, surrendered, and I secured a fish weighing, to say the least, one pound and a quarter.

The Captain baited with worms, and had succeeded in capturing a fine silver eel, which must have exceeded half-a-pound in weight. I perceived several trout rising at intervals in different parts of the stream, and I felt certain, within myself, that I should make a good return of sport at the end of the day. Losing no time, I walked about the furrows of the field in search of grasshoppers, and although they were not so plentiful as they might have proved among the herbage, nevertheless I managed to obtain a box filled with them, and I again went to work, with renewed confidence, feeling assured that I had quite work enough cut out for me for the rest of the day. In less than half-an-hour by my watch, I found I had taken no less than six brace of trout, varying from a quarter to one pound in weight. The fish were in first-rate condition, both in complexion and fatness. They appeared to be better fed than those which I had on previous occasions captured, in more pellucid and racy rivers.

The Captain was equally successful in his eel-catching project, for he counted six very tolerably-sized eels, the best of which, I should calculate, weighed an honest pound.

As we bent our way onward, we approached another corn mill, named Garlington Mill. This flour factory was kept by a little deformed old man, who was peering about the premises, as if in quest of some object.

it would appear, he had lost. Addressing him, I said, "Do you object to our wetting our lines in your water, my good man?" "Oh! no," he replied. "There are good trout hereabout. I was watching a very large fish of that kind in my 'hatch-hole.' (a reservoir that carries off the waste water from the river, when the floods prevail, for the accommodation of the operations of the mill). Come with me, and I will show him to you," he added. Accompanying the miller, who was a kind-hearted sort of a man, to the spot, he directed my attention to a space immediately beyond the hatch-flooring. "Now," said he, "wait there a few minutes, and I am not the owner of this mill if you don't see him lurking about the place." I stood very impatiently, in great anxiety, to ascertain what sort of a finned monster of an insignificant current, comparatively speaking, I had to encounter. In less than four minutes, (the water being very clear, and the sun brightly shining), I perceived a huge budge-trout advancing cautiously towards the hatch-board. He was a prodigious fish. He moved on slowly to the scanty fall of water that escaped from the sluice-trap. His dark back, studded with still darker spots, gave him a grave appearance; and upon a guess, I should have considered him to have extended to fully two feet in length. He was equally thick across the back in a proportionate point of view. The Captain, on observing him, began to laugh, and uttered jocosely, "Pullgills, you have got your match to-day." "Hold hard! and be steady," I rejoined. "There is no mistake in the matter." I immediately removed the grasshopper from the hook, and substituted in the place of it a blue flesh-fly (*musca putris*), which, when pressed between the finger and thumb, descended below the surface to any required depth I was willing to submit it. Fully prepared for the fish's return, for it would appear that he was in the habit of circumnavigating this shady pool, which was surrounded by lofty alder trees, I caught a sight of him advancing towards the hatch-board. The water was not at this spot more than two feet and a-half in depth. "I have you now," said I to myself. At a convenient distance I lowered the fly about four inches before him, when he chopped it. I instantly struck him, and he, like a river leviathan, plunged into the middle of the pool, which was about ten feet in depth. I found I had a good hold of him, and the miller observed that many persons had hooked him before, but he had always contrived to break away from them. Now the double-stranded gut was my best security against his further escapement, and I had ample confidence in the strength of my tackle to assure me that my fish was killed before he was drawn out of the water. He fought hardly for his redemption to liberty, but all his efforts were in vain. He made a quadruple course of leaps in succession out of his native element, but without success. At length I very quietly landed him. He was (and I am quoting fifty years' experience) the finest trout I ever handled, or, I may add, ever saw. He was the very paragon of perfection in a fish of his kind. His dark, ash-coloured back, enamelled with sable spots, his sides besprinkled with so many rich garnets, interspersed with ruby-scattered additions, and the golden hue that descended towards his pure white, silvery abdomen, rendered him one of the most handsome fish of the trout species I ever witnessed. No artist could have possibly done ample justice to the beautiful varieties pertaining to the truly picturesque

complexion of the above fish. The miller was anxious that the trout should be weighed; to which, his request, I cordially assented, and when submitted to the scales, he went down with a weight of six pounds five ounces, which was his nearest weight!

We now went into the kitchen of the mill-stead, and tarried there for more than an hour. The old man insisted upon amusing us with the recital of many of his local anecdotes, and incidents touching the neighbourhood in which he had been born, and in which he had resided uninterruptedly for more than threescore years and ten. He also prevailed upon us to partake of a loaf of home-baked bread, a home-cured bacon-rasher, and a cup of home-brewed ale; all which proved agreeable to us, after our anticipated events, and encounters with bulls, bull-dogs, and lurchers. As I previously had occasion to observe, we had sufficient refreshment in store upon our persons; but the good old man was not prepared to know that fact, and we met his wishes with a proper sense of gratitude, which proved highly gratifying to himself.

Having concluded our repast, and thanking the miller for his kind attentions, we went on through some green meads, of which he was the proprietor, and here I took three brace of fine fish, whilst, on account of the bushes impending over the stream, I found some difficulty in landing them. These meadows led to an open wild heath, and the brook became very shallow, nor did I observe a single trout for nearly half a mile, until we came to a wood called Efford Wood. There were some deep holes in different parts of the river, and I discerned several fish rising in various directions. I commenced dibbing, and took a remarkably fine trout weighing about two pounds. The Captain had contrived, in the interim, to hook the submersed roots of an old ash pollard, which stayed his prowess in hooking eels. It would be needless for me to enumerate the sport I experienced whilst traversing this woodland. The river at this spot was literally shoaling with trout, and the dibbing practice, if steadily put into operation, could not fail to have killed almost every trout in this run of water.

We at length approached a flour mill named Efford Mill. The stream began here to widen sensibly, and admitted of a fly being cast over it; but in truth I had no room left in my basket to stow away more fish than what I had already got; and as my sport was crowned with success, I and my friend ventured into the high road which leads from Lymington to Christchurch, and having adjusted our tackle for our return home, we took our departure from the river Eff for the former town.

I may here observe that Efford Mill is about a mile from Quayhaven, and there is excellent fly-fishing all the intermediate distance, through green meads, which are free from all obstructions.

There is, during the months above-named, a liberal immigration of salmon-peel into this water, and I have been informed that these fish have been taken from one to five pounds in weight, with the artificial fly. If a person is fond of solitude in pursuing his piscatorial recreation, he will meet with it here; for with the exception of the farmer who spoke of his bull, the miller's man who wished to dog us, and the hospitable miller at Garlington, we did not perceive a single person throughout our wanderings. The Captain had laid up a tidy stock of good-sized eels; and on reckoning my own catch, I found that I had

basketed eighteen brace of noble trout, exclusive of the prodigy I had taken from the hatch-hole. I feel confident that this river cannot be surpassed for the quantity and quality of the trout it possesses; and what renders it preferable to many other streams is, that there is no other kind of fish, beside the eel, that inhabits its waters.

L I T E R A T U R E.

“PEAKS, PASSES, AND GLACIERS.” By Members of the Alpine Club. *Longman and Co.*

We have seen some of the proof sheets, as well as three or four of the illustrations, of this interesting work, which will be published in a few days, and which, we venture to predict, will be a favourite with the public. Amongst the contributors are, Professor Tyndall, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Forster, Mr. Wills, and most of the other great pedestrians of the day. The “Peaks and Passes” are chiefly in Switzerland, that cockpit, so fatal to the Russians and Austrians, and through which Suwarrow made his celebrated retreat. This will give the book a peculiar interest at this moment, when the eyes of the whole civilized world are turned to the approaches into Italy.* We trust, however, that before long the Alpine Club will find their way to Norway, Dauphiné, Styria, Siberia, and other localities that are less known to the general traveller; and why not the Andes, or the Himalaya?

“THE FLYERS OF THE HUNT.” By John Mills. Illustrated by John Leech. “The Field” office; and Ward and Lock, Fleet-street.

There never was a period when sporting literature could boast of a greater number of talented writers than the present; we have (and to show no favouritism, we give their names alphabetically) The Hon. Grantley Berkeley, Byng Hall, De Vere, Hunt, William Lennox, Major Levison, Whyte Melville, Priam, Reflex, Delmè Ratcliffe, Scrutator, Carter Sharpe, and Vynar, and last, not least, John Mills, author of the “Old English Gentleman,” and “Life of a Race horse.” The author is a true sportsman; there is a vein of humour running through his pages, with here and there a touch of a tender and generous nature; and he must have been a close observer of the scenes he has so graphically portrayed. The illustrations, by Leech, are perfect, and fully keep up the well-earned popularity of this great artist. The Run from Maxy Gorse—the Lecture in the Saddle-room

* If the reader turns to “The Mountains of Dauphiné,” in our number for December, 1855, he will find a description of the fort of Briançon, and of two or three of the passes, through which the Emperor of the French is now pouring his legions into Piedmont.

—The Quick Find, with The Riding of “the Scarlet Coat that came from a distance,” and “The Match” are given to the life by one who has evidently seen what he writes about. Mr. Mills’ volume is beautifully got up, and we predict no sportsman nor sportswoman will be without a copy.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

“I belong to the unpopular family of Telltruths, and would not flatter Apollo for his lyre.”—*Rob Roy.*

What with the waging of war and the excitement of a general election, it may perhaps be supposed that amusements do not engross so much of public attention as usual. Such, however, is not the case; for notwithstanding the powerful incitements named, the attendance at places of public resort has been by no means diminished. This fact of itself answers the complaints urged in some quarters, to the effect that the elections cause everybody to leave town. In these days of locomotive celerity and convenience, town and country will be ever ready to avail themselves of the sports and pastimes of the one or the other.

At this particular season out-door amusements begin to be regarded; accordingly, with the view of meeting this requirement, the directors of the CRYSTAL PALACE are foremost in the field. With Easter, they began boating, quoits, cricket, and all the health-inspiring games and pursuits for which the grounds and water of this favourite resort are becoming so well known. To these attractions are added many others of a particularly inviting nature to those who have anything of a botanical or floricultural taste. Within the palace, several additions have been lately made to the numerous and striking proofs of art and taste manifest in many of the courts. The Saturday Concerts, as they increase in interest, gain considerable accession of auditors. But of the musical arrangements, none, of course, can be compared to the extraordinary sensation caused by the announcement for the three days of the Handel Festival in June. Not only are the most notable of instrumentalists to be found under the conductorship of Mr. Costa, but it is understood that Mr. Sims Reeves and all the leading singers of the day will lend their aid to bring about a most pleasing consummation of this gigantic Festival. With regard to the transit, the London and South Coast Railway have made such complete arrangements, both at London Bridge and Pimlico, that judging from previous emergencies, there is every reason to believe that the accommodation in this important respect will be fully equal to the occasion.

CREMORNE GARDENS, since last season, have been to a certain extent beautified, and the grounds exhibit the result of well-bestowed labour.

As yet, however, this popular retreat has hardly been seen to advantage, the weather not favouring nocturnal recreations *al fresco*.

Easter has almost ceased to be looked upon by managers as a season for astonishing the town with some grand spectacle or mirth-provoking extravaganza. Indeed, this present year of grace, only two managers have celebrated the holiday festival by bringing out anything in the shape of novelty.

At the HAYMARKET, Mr. Frank Talfourd has made his Easter offering in the shape of "Electra in a New Electric Light," which Mr. Buckstone has placed upon the stage in the most brilliant form. As far as the extravaganza is concerned, it is a question whether its classical nature is not somewhat against its success, the majority of the audience being hardly up in the subject. Still even those who have not the classics at their fingers' ends, have the discernment to see the point of the sparkling dialogue, and the fortitude to bear the infliction of some of the most outrageous puns that ever suffering humanity was compelled to endure. The chief characters are represented with all respect for the classical duties they have to perform by Mr. Compton and Miss M. Ternan, a recent translation from the clever company of the Strand.

At the ADELPHI, a burlesque, "Asmodeus, or The Devil on Two Sticks," from the pens of Mr. Mark Lemon and Mr. Shirley Brooks, is given with all due honours by Mrs. Mellon, Mr. Toole, Mr. Bedford, Miss Kelly, and Miss Keeley.

Although not producing any entertainment especially for the holiday season, Miss Swanborough has had the managerial tact to revive at the STRAND the best burlesque of the present day. The only change observable in "The Maid and the Magpie," beyond new dresses and scenery, is the substitution of Miss M. Simpson for Miss M. Ternan as *Giannetto*.

The real Simon Pure, the opera of "La Gazza Ladra," is about one of the greatest successes of the new house in Covent Garden. The *Marietta* of Mademoiselle Lotti is a most charming impersonation, in every way worthy of the growing popularity of this young and excellent singer. So, with the other characters, every care is taken to render the *ensemble* as perfect as possible; and the orchestra, with Mr. Costa at its head, well sustains the high reputation accorded to THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

A contrast to the efficiency of the Covent Garden band is afforded by that under the conductorship of Mr. Benedict at DRURY LANE. Not only does the new opera suffer in comparison instrumentally, but also vocally the chorus being determined to assert their independence by differing one with another as to a proper observance of time.

STATE OF THE ODDS, &c.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.

By Mr. R. Johnson, on Tuesday, April 12:—

THE RAWCLIFFE STUD SALE.	GS.
Bay Filly, by Arthur Wellesley out of Dame Cosser, by Voltaire (Mr. Fobert)	16
Bay Filly, by John o'Gaunt out of Latona, by Lanercost (Mr. Hewitt).....	15
Chesnut Filly, by John o'Gaunt out of Woldsmaid, by Hampton (Mr. Curtis)	21
Bay Filly, by Arthur Wellesley out of Pauline, by The Emperor (Mr. Jackson)	21
Chesnut Colt, by Cruiser or Arthur Wellesley out of the grandam of Fisherman (Mr. Bateson)	13
Chesnut Filly, by Cruiser out of Sudbury, by Elis (Mr. Lambert)	12
Brown Filly, by Cruiser out of Speedwell, by Physician (Captain Smith)	46
Bay Colt, by Cruiser out of The Bee, by Gladiator (Lord Strathmore)	50
Chesnut Filly, by Slane out of Canary Blrd, by Birdeatcher (Mr. Scott) ..	55
Bay Filly, by Slane out of Blondelle, by Orlando (Mr. Lefroy)	30
Brown Colt, by Slane out of Orange Blossom, by Gameboy (Mr. G. S. Thompson)	30
Chesnut Colt, by Slane out of Skulda, by Old England (Mr. Singleton).....	56
Chesnut Colt, by Connaught Ranger out of Peace, by Van Tromp (Mr. Curtis)	21
Chesnut Filly, by Newminster out of Black-eyed Susan, by Faugh-a-Ballagh (Mr. Eastwood)	72
Bay Filly, by Newminster out of Varsoviana, by Ion (Mr. Hilton)	70
Bay Filly, by Newminster out of Emma Middleton, by Bay Middleton (Lord Strathmore)	70
Bay Filly, by Newminster out of Belsay, by Lanercost (Sir T. Sykes)	37
Bay Colt, by Newminster out of Black Bess, by Sheet Anchor (Captain Smith)	37
Bay Colt, by Newminster out of Grey Hen, by Stumps (Mr. L. Hodgson) ..	72
Bay Colt, by Newminster out of Galaxy, by Bay Middleton (Mr. Payne)....	200
Chesnut Colt, by Newminster out of Redbreast, by Redshank (Mr. Archdall)	78
Bay Colt, by Newminster out of Shamrock, by Young Priam (Mr. T. Parr)..	55
Bay Colt, by Newminster out of The Jewess, by Slane (Mr. Payne)	260
Bay Colt, by Newminster out of Jovial, by Bay Middleton (Mr. R. Sutton)..	315
Bay Colt, by Newminster out of Pelisse, by Spencer (Mr. Saxon)	43
Grey Filly, by The Flying Dutchman out of Pass Carl, by Sleight-of-Hand (Mr. Hitchen)	40
Brown Filly, by The Flying Dutchman out of Little Peggotty's dam, by Venison (Mr. Hilton)	40
Bay or Brown Filly, by The Flying Dutchman out of Sorceress (Mr. Eastwood)	100
Bay Filly, by The Flying Dutchman out of Pharsalia, by Gladiator (Captain Smith)	27
Brown Filly, by The Flying Dutchman out of Espoir, by Liverpool (Mr. G. S. Thompson)	32
Bay Filly, by The Flying Dutchman out of Fortuna, by Slane (Mr. Lambert)	42
Bay Colt, by The Flying Dutchman out of All's Lost Now, by Birdcatcher (Mr. G. Dawson)	10
Brown Colt, by The Flying Dutchman out of Miss Nancy, by Cain (Mr. Archdall)	62
Brown Colt, by The Flying Dutchman out of Patience, by Lanercost (Mr. Neville)	20
Brown Colt, by The Flying Dutchman out of Urania, by Idle Boy (Mr. Thornton)	40
Bay Colt, by The Flying Dutchman out of Miss Fairfield, by Hampton (Mr. Thornton)	41
Bay Colt, by The Flying Dutchman out of British Queen, by Coronation (Lord Strathmore)	140

Bay Colt, by The Flying Dutchman out of Queen Bee, by Amorino (Mr. Neville)	gs. 78
Bay Colt, by The Flying Dutchman out of Emeute, by Lanercost (Lord Glasgow)	300

By Messrs. Tattersall, at Hyde Park Corner, on Monday, April 11 :—

Mitraille, by Alarm out of Volley, &c.	27
Metis, by Leviathan out of Thetis, by Glaucus, &c.	27
Bay Filly, 2 yrs. by Stockwell or Australian out of The Countess, &c.	20

On Thursday, April 14th—

THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE MR. ISAAC DAY.

Bay Colt, 2 yrs., by Magnes out of Diadem (Tiara's dam)	125
Bay Filly, 3 yrs., by Archy out of Enterprise	77
Grey Gelding	61
Brown Pony	60
Brown Mare, 5 yrs., by Newcourt out of Colocynthis, by Cardinal Puff.....	21
Mountain Dew	21
Goliah	20

Count Lehndorf has bought Lancaster, Joan of Arc, and Martha, by Orlando, to go to Prussia; and the Earl has also been sold to go abroad. Mr. Richard Sutton has bought Ambush, and Mr. Jackson has sold Broadlands into Joseph Dawson's stable. Mr. Gundry has sold his yearling colt by Autocrat out of Bianca, by Touchstone, to Mr. A. Taylor, of Fyfield.

The Duke, *alias* All's Lost, *alias* Once More, the brood mare Rosary, sister to Surplice, and the two-year-old, the Begum, by Weatherbit, are in the deaths of the past month.

The interest at length begins to centre on the more important events in the market, and both the Chester Cup and the Derby are noticeable for some changes since we last wrote. For the former the Irish crack Drogheda has gone all to pieces, and Royal Sovereign, still improving on his rising look, threatened at one time to reign in his stead. But, although yet a good favourite, he has been in turn displaced by the Cup winner of two years since—Mr. Higgins' Leamington. This horse was patched up last year, and it is yet, perhaps, a fine question between running well and breaking down. Both these, Leamington and Royal Sovereign, have strong parties; while Polestar, Bevis, and Herne especially, have also commanded some very significant support. Underhand may be reported "in the next degree," and beyond him a long line of individual fancies. For the Derby, the experience so far of the Craven Meeting is making it a fine thing between the Promised Land and Musjid, with Marionette sure to see a shorter and shorter price. Four of the most formidable stables, in fact, head our list—William and John Day's, Sir Joseph's, and John Scott's; while one or two of the best-respected of their opponents would appear already to be knocked out—such as Merryman and Rainbow. Neither are Electric, Volcano, Balnamoon, nor Cavendish in much force; and of the outside division Old Robert, Glenbuck, and Schuloff promise the most improvement. The month, however, will see some rattling favourites, and should the Promised Land not go to Newmarket, he is certain still of more support. Some of our best judges are very sweet on him; and Nimrod may be thought good enough for the Guineas.

THE DERBY. (Run June 1.)		April 4.	April 11.	April 18.	Newmarket. April 27.	
Musjid		100 to 6	14 to 1	9 to 1	7 to 1	
The Promised Land		8 .. 1	7 .. 1	7 .. 1	8 .. 1	
Gamester		14 .. 1	14 .. 1	16 .. 1	14 .. 1	
Marionette		—	—	—	16 .. 1	
Electric		—	—	20 .. 1	—	
Trumpeter		—	—	—	25 .. 1	
Merrymen		—	—	100 .. 6	25 .. 1	
Defender		—	—	—	20 .. 1	
Volcano		15 .. 1	15 .. 1	14 .. 1	—	
Rainbow		—	—	22 .. 1	—	
Cavendish		—	—	25 .. 1	—	
Ticket of Leave		—	25 .. 1	25 .. 1	25 .. 1	
Balmoon		33 .. 1	30 .. 1	1000 .. 30	50 .. 1	
Old Robert		—	—	—	40 .. 1	
Nimrod		—	—	40 .. 1	—	
Glenbuck		—	—	50 .. 1	50 .. 1	
Red Eagle		—	—	—	50 .. 1	
Lord of the Manor		—	50 .. 1	—	—	
Hal o' Kirklees		—	2000 .. 30	—	—	
Schuloff		—	—	40 .. 1	—	
Crafton		—	—	1000 .. 15	50 .. 1	
Phantom		2000 .. 35	—	—	—	
Goy Fawkes		—	3000 .. 45	—	—	
Napoleon		—	100 .. 1	100 .. 1	—	
Newcastle		50 .. 1	—	100 .. 1	—	
The Far West		—	—	—	100 .. 1	
THE 2,000 GS. STAKES. (Run May 10.)						
The Promised Land		7 .. 2	4 .. 1	4 .. 1	5 .. 2	
Nimrod		—	10 .. 1	100 .. 15	8 .. 1	
Crafton		—	—	20 .. 1	—	
Cynicus		—	—	20 .. 1	—	
THE CHESTER CUP. (Run May 4.)						
	yrs.	st. lb.				
Leamington	6	8 2	50 .. 1	50 .. 1	40 .. 1	9 .. 1
Royal Sovereign	4	6 4	—	—	10 .. 1	—
Polestar	5	7 8	14 .. 1	100 .. 7	15 .. 1	20 .. 1
Herne	4	6 4	20 .. 1	—	20 .. 1	33 .. 1
Bevis	3	5 0	20 .. 1	100 .. 6	15 .. 1	—
Rosabel	3	5 2	—	—	—	25 .. 1
Underhand	5	7 12	—	—	25 .. 1	—
Satinstone	4	6 2	—	—	25 .. 1	—
The Brewer	6	6 11	—	50 .. 1	—	33 .. 1
Wrestler	4	6 11	—	—	1000 .. 30	30 .. 1
Master Bagot	5	6 4	—	—	30 .. 1	30 .. 1
Defender	3	4 7	—	—	—	30 .. 1
Fisherman	6	9 0	—	—	50 .. 1	—
The Argosy	4	7 4	—	—	—	50 .. 1
Bastion	3	5 0	—	—	50 .. 1	—
Petra	3	4 10	—	—	50 .. 1	—
Rara Avis	3	4 10	—	—	200 .. 5	—
Jordan	4	6 10	—	50 .. 1	—	50 .. 1
Lifeboat	4	8 4	—	—	1000 .. 15	—
Olympias	3	4 4	—	—	1000 .. 15	—
Roman Candle	3	8 0	—	—	—	50 .. 1
Barometer	3	4 7	—	—	1000 .. 15	—
Queenstown	4	6 2	—	—	50 .. 1	25 .. 1
Belle	4	5 12	100 .. 1	—	—	—
Drogheda	3	5 8	13 .. 1	20 .. 1	100 .. 1	—

THE DERBY, 1860.—1,000 to 30 against Thormanby, 50 to 1 against Oxford, and 100 to 1 against Umpire.

J U N E, 1 8 5 9.

E M B E L L I S H M E N T S.

“ A R O U G H C U S T O M E R . ”

ENGRAVED BY J. H. ENGLEHEART, FROM A PAINTING BY M. BARRAUD.

A N D

T H E S T A B L E - Y A R D .

ENGRAVED BY E. HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY E. CORBET.

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E E

DIARY FOR JUNE, 1859.

New Moon, 1st day, at 10 min. past 7 morning.
 First Quar., 7th day, at 48 min. past 10 morning.
 Full Moon, 15th day, at 18 min. past 10 morning.
 Last Quar., 23rd day, at 32 min. past 2 afternoon.
 New Moon, 30th day, at 14 min. past 2 afternoon.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.	Sun			Moon	HIGH WATER					
			rises	and	sets.		rises &	sets.	London Bridge			
			h.	m.	d.	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.	
1	W	The Derby Day	r	3	50	N	SETS afternoon.	1	36	1	59	
2	T		s	8	7		10	11	2	21	2	43
3	F	The Oaks Day	r	3	49		2	10	3	5	3	28
4	S	Glasgow Regatta	s	8	9		3	11	3	52	4	17
5	S	Sunday after Ascension.	r	3	48		4	11	4	42	5	7
6	M	Cricket—Lord's: All Engl. Match	s	8	10	5	Morning.	5	34	6	1	
7	T	Ross Fair	r	3	46	6	0	6	6	30	6	59
8	W	Chelmsford Races	s	8	12	7	0	20	7	29	8	0
9	T	London Y. C. Regatta—Erith	r	3	46	8	0	32	8	31	9	2
10	F	Sale of Harpton Court Yearlings	s	8	14	9	0	45	9	35	10	7
11	S	St. Barnabas	r	3	45	10	1	0	10	38	11	9
12	S	White Sunday.	s	8	15	11	1	18	11	40	No tide	
13	M	Cricket—Lord's: M. C. C. v. Uni-	r	3	44	12	1	40	0	10	0	36
14	T	Ascot Races [versities	s	8	16	13	RISES afternoon.	1	1	1	25	
15	W	Manchester Races	r	3	44	P	9	9	1	48	2	10
16	T	Ascot Cup Day	s	8	17	15	9	50	2	31	2	51
17	F	Taunton Fair	r	3	44	16	10	20	3	11	3	30
18	S	Sale of Mr. Blenkiron's Yearlings	s	8	18	17	10	41	3	46	4	4
19	S	Trinity Sunday.	r	3	44	18	10	56	4	23	4	42
20	M	Cricket—Lord's: M. C. C. v. Cam-	s	8	18	19	11	11	4	57	5	16
21	T	Horneast's Fair [bridge	r	3	45	20	11	23	5	35	5	54
22	W	Hampton Races. Newton Races	s	8	19	21	11	34	6	14	6	34
23	T	Cricket—Lord's: Oxford v. Camb.	r	3	45	22	11	45	6	55	7	17
24	F	Sale of Lord Waterford's Stud	s	8	19	23	11	57	7	42	8	10
25	S	R. T. Y. C. Regatta—Erith	r	3	46	24	Morning.	8	40	9	10	
26	S	First Sunday after Trinity.	s	8	19	25	0	14	9	40	10	11
27	M	Cricket—Lord's: North v. South	r	3	47	26	0	34	10	44	11	16
28	T	The Curragh Races	s	8	18	27	1	6	11	47	No tide	
29	W	Royal Northern Regatta	r	3	48	28	1	50	0	17	0	45
30	T	Stockbridge Races	s	8	18	N	2	57	1	13	1	40

RACES IN JUNE.

Bridgend	6	Ascot	14	Newcastle	28
Chelmsford	8	Manchester	15	Curragh	28
Beverley	8	Southwell	16	Odham	28
Hungerford	9	Hampton	22	Tamore	28
Hawick	10	Newton	22	Bibury Club	29
Cartmel	13	Tenbury	23	Stockbridge	30

T H E O M N I B U S .

“ There he sat, and, as I thought, expounding the law and the prophets, until on drawing a little nearer, I found he was only expatiating on the merits of a brown horse.”—BRACEBRIDGE HALL.

Meetings of the Month—Lupellus—Racing at the Antipodes—A Visit to Tom Hills—Hunting Memoranda—Death of Will Goodall.

The late Easter has quite defrauded us of our racing dues ; and, like the Two Thousand, the Derby and Oaks have just eluded us. The Newmarket race has become quite a thing of the past, as now seen through a dim four weeks' vista. Promised Land, who must be quite fifteen three, can hardly be said to have improved. In his forehead he is very handsome, and his shoulder could not be improved upon. There, however, all goodness stops : his chest is narrow ; his arms small ; and he turns out his feet, and flourishes them vaguely about. Behind, there are very poor loins, and doubtful ribs ; but his action is beautiful. Cynricus was perhaps the more commanding-looking of the two ; but his back and ribs were not the thing. Phantom is little, and with nothing of him ; and Vanity must indeed have faded, if she could not give him 7lbs. Counsellor Erskine used to say, we shall one day know the great secret why boots and shoes are made so tight ; and we may also perhaps be enlightened as to how any human beings could ever be kidded into backing Ralpho, with the January remembrance of “ the young man under age who did not wish his name known.” The very day after the race, it was said that William Day departed to Mr. Simpson's, at Diss in Norfolk, and bought upwards of forty of his yearlings ! Wells had been all for the mealy bay, Mayonaise, during the winter ; and they purposely persuaded him to stay at Chester, after his accident, till the race was over so as to save from all the excitement of seeing her win. Teddington has certainly outdone himself as a filly getter with her ; and, as a tout observed, “ she seemed big enough to eat the others.” We presume he alluded to Ariadne, who has as rare action, and is as beautifully made as mare can be, but still a perfect mite. Prelude looked well, but she has no middle ; and Qui Vive is also bad there, and high on the leg and shortish to boot. It was a thousand to a gooseberry on the Bretby pet from end to end ; and the Spread Eagle contained both a Hopeful and a Champagne winner ! Last season nearly every trainer thought that the winner was a jade when she was collared, but to-day there was no earthly chance of testing the notion. His recent victories and his marriage have made Tom Taylor quite bland by comparison. “ The eccentric Joey Jones,” too, smiled on Newmarket. He wore a cocked hat, and had a stick with decorations of orange and purple ribbons held before him mace-fashion by a boy, as he went to and from the course in a cart. The turn-out was in fine contrast to Lord Stamford's carriage-and-four.

At Chester, old Leamington solved the problem of winning two Cups at last ; and William Boyce won two races for Mr. Parr on Sedbury,

who has thickened into a rare little horse. There is no return to the saddle, which we welcome with more pleasure than Boyce's; and now that he has fairly adopted it for his profession again, and can ride 8st. 4lbs. without wasting an ounce, we fully expect to see talent and sterling uprightness well served before long. He began capitably, with three winning races in little more than a week. We are weary to death of boys, many of them the coarsest creatures in creation, and glad to see men, with the style and quiet manners of the old school, brought forward once more. It makes the turf look itself again. Rattlebone, as usual, was very slow at starting for the Mostyn Stakes, or that would have been Mr. Parr's as well. Old Fisherman was sadly fractious in his new hands at saddling, and although George Hall does not often act as a comforter, he went up to him, and the horse instantly recognized him again, and became quite placid. There is no doubt that the Chatsworth Plate at Derby, where he carried 10st. 2lbs., and beat Misty Morn (5st. 7lb.) a head, ruined his temper at last; and still less doubt that Wells's fondness for the rails, and the way in which he took them, caused the accident which broke Rainbow's back. Scotland had backed the horse a good deal; but he has done, we firmly believe, more good to his owner by his death, than he was likely to do by his life. Doncaster meeting was a dull one, and in fact it never answers to change a fixture. Somehow or other, the managers of this meeting (the Corporation have no more to do with it than we have, beyond lending the stand and ground in accordance with a formal motion each year) have been shifty with it. They tried to make it too legitimate for one so early in the season, and gradually got rid of the steeple chases. Then they were obliged to restore one, because the innkeepers demanded it; and now they have not only shifted the time, but they have drawn George Birley from his retirement, when he had entirely done with racing, to become starter again. They knew that he had been unpopular in his old vocation, and that he was thriving and respected in his new one, and there could be no necessity for laying such a gratuitous tax on the patience of racing-men. They will put up with false starts from a regularly experienced man, and take it as part of the fortune of war; but they are naturally impatient at having "countrymen" appointed to be "flag sergeants." We see nothing for it, but going back to the old day, having two steeple chases (for what is the sense of preparing a course for merely one), a Hopeful Stakes, a Trial Stakes, a Handicap, and a Selling Race, and then the meeting will have found its level. Once it really had a distinctive character of its own; now it is a mere bad imitation. Lupellus won the Hopeful in his wonted style, and the stewards disliked Withington's style of riding one race, and his manner in the enclosure when he was questioned, so much, that, we hear, they wrote to his employer, John Scott, on the subject.

At Salisbury we had a dead heat, and a header between Sir Hercules and Schism; while old Fisherman, most vilely ridden and actually brought with a 10st. hamper at the distance, got caught again and beaten by Bevis. Lord Palmerston was twice successful with the beautiful little Romsey, and again with Maidstone, the first of the King Toms that ever won; and a most creditable beginning

it was for him. "Pam" must have thought these victories an omen for the coming session. At Bath there was the most merry and aristocratic of meetings, and the two-year-olds were never surpassed. Rattlebone ran well up as usual, third in a field of fifteen, to the beautiful Seclusion, one of the Tadmors who were sold at Woodycats last year. In nine out of ten years this grey would have been a flyer, and at a mile there is scarcely one to beat him now. In the Biennial the doubtful state of Trumpeter's leg made them wait off so tenderly with him. When sold as a yearling, the biddings hung so at 70 gs., that he had very nearly been knocked down; but then Mr. Harry Hill and another came on with the running, and it was smart enough up to 290 gs. Buccaneer by Wild Dayrell, out of Cruizer's dam, was a great pet in Lupellus's race, as he had been tried, they say, to give 21lbs. to King of the Forest. In like manner, we hear that Thormanby can give Lady Falconer 21lbs., and Lupellus 21lbs. to Joyeuse. Lupellus seemed beaten to the eye; but it was only Fordham's gammon, as he had them all safe the instant he came, and with his ground measured for him most beautifully. He is the most wonderful looking two-year-old we ever saw, and with such limbs, that if a thirteen stone man had showed us him as his hunter, we should have felt sure he would be well carried. He was foaled at Mr. Halford's, in Worcestershire, who hired Loup Garou for £300 after he left Hampton Court. That gentleman considered him a dear bargain, but he has ten yearlings by him, for three of which he was offered a thousand. Lupellus, himself, belongs to a solicitor at Wantage, who thought so highly of him, that he put 1,000 gs. on his head, and offered him at that price to Sir Joseph Hawley, John Day and John Scott in turn, but without success. The latter had heard of him, and sent Markwell down to see him. That well-known Lincolnshire authority liked him, but of course sent John Scott word about his splint, and advised him to ask the price, which was the aforesaid choker, and there the matter dropped. When these negotiations failed, Mr. Parr made one much smaller in amount, but with three contingencies of £100 each for his three first wins, every one of which have come off already. His brother has also, we believe, been just purchased by Mr. Parr, and is a brown with a remarkably beautiful well-knit back, but not so varmint in his style as his brother. He is out of Birthday, by Pantaloon, the dam of Filius; but she was unfortunately barren to Loup Garou this season; and they fear that she is not in foal to him again. We believe that nearly all his mares missed to him this season, among them Mr. Parr's Redshank mare, the dam of the once promising Peregrine. One of her companions, the beautiful white Wicket, the dam of Rattlebone, has been put to him, and has at present a rare grey colt by The Dutchman at her foot. The 235-guinea Newby has been cut, and will, we believe, pay forfeit for everything this season; and independently of him and Lupellus, Mr. Parr's Epeom hand is very strong with five fillies, Avalanche, Contadina, Philomel, and two others by Hermit and Newminster. Stockham has departed to China, after being exchanged for Usurer, as he wouldn't try latterly, and we understand that The Thames, that tremendously big colt, by Kingston has left for South America.

A copy of *Bell's Life in Victoria* has just reached us, and demon-

strates most satisfactorily the progress which racing is making at the Antipodes. The second Great Western Produce Stakes has no less than 169 nominations, and of these, "Simson and Row" take twenty-two. Indian Warrior, Muscovado, Premier, Touchit, Mavors, Dolo, and Boiardo seem the favourite sires, and 31 mares entered in this produce stake have been covered by the latter. The names of some of the mares are odd enough, to wit, "By Jupiter," "Foot and a Half," and "Dandenong Jane." Dolo is, we see, for sale, and his merits are the subject of a somewhat sneering letter from "Australian" to "Breeder" (who, by the bye, has just emerged from a newspaper round with "Old Chum") reminding his admirers how he only won the Newcastle St. Leger, because Sir Tatton Sykes and Fancy Boy tumbled. No less than twenty-seven race meetings are announced for March, April, May, and June, and one of them, the Victoria Turf Club, adds £1,650 to its three days, and puts on the 5 sovs. entrances pretty heavily. There are also meetings with "first-rate hunting saddle and equipments for all hacks," and we find the pungent no-mistake notice, that "All dogs found on the course will be destroyed with strychnine." South Australia, New South Wales, and Tasmania, all come within these racing arrangements. A jockey club is going to be formed in the latter country, and there is an announcement, that the Victoria Jockey Club had to meet to take into consideration the case of Flying Jib. There is also a Melbourne Hunt, the only pack of foxhounds in the Australian colonies; but we regret to find that "Aleck," the huntsman, reports many puppies dead from distemper; and some men, too, have not paid up their subscriptions. "Quorn," it seems has been to see the kennel, and he speaks of the father of the pack, Hannibal, almost white with age; of Dauntless, and of "poor old Music, who is now much too slow for our fast runs, but who if left behind goes nearly frantic." He adds, "Would that we had a few more Nimrods, in this colony, like Messrs. Watson and Bignall, who although thousands of miles away from the Leicestershire Pastures and the Yorkshire Wolds, still pursue with unabated zeal this thorough old English pastime." The season begins when ours leaves off; and "the beautifully clear cold Australian mornings" bring out many a scarlet coat and buckskins.

Town grew rather wearisome about the middle of May, and feeling inclined for the breezes of the Surrey Downs, we booked ourselves by the South Eastern for Caterham Junction, and determined to visit Tom Hills. A mile down the Junction railway, which runs through a gully with woods on one side, and a Down hill dotted all over with furze clumps on the other, brought us to the Kenley-station; and there we got out, and wound up the ascent to the right. It was as pleasant a 16th of May, as man might wish to see; and the "stinking violets" clustered in their richest profusion in the coppice which we skirted. The old hall at Garston, itself, which boasts of a wonderful cedar, lies rather more than a mile from the rail. It is surrounded by a little colony of snug cottages, which make up quite a pleasant village, with Tom as the patriarch. The chalk-stone gout had used him rather ill of late; and he had also a bad fall last season, which still makes it difficult for him to raise his left arm to his head. This is not the first of his misfortunes in this way, as he has broken both arms, three ribs (by falling on his horn, in the days when they carried them slung), the

cup of his elbow in three or four bits, and his plate-bone, as well. Gout, however, bothers him most, and makes his action rather short, but still he gets along as of old when he is once on his pigskin throne. It was with reference to his woes in this way, that he said when we observed that his eyes were rather shut in a photograph, "*Next time I'll have it taken when I've got the gout, that will make me open them fast enough.*" Still we found him very cheery, seated in his arm-chair, which the coat of his once honoured dark chesnut Paddy has lined. The chairs in the room had all hound-skin cushions, taken from nine of the best of the seven couple of rare bitches which fell 106 feet down a cutting on the Brighton rail some seven years ago. Will Long, Mr. Davis, Mr. Haigh (an old master of the pack); Squire Waring with his Kent harriers; John Ward with Betsy and Blue Ruin; Lord Derby's staghounds, with Jonathan Griffin on his grey; Brother Jim (who whipped into him nine years) in the centre of his Heythrop picture; and the old Surrey Hunt, after Barraud, lent lustre to the walls. Tom, as all the world knows, is in the centre of the latter, on Lounger; while one of his sons is on Paddy; and the badger-pye Factor, by Old Surrey Factor, out of Dimple, of his most cherished sort, stands close up to Lounger's foot. There was also an enormous fox in a case. He was not exactly brought to hand in Tom's usual style, as the hounds flashed over him into a cover near Godstone, and a farmer found him lying dead in a furrow next day.

Tom is now rising sixty-four, and just entering his fortieth season with his old Surrey pets. He has been at it with them ever since he was fifteen, and whipped-in for seven seasons to John Cole. Out of the other forty-two, three were spent behind the bar; but he soon took to the scarlet again. Five of his sons are in the profession; and he can say, what no man ever said before, that three of them—George, Tom, and Edward—are huntsmen. Morris, the eldest, whipped-in to Dick Burton at Mr. Assheton Smith's. Then he was with his uncle, The Tickham, and his father; and he has now been second whip to The Queen's, for ten or eleven seasons. George began with Colouel Wyndham, and then whipped-in for a time to his father and uncle, and passed on to Lord Macclesfield. From thence, he entered the service of Count Esterhazy, and whipped-in to the late Will Goodall's brother-in-law, but he came back at the time of the revolution, as hunting was at an end, and all the hounds were destroyed. After that, he became kennel huntsman to Lord Gifford, in the Vale of White Horse, and he now hunts the Herefordshire. When things became quiet again in Hungary, the huntsman came over once more for hounds, and as he could not get George, he took back Edward, who was then with Prince Albert's harriers, and he has now become huntsman to Count Carolli at Pesth. Tom entered with his father, and was then with The Tickham in Mr. Lushington's time; got his promotion to be Mr. Collier's kennel huntsman, and when that gentleman gave up, he succeeded Orchin (who had to retire from deafness) as huntsman of the Hambledon. Sam began with the West Kent, where he was for two seasons, and now he is about commencing his sixth Old Surrey one with his father.

Mr. Hood gave up the mastership of these hounds early in May, and it is now taken by a local committee, who are directing their energies to having a better supply of foxes. This complaint was prevalent all

over the the country, which is very full of covers. The Godstone part, which requires less wet than the other, is much the best; and at the worst of times Midnight-hole Gorse is seldom known to fail. Titsey, near Westerham, is also a capital find; but still Old Surrey hunting is uphill work in more senses than one, as the flints wear up a pack in no time. At the end of last season they had only fourteen couple sound, and had to knock ten couple on the head. Tincture of myrrh is the principal application: and they find that hare-footed hounds stand the flints much better than the cat-footed ones. Their last season was a good one on the whole; but they never had a worse scent up to Christmas since Tom buckled on spur. It began on October 10th, and finished April 1st; and after being stopped for four or five days by frost, they killed fifteen and a-half brace, and ran ten brace to ground. Three or four runs in the Kent country, of two hours each, were as good things as they ever had; but in one or two of them Tom was not out, and his son Sam was a very able substitute. The pack at present is very short in numbers. Ben Morgan's looked-for draft could not come this spring; and as Jem Hills has lost 10½ couple by distemper (which has also attacked the Tedworth, Berkeley, Cheshire, and Wynnstay kennels very severely), he has none to spare. Last year Tom had seventeen and a-half couple from Sir Watkin's, and lost five and a-half couple of them, so that he may well look out anxiously for some accessions.

Having gathered these little general data, we sauntered out with Tom into the stables, which are overshadowed by some beautiful horse-chesnuts, but found them nearly empty. Out of the stud of twelve, his favourite brown, Ransley, and The Advocate, were in the orchard, and Goldfinch and The Brick in the field behind the kennels; and Sweetsauce and Kingston were the only ones in the stalls. The former is an ex-Derby colt by Venison, and was bred by Sir Joseph Hawley, but we had quite forgotten his name. He has spent eight seasons with them, five of which he has been in Tom's hands. Passing to the kennels, we looked down the marvellous well, which Sir Edmund Antrobus sunk when he built them. They went down 365 feet; and even then they believed that they had only tapped a mere land-spring after all.

Charmer, Syren, and Tidings, all of Sir Watkin's blood, were in their orchard kennels with litters—the former of them to Vagrant. They send out about twenty couple of puppies every year; but the walks are not a land of Goshen, and they only enter five or six. One of them in the Charmer litter was slate and white; and it seems that they have had a great many of this sort, though neither sire nor dam has the slightest touch of it. There are about sixteen couple of Sir Watkin's in the kennel now; and Vagrant is certainly the pick, and as gay and clever-looking a hound as we often see. His relatives, Voucher and Vaultier, were drawn along with him. The latter has a peculiar bloodhound sort of head: and the character which Tom gives of the three is, that, for puppies, they did rather too much work. There were twenty-six couple of doghounds in all; and foremost among them is the twenty-four inch Flourisher, on whom Jem Hills has long cast a longing eye. Ploughboy and Pleader, by the Old Surrey Rummager, are good-looking, and peculiarly full of tan; and we felt so sure, from the first glance of his head, that Gauntlet was a Sir Richard Sutton hound, that we had

him drawn, out of curiosity. There was, however, a much better specimen of Quorn in the gay and stylish Draco. He was bought by Mr. Collier at the Quorn sale; but as that gentleman only hunted bitches in Kent, he became one of a two-couple dog draft. Three veterans were in a yard behind—the handsomest of them Warrior, by Old Surrey Joker, out of Sutton Whimper; but unfortunately he cannot get a whelp. Farmer and Fugleman were both bred by Mr. Davis, who sends not a few hounds here, when they are not quite fast enough for his purpose. The former is a seven-season dog, who has been stifled, and looks very much jumped-up; and Fugleman is brother to Flourisher, but very far short of him in looks. There are only fourteen couple in the bitch pack; and Rampish, Garland, Merry Lass, and Skilful, are among the prima donnas. We wonder, in fact, that Jem Hills ever let Garland leave Heythrop. Skilful is an especially compact bitch of about twenty-two inches, and heavy in pup to Wynnstay Priam. She is, we believe, another of the Ascot drafts, and, taking her altogether, remarkably sweet and good. It did one good to see anything so pretty, as, in point of head and colour, we had just voted Barrister to be the very ugliest we ever beheld. As a general thing, they run a dog and bitch pack; but latterly they have had to put the small dogs along with them, as they have been so short of "ladies." And so, taking one more look at a splendid Dorking rooster, and trying the depth of the well with a stone, we again sought the train, and sped to very different scenes.

Although there were no three horses to average £480 odd, this year, still the Wynnstay Hunt sale was a very excellent one, and five made £1,500. John Walker's three best, Cockatoo, Cannock, and Coronet, averaged nearly 305 gs. each, and no huntsman ever rode better ones. Cockatoo is by The Lark, and the horse on which Walker finished his celebrated run over the cream of Cheshire, just at the close of last year. Chance and Columbine, who were also his horses, were very good. The former was bought by Sir Watkin, who resumes "his ain again," and the latter by Lord Forester. It was a well chosen time—before so many good sportsman—to present George Wells with the testimonial he has so honourably earned. His place has been filled up by John King, who was first whip for three seasons to the South Berkshire. The hunters at Tattersall's, this May, have been generally bad; and "The Right Man," who was bought by a stockbroker for 400 gs., was far beyond any of them. We have not yet had a peep at the "Four-in-Hand Club," but we hear that there are thirty-three members, and fifteen drags were out one afternoon.

The keepers of one gentleman appear to be doing all they can in the Rufford Hunt to ruin sport; and one of the juniors has been laying poison, and killing tenants' cats, dogs, poultry, foxes, &c., and in fact running a regular muck, while the head keeper backs him. Really, the love of game seems to knock every feeling of hunting loyalty out of some covert owners' hearts.

We hear of few changes; but Dick Burton, after acting as kennel-huntsman at Lord Henry Bentinck's request for a season, has given up hounds for ever, and is, we believe, going back to his old home, Yew Tree Cottage, at Quorn. Harry Sebright, the second whip of last season, is now the huntsman, with some eighteen years' experience on his head. The report of foxes in Leicestershire is most cheering, and

a most friendly feeling prevails towards Lord Stamford, but at present they do not know of any fresh comers to Melton Mowbray next season.

Death has been rife among sportsmen of late, and the Marquis of Waterford, Mr. Atkins, secretary of the O. B. H., and one of the kindest of friends, and most efficient of hunt secretaries, and the Rev. Mr. Bower, of Barmston, in the Holderness (who was universally allowed to have no superior over country, before his last sad illness overtook him), have all gone. Now poor Will Goodall has joined the number. It has been well said,

“ The image of a man who died
In his heyday of renown
Has a fearful power, unto which the pride
Of fiery life bows down.”

and truly the news of his death brought tears to many a brother huntsman's eyes (for he had lived down all jealousy) and fairly thrilled through Leicestershire. There is hardly a man for miles round Belvoir but feels he has lost a friend, and dreads the return of the season, and no Will at the cover-side on Knipton, or “ my good little Emperor.”

He was as cheery and energetic as ever to the last; but he had for some time past been labouring under a slight cold, and his doctor used to tell him that he could never get him well till the hunting was over. Croxton Races he enjoyed amazingly, and as usual he came to his wife for a handful of silver, for his friends amongst the yokels, who generally expected a glass of ale, if he had not caught them heading foxes or giving false halloos during the season. They used always to be on the look-out for him, as he kept the course with his whips, and many a joke passed between them. There was a great joke against one of them for his avarice. Will had marked him down during the year for something, and as he was one of the “ good boys” that day, and kept behind the cords so well, he was honoured with half-a-crown. He positively grumbled; and Will, in his pleasant way, said, “ *Well; give it me back!*” and the man, thinking from the tone, that it was to be exchanged for a crown, did so, and off Will rode with it, and taught him a lesson which his comrades did not forget to keep alive. He was rather amused this year with five of the Farmers' Plate horses getting distanced, and made a note of it in his Hunting Diary along with Zuyder Zee's victory. Two or three more days' hunting followed, and then the last one, when they met at Belvoir. We gave it last month in Will's own words, for nearly every account of the Belvoir sport for the last season was written by him (though we made a few alterations to disguise the authorship), and the twenty-fifth of the month never came round without the welcome report, on two foolscap sheets. They were always expressed in a vivid style of his own. “ *Raced into him and eat him;*” “ *as hard as they could scream;*” “ *blew him up in the open,*” were all favourite expressions with him, and characteristic of the dashing earnestness of the man. His fall from a horse he was riding on trial that day, near the Reeded House, was a very severe one, and Cooper saw him on the ground for at least a minute, by the side of his horse, and was going to help him, when he got up. He had a habit of carrying his horn in his breast

to get easier at it, and whether he injured himself or not by falling on it, could never be quite ascertained. They took it to his bedside some days before he died, and he showed them exactly how he fell; and half sitting up in bed, took it with all the animation of health, as if it revived him to lay hold of it again. The fall must have pained him, as when his wife heard him sound his horn for the last time, on coming back to the kennels, and went out to greet him with "*Thank God, Will, I have you safe from another season*"—he replied, "*Yes! but mind you, I've had a rum 'un to-day,*" and so it is to be feared he had.

The cold seemed to increase upon him when hunting was over, and his throat, as usual, was rather relaxed; but he thought little of it, and striking his chest, as was his wont, he used to assure his wife he was all right there. Still, with all a wife's tenderness, for such a husband, it could not escape her that he was slightly failing. It gave her no delight to hear, when he came back from the Castle (for he would perpetually slip up there to weigh when no one saw him), that he was 2lbs. lighter, and that he had lost 7lbs. that season, which would leave him at about 12st. 5lbs. or so. On horseback, and especially on so small a horse as The Emperor he looked a large man, and his weight, contrary to what we generally see with all splendid horsemen, lay in his legs. The draft had been sent off to Lord Ducie's, and he had intended to set off and see his old friend, John Walker, and attend the Wynnstay sale, and come round by Joe Maiden's, the very Friday before he died. His cold increased, and it was difficult to persuade him to have a blister on; but he had one at last, and went to bed, and stayed there all day. He was in bed the next day, when Lord Henry Bentinck called to see the young entry; but he jumped up, and putting on three flannel waistcoats, went down to meet him, and was on the flags for four hours. This was Wednesday (April 19), and he then took to his bed, and he never left it alive. Merry, Ben Morgan, and some other of his hunting friends, called at the kennel, and saw him, and the latter especially left with a very sad presentiment on his mind. Will did not tell him; but from the time he felt too ill to stay up, he had the firmest belief that he should never rally, and tried to break it to his wife. Once only, when he felt a little better, he remarked that he was going to be spared, and what a happy summer they would have, when the boys came home from school; but this idea soon passed away. The sure trust which had always supported him and coloured his whole life and conversation, was not found failing then, and days before he died he could calmly assure those he loved best, that the last struggle was over, and that he had no fear, or even a wish to come back. It was not until the Tuesday before his death that the most fatal symptoms set in, and a gush of pure blood from his lungs told that some vessel had been suddenly ruptured. From that hour he sank very rapidly. His Grace twice came to see him, once from Sandbeck in the early part of his illness, and again on the Friday before he died, and "*My kind Lord Duke*" was Will's last farewell to him, as he gave him his parting assurance that his wife and family would be duly cared for by him.

The change was so rapid from Saturday afternoon that he hardly spoke, but he was sensible to the last, and could speak an hour before his death, so as to give his wife and children his blessing, and died just at daybreak on May morning.

A *post-mortem* examination was made upon him by two out of the three doctors, at the Duke's request, and the state of one lung, from what cause we know not, was said to be far from satisfactory, so much so, that he might perhaps have not hunted another season. Owing to the early day fixed for the funeral, Charles Treadwell was the only huntsman who attended; and as the hearse moved off, the hounds set up that sort of deep wailing sound, not singing and not charming, which quite went through the followers and the crowd, who stood at the distance to see the last of their old friend, and seemed even to the whips like a sound they had never heard before. It was no unfitting requiem for him. He is buried at Knipton, about a mile from the kennels, and just under Granby Wood, the end of that unbroken woodland chain which he has made ring again so often in cub-hunting time. His grave is just on the left as you enter the gate, and at the end of a fortnight it seemed quite green, and daisies were growing; in fact, we did not even see that it was a new one, and when we had gone round and found Tom Goosey's at the end of the chancel, we were obliged to ask a little girl where it was. Many besides ourselves will visit that spot, and although the name of Will Goodall is not likely to be preserved in that strange song and funeral picture which have made Tom Moody's so historical, it will sink into the hearts of every sportsman, present and to come, with a far deeper and more enduring significance. He leaves eleven children behind, eight sons and three daughters. The eldest, is with a veterinary surgeon, at Tuxford; the second, Stephen, has just gone into his Grace's stables; the third, Will, is destined for the hunting saddle; and so is most probably the fifth; while the fourth, a boy of nine, is at the Bluecoat School. The others are quite young, one of them only a baby of fourteen weeks old. Mrs. Goodall is going to live at Croxton Park, in a house which has been kindly placed at her disposal by the Duke.

There were several applications from huntsmen; but Jem Cooper, the second whip, a smart-looking young fellow of about nine seven, has succeeded to the place. He has had seventeen years' experience with hounds, beginning with Mr. Urquhart's, in Aberdeenshire, where he stayed five seasons. He was there one season with John Walker, when he hunted the Fifeshire; one with Lord Henry Bentinck, under Dick Burton; three with Lord Yarborough; and seven with Will. There are about 69 couple of hounds in the kennel, and about 50 couple of bitches have been sent from other kennels to Trusty, Rallywood, Fairplay, Singer, Gamester, Lexicon, &c. About 60 couple of puppies came in: 19½ have been put forward, and we think one of two are still to come. There are seven couple of them Rallywood's, out of Dowager, Destitute, Nightshade, and Needful, and worthy of the line which made the kennel. Rasselas and Raglan from Nightshade, and Roman from Destitute, were great favourites of Will's, and he looked to this entry with especial pride and interest, as being a new generation of Rallywoods. Roman is a beautifully hung dog,



"A Rough Customer."

like his sire, and he and Random, Render and Royalty, do Destitute (who is in pup to him again) a world of credit. There is also Guider, by Guider, a grand-looking hound, and a clever lengthy little bitch, Riot, by Rallywood. Huntsmen are generally very much pleased with them; and never had new huntsman such a pack made to his hand.

“ A ROUGH CUSTOMER.”

ENGRAVED BY J. H. ENGLEHEART, FROM A PAINTING BY H. BARRAUD.

“The thorough-bred terrier, though an active, sagacious animal, and very fond of hunting, is nevertheless a very careful one, and kills a rat more by cunning than courage. He likes to wait his opportunity, and catch the rat while running, so as to give him a nip without having a bite in return. This you may say is sound generalship. So far so good. But if there happen to be thirty rats present, twenty-nine will make their escape while he is dodging and fretting over one. Still I am satisfied that if you take dogs in general you will not find more than one in fifty that will kill a rat; and if you lump all kinds of terriers together, both rough and smooth, I am equally satisfied that where you will find one that will kill ten rats off-hand, you will find ten that will not kill one each without the assistance of their master. They will do all the fretting and barking if the master will do all the thumping and kicking, and thus kill the rat between them. But often, when the rat is dead, to the great delight of the master, the dog will give it a most unmerciful shaking, and thereby earn for himself not only a host of carresses, but a wonderful reputation. I have, at various times, had at least half-a-hundred terriers of one sort or another, but there was only one out of the whole that would kill a full-grown rat single-handed; but even he was very soon satisfied, since he mostly declined killing a second till another day; and this I have found to be the case with the great majority of thorough-bred terriers. The truth is, they are too cunning and too soft for such hard work. But when they are bred in with the bull-dog, then you have the most active, resolute, and hardy dog that can be produced; and all those dogs that have performed such wonderful feats in the art of rat-killing are of this breed.”

The above very appropriate description is from one of Messrs. Routledge's recent publication—“The Rat,” a most amusing and useful volume, honestly worth a great deal more than the two shillings it is brought out at. We never met with so much pleasant reading under so unattractive a title. Indeed, our sample will speak for itself as to the style in which it is written; while it abounds in anecdote, and even statistical information.

The Rough Customer in the print is a portrait of a dog belonging to one of the Lowndes of Whaddon family. We have not his character with him; but if he is quite up to the *tableau* he must be worth his keep, even for something more than to look at. We suppose we must warrant him as a pure Isle of Skye, and that he is as good as he is handsome.

THE COQUET AND THE BREAMISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WANDERINGS BY THE LOCHS AND STREAMS OF ASSYNT, AND THE NORTH HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND."

CHAPTER II.

Brandling and Blackhead Worms—Leading of the Line—Shade Fishing—Proper Time for Fishing in The Shades—Variety of Baits used in Shade Fishing—Box for containing Baits—The best Shade Fisher on the Coquet.

In order to ensure success in this branch of the angler's trade, it is desirable that a stiffish rod should be employed, of lightish make; while it is indispensably necessary that the casting-line should be composed of strands of fine picked gut, carefully knotted together without whippings; while loops, to which I have a strong objection in the fly-line, must be scrupulously avoided in the tackle used for worm fishing in clear water. The most attractive portions of the river for the worm fisher are found neither in still deeps nor in turbulent and foaming rapids, but rather in small back-streams and in wide extended shallows, where the finest trout will now be lying, on the look-out for food. I have frequently killed fish of a pound and upwards in a depth of water which might have been supposed to contain none but the smallest fry.

In order to fish effectively in the manner at present under description, wading is absolutely necessary in any river. The worm is to be cast upstream by the angler, who is stationed below, and by whom the lure is to be drawn towards him, much after the manner of fly-fishing. I have seen many persons also casting the worm in the same way as the artificial fly is thrown; but to this overhand practice there are two great objections—first, the difficulty of dropping the bait with sufficient lightness into the water; and secondly, the unavoidable tendency of such a mode of casting to rupture and break the worm, which when mutilated has no allurements for the wary trout, by whom it is discarded as a maimed creature unfit for his entertainment. The worm requires frequent examination, as if it present a broken or dead appearance it should be immediately changed for a more lively companion. In baiting this tackle I always myself insert the point of the hook into the actual mouth of the worm, which I push over the shank and head, passing the barb inside the bait, to within an inch and a half or two inches of the tail, according to the length of the worm, taking care not to allow the point of the wire to protrude in the least, while at the same time the upper portion of the worm is brought a short distance up the gut, above the head of the hook.

The species of worm most highly prized on this river is the Brandling, which is found in old dung-heaps, and especially in tan yards. This is a beautiful worm to the eye, being variegated with stripes of red and

white; and on account of its fine colour it is much prized by anglers, especially in the North of England. I, however, for my own part, give a decided preference to that species already mentioned, the Black Head, which is also to be found in old rotten dung-heaps, and in garden ground which has been well manured. This worm, which is also of a very good colour, length, and thickness, combines the desirable quality of being more easily toughened, a matter of considerable importance in this mode of fishing. The best method of casting the worm is to draw out the length of line required, and then bringing it round one shoulder, as in salmon fishing (but not performing the full sweep or curve), to check it the moment when the angler would naturally raise his rod high, and then to pitch it forward underhand. This is somewhat difficult to describe, and requires a little practice to perform; but when once the knack is acquired, like everything else, it becomes easy; and it is wonderful to see with what accuracy a skilful practitioner will deliver his bait in any desired spot by the means above-mentioned. I have seen anglers in the neighbourhood of the Tweed, where this mode of fishing is the best understood, and also upon the Coquet, dropping the worm lightly, without splash or disturbance, beside or behind a particular stone, or into a small eddy beneath a bush, between which and the water was a space so small as to require the utmost nicety to avoid entanglement. This state of proficiency is not to be acquired in a short apprenticeship.

I shall conclude my remarks upon this subject by mentioning that it should be the angler's object to keep his worm naturally travelling at the same rate as the stream he is fishing, and this can alone be regulated by the weight attached to his line: in a rapid current it is, of course, necessary to use heavier leading than in one of a more gentle nature. Thus it happens that a worm with a very moderate leading (which is sufficient in one stream), will be carried away floating on the surface of the next; while by increasing the weight of lead to suit this more powerful current, it is rendered inactive and useless in the next, as it is no sooner thrown than it casts anchor at the bottom, being too heavy to allow of the action of the water. By what I have stated, it will become obvious to the reader that the only way of avoiding this is by weighting the line according to circumstances. The point to be attained is to prevent the decided anchorage on the one hand, and the unnatural floating of the worm upon the other, so that the stream and worm may proceed in harmony together, until it be arrested by the seizure of a fish. When the arrest takes place, do not strike with such quickness as to drag the bait clean away from its assailant, nor wait till he has bitten your worm to pieces, and in the meantime has learnt just sufficient of the presence of the hook to be more wary for the future. Avoid both extremes of precipitancy and delay, by waiting till the instant the line moves from the spot of its first arrest, and then without undue violence strike firmly, and do as you like with your captive.

The plan I always adopted in worm-fishing was to carry a dozen or two of split swan-shot in one of the smallest percussion-cap boxes, and thus I could readily increase or diminish the weight according to the particular stream or shallow I might happen to fish. The shot, what-

ever be the number required (one is frequently sufficient), should be placed at a distance of a foot and a half above the bait. Thus much with regard to the worm.

I have now to describe the last method pursued on the Coquet, under the name of "Shade-fishing."

Until my residence upon this water, I was a perfect stranger to this mode of angling, which I have little doubt might be practised with success upon any well-wooded river. Shade-fishing, as it is termed on the Coquet, has derived its appellation from the circumstances under which it is practised, and may to a certain extent go hand-in-hand with the branch last described, inasmuch as both may be practised at the same season of the year, under the same state of sun and water, with the same rod, and the same fineness of gut. To this extent they are alike, but in other points dissimilar. The last mode of fishing is suited to streams and shallows, while shade-fishing is confined to deeps beyond the influence of current. In the practice of worm-fishing in clear water, wading is indispensable: in shade-fishing it must be scrupulously avoided. In the former also, a single hook and shot are required: in the latter a double hook is employed, while weight is dispensed with.

Although, as I have stated, the same rod will perform the offices of worm and shade-fishing, nevertheless, in order to be perfectly equipped for the work required, in worm-fishing I should recommend a rod of about fifteen feet; while for the latter, one of ten feet would perhaps be found more convenient, and a very considerable degree of stiffness is desirable.

The height of summer, when the water is extremely low and clear, and the sun shining day after day with his utmost splendour, is the time for the shade-fisher to ply his craft. At this period, trout are at times wandering about the shallows, and at others congregating under the shade of overhanging trees, waiting for the various insects which are constantly dropping from their branches. Many of my readers in their rambles beside wooded rivers may have frequently observed large trout sailing about in one particular spot; disappearing, however, in an instant, on the approach of the spectator. Such are the fish, and such the circumstances under which they are captured, by means of what is termed shade-fishing, which I now proceed briefly to describe.

For this branch of angling, in addition to the short stiff rod already described, a reel containing the ordinary running-line used for trouting, which should be connected to a casting-line of from two to three yards of fine gut neatly knotted without loops or whippings, together with a double hook of the size No. 11 (of which a few spare ones should be carried), will comprise the whole amount of tackle requisite.

The baits required consist of wasp-grubs, taken from a nest after previously suffocating their parents by means of gunpowder or sulphur, the common maggots or gentles, as well as small black-beetles or cock-roaches; indeed, the whole catalogue of the beetle kind may be used with success in this mode of fishing. As far, however, as my own experience goes, I have found the common maggot and the wasp grub the most successful candidates; and I believe they are generally found to bring their full share of trophies to the creel.

The above-named baits are easily carried in a small tin box, made with compartments to keep the different species separate. A circular box, of about an inch and a half in depth, and three inches in diameter, opening both on the upper and under side, each again divided into two compartments, will be found a very convenient receptacle for four varieties of baits, which I deem amply sufficient. This, however, is a matter of small importance, and as long as the baits themselves be of the *right description*, and are about to *proceed in the right way*, it matters but little what box may hold them. This, reader, might be well applied to people as well as maggots, who, if they be intrinsically good, and also proceed rightly, may at last be withdrawn from the Romish, the English, the Scotch, or any other church, and after being confined, like the maggots and beetles, for a time in separate compartments, they may meet side by side in the deep water of Eternity, the best from each division being accepted, and the worst rejected. As in matters of religion I would leave each various denomination to make nice distinctions without difference, and differences without knowing why they differ, in turn condemning each other, and thus throughout the world making childish divisions, so I leave it to the fastidious angler to frame his box after any fashion he pleases, and also to subdivide it as he likes, being perfectly certain that provided the insects themselves be suitable and properly applied, it matters but little from what temporary abodes they come. There is one point for him to attain, namely, the capture of fish; and if he succeed in this he has gained his object. Fortunately that great tyrant, Fashion, which has condemned men sometimes to wear coats in which their arms are almost pinioned, or at all events debarred from free action, while at another time she dooms the same members to suffer cold from hanging in sacks, and while, with all her caprice she appears determined to place upon his head the most unbecoming, unmeaning, and uncomfortable of coverings in the form of a hat, she has at present left the angler a free choice in the shape, form, and size of a box to contain his beetles, and other requisites for fishing. I leave it, therefore, in his hands to select or order, or (if he be ingenious) to make for himself, whatever suits his taste.

Shade-fishing can only be practised successfully on rivers whose banks abound with wood or bushes, affording a shelter to screen the angler from the observation of the fish. It is also requisite to use the utmost caution to keep well out of sight. When walking along the side of the water, the fisher should select a spot where he can distinctly see the objects of his capture sailing about beneath. Having placed upon each barb of his double hook one or more gentles or wasp-grubs, he now (having drawn out the requisite length) takes the line in the same hand with the rod, which he carefully pushes forward through the bushes. Having loosened his hold of the line, he lowers it gently into the water, without the slightest splash, to the depth of about two feet, when he must again quietly and slowly raise it to the surface, and again sink it as before, by depressing the point of the rod, and continue in this manner until his lure be seized by a fish. It is very seldom necessary to continue this process long, as on the first raising of the bait towards the surface it will be seized by one of the many fish which have been swimming in a circle round it. The angler should never be induced to

drop the bait before the nose of any particular fish, as instead of enticing him by this means he is far more likely to scare him and his companions from the spot altogether. The lure should be dropped in the rear of the fish, as he is sure to come round in the same circle; and should he deviate a little, to seize some falling insect, he is certain to return to his previous course in a few minutes, when finding the bait ready for him without having his suspicions aroused, he will dart at it, and the fault rests with the angler if he is not fixed to his heart's content. The moment you see the fish dart at the bait (in this kind of fishing you *see* the whole affair from beginning to end), strike, and with your stiff rod, land him "*volens volens*," as quickly as possible. Much as I delight in the playing a good fish, this is not the place for so lengthened a process. You are surrounded by wood bushes and tangling briars, and no time is to be lost; added to which, the less the turmoil in the water, the better your chance of securing another fish or two from the same spot.

I must confess that in my own estimation the system of shade-fishing falls infinitely below that of the artificial fly; it is not so cleanly, displays not the skill required in the neat casting and management of the line; besides which, it is a sort of sneaking and poaching mode of capturing the finny tribe, which will be always a drawback in the estimation of the true sportsman. This mode of fishing is restricted to a particular state of water, which must be clear—to a particular state of weather, which must be hot and bright; unattended also by any wind, at all events in the portions of water fished. A good curl, so beloved by the fly-fisher on a pool, is a death-blow to the hopes of the shade-fisher; indeed, if the slightest ripple continue, he must exchange his tackle for that suited either to worm or fly, or else wend his way home, content with his captures made before the breeze began. It is a fortunate circumstance that the shade-fisher's employment is so dependent upon wind and weather, else would his practice threaten to depopulate rivers of the great bulk of its finest trout; so deadly is his trade, that with a fortuitous combination of sun and water, he may almost make certain of the capture of any particular fish he chooses.

The banks of the Coquet abound with good anglers, who are not only adepts in the science, but have also the advantage of being intimately acquainted with every pool and stream—I may say with every stone and bush, and in some instances I might almost say with every good fish. At Felton are residents in all branches of angling, two of which are seldom combined in perfection in the same person. I shall give some of the names of the most practised hands when I come to describe the different portions of the river; but ere I close this chapter, I must introduce to the reader by name the most successful shade-fisher on the Coquet.

Scott, who I may say is a match for any bait-fisher in the United Kingdom (while he is very inferior to his brother, and perhaps to the generality in the fly department), is the best guide to whom I can introduce the reader wishing to practise the particular branch of the art at present under treatment. It has been frequently asserted without contradiction, that this "hero" of bait can kill a dish of trout on any day throughout the entire year, and I should be one of the last men

rash enough to take even large odds against him. In the depth of winter he would assuredly kill a *good dish* of trout—though not a dish of *good* ones. This man's pre-eminence over others, however, consists chiefly in shade-fishing, in which department I believe, on any water, he would be proclaimed the victor against all antagonists. This man, who is a tin-smith, constantly leaves his trade in summer for the more pleasant avocation of killing trout in clear water. The necessary box to contain baits (which of course he fabricates on the premises) is in constant requisition on all hot, sunny, breezeless days, at the termination of which he journeys home, with a weight of fish that only those who have seen would credit. On all "lawful days" as they are termed in Scotland, and perhaps on "unlawful" ones, this angling Scott is quietly viewing, in his river-side walks, the circular swimmings of trout below the bushes; he fixes his eye upon an unusually fine fish—bad luck to him for showing himself. Mr. S. keeps all snug to himself. On the morrow he sallies forth to this particular spot. In the most crafty and subtle manner he insinuates himself through the bushes and briars, and cautiously peeps for a sight of his dear beloved, who is, however, not to be seen at present, a slight breeze concealing the population beneath. Scott takes his seat, his time, his pipe, and his dram, which (of course, I allude only to the last) is no sooner swallowed, than the breeze leaves the unrippled surface, to display to his view the broad fin and well-built person of his particular fancy. In an instant is Scott seen in a posture, into which he perhaps forgot to put himself on the previous Sunday: he is now kneeling in order the more to conceal himself. In an instant a splash and plunge proclaim the appetite and rashness of his captive; in the next minute the misguided trout is conveyed to his last home in the creel of the captor.

These scenes I have often witnessed; and when starting on a day's ramble with Scott, I have been informed of what he hoped to do, and where it was to be done; and, provided the weather remained propitious, a performance beyond promise generally took place.

On one occasion Scott had promised a worthy and respected friend of mine (who has since paid the debt of nature) a fine trout of about four pounds weight. My friend had a dinner-party three days after, and on that day the trout was killed and produced by Scott. The weight, as well as I can remember, was four pounds and three-quarters. This fish had been watched by our friend, and left untouched till the day he was required, when the double-hook brought him out of his element in the shade.

I must now conclude this chapter, hoping, gentle reader, that I have not wearied your patience to an extent which may induce you to put myself and treatise into the "shade" together.

(To be continued.)

BATS, BALLS, AND WICKETS.

BY STEPHEN STUMPS.

“ Let's join in the praise of the bat and the wicket,
And sing in full chorus the patrons of cricket.”

WINCHESTER PARSON.

The boundless and increasing popularity of the game of cricket places it far in advance of all other recreations of the people. Never before did such a mania for cricket exist ; the numbers enrolled as members of cricket clubs at the present day are beyond all precedent. There is no national sport so universally indulged in ; and no game is held in so high estimation, or so extensively practised by all ranks of society throughout the land.

There can be no surer proof of the popularity of the game than the immense support it receives by nobles and people of all grades—peers, commoners, judges, barristers, doctors of physic, doctors in divinity, clergymen, surgeons, attorneys, and indeed members of every profession, every trade, and every denomination, are cricketers—

“ The vassal and peer in the pastime engage—
The hale mountain peasant—the chief in the glen ;
All ages commingle—youth, warrior, and sage,
For of men it makes boys, and boys become men.”

Those whose daily occupations are sedentary, find it particularly advantageous to their health to devote a few hours to the game ; though in some cases only once or twice a week.

Cricket, though by no means an ancient game, by rapid and gigantic strides has risen to the highest pinnacle of popularity, as a manly and useful recreation. There are now close upon a hundred established cricket clubs in England ; but, as yet, none have attained the distinction of Royalty ; though there can be no reason why there should not be Royal Cricket Clubs as well as Royal Yacht Clubs. The members of a club for promoting so nationally important a recreation as cricket, might ask of the Queen, with very good grace, a badge of distinction, which in all probability would be granted them ; particularly if the request were introduced by one of the noble patrons of the game, some of whom are constantly at the foot of the Throne ; who need but the hint and desire of the members of their club to ask the distinguished favour.

With the facilities afforded by railroads for travelling, cricket matches are now played in all parts of the country, by the most skilful and renowned cricketers. The east and the west, the north and the south counties, each in their turn meet and play matches interchangeably every year ; thus affording young cricketers, in the remotest districts, opportunities of witnessing the finest play and most exquisite finesse that can be seen throughout the land. These public

matches are always attractive, and in some parts are the one great event of the year; creating as much sensation in the neighbourhood as if it were a great battle fought with swords and staves.

No nation in the world can vie with us in the perfection and extent of our national sports; and with no people is the game of cricket so eagerly indulged in as in England. The joys of the cricket-field extend from shore to shore; it has attained a world-wide fame; and in every port, no matter how distant from our shores, if there be an Englishman in the place, he will have his game of cricket.

It is the chosen recreation of the soldier in midst of weary campaigns; the delight of every British tar when he obtains a "liberty-day" to run ashore: and, indeed, our pen only fails us when we endeavour to find a class with whom the game is in disfavour.

The able author of that book, of all "little books," upon cricket, termed "the Cricketer's Manual," by "Bat," remarks—

"Wickets have been pitched on the heights of Abraham, and on the plains of Waterloo; a circumstance of which neither Wolfe nor Wellington, in the stirring times of war, ever dreamed. Many a good player has

' Urged with won'drous force the flying ball,'

within sight and sound of the roaring Falls of Niagara, and under the liquidating sun of a torrid zone. The exhilarating shout of conquest that awaits the victors of cricket on 'Albion's fertile plains,' has been echoed by similar feats over the graves of decayed temples, mouldering palaces, and extinct cities, buried deep in the very heart of the earth. Wherever, in fact, the British flag is planted, and wherever the British language is spoken, thither is the game carried; and thus it spreads, and will continue to spread, till future ages, favoured with some discovery of a nobler character, shall immolate the present peaceful weapons of mimic warfare, on the altar of time."

The game has for years past ranked as one of the most prominent in the catalogue of scientific sports; and, according to past and present experiences there will be no flagging: but the same current of popular favour which now bears it along foremost in the van, will not cease to flow, so long as England remains supreme, and continues to produce stalwart and athletic youths. No game tends more to the development of muscular strength and activity: and whilst cricket is encouraged and practised with that spirit and enthusiasm which prevails at present, there will be no degeneration in the sons of Old England, or in the ranks of British soldiers.

A man who has been trained to the cricket-field will be the more easily trained for the army, will make the better soldier, the more active swordsman, and the shrewder sentry, than he who is unacquainted with manly and athletic exercises.

The late Duke of Wellington once remarked in the House of Lords, that his success in arms was owing, in a great measure, to the manly sports of Great Britain; in which, in his youthful days, he freely indulged, and one sport above all—cricket.* Others of our best disciplined and bravest soldiers have made similar assertions.

* Vide "The Cricketer's Manual," by "Bat."

It is therefore of vast national importance, that encouragement should be given, and favour shown to this widely popular diversion.

In further proof of the continuous prosperity of cricket-clubs, and the favourable reception given them by the public, let us draw attention to the opening dinner of the Surrey County Cricket Club, which came off on the 6th ult., on which occasion no fewer than ninety-five gentlemen sat down to the dinner at the London Tavern.

This club has long been exceedingly popular, and occupies one of the most prominent positions of any; its receipts and expenditure during the past year exceed those of any other club by a large amount. Within the last two years a large increase of members have joined it; and it now numbers no less than 591 members!! Among whom are some of the most distinguished players in the land, besides numerous others more or less famed for their skill and science in the game, some of whom will always be spoken of with merited respect, and also with honour to the club to which they belong.

At the opening dinner of the Marylebone Club on the 4th ult., a larger assembly of members were present than has been seen on any previous anniversary; and this too during the heat and excitement of the general election of members of parliament.

Whilst dwelling upon facts such as these, we may congratulate all lovers of the science, on the brilliant prospects of the season which lies before them.

There is something truly ennobling in a cricket match. It is soul-stirring alike to the players as the beholders. The fair sex, too, take deep interest in the game—as they do in all innocent recreations—and watch both play and players with much concern during the excitement of a public contest.

“The parties are met, and arrayed all in white;
Famed Elis ne'er boasted so pleasing a sight:
Each nymph looks askew at her favourite swain,
And views him half-stript both with pleasure and pain.”

There is always a manly and generous feeling displayed by all true-hearted cricketers, when victorious, towards those whom they have vanquished. There is, generally speaking, less ill-feeling in these contests than in others, for it frequently happens that the defeated have honourably distinguished themselves; and though often-times at the hands of the critic there is not left for them even the solace of sympathy, the vanquished eleven find their most cordial admirers among their victors.

By the rules of almost every club, swearing and profane language are forbidden, on pain of fine; and, for a second offence, in some clubs, expulsion. This is a most proper regulation, and should be conspicuously placarded in every cricket-room; nothing tends so much to good example by the higher classes, as a strict observance of this rule; whilst nothing is more derogatory and injurious to the purity of the game than a disregard of it.

Physical recreations were always regarded by the ancients as of the highest importance to the community, and were encouraged in nearly equal proportion with the exercise of the mind; because it was found that nothing tended more successfully to keep both body and mind in a healthful state than a combination or equalization of the two—one

being dependent on the other—for without health of body the mind could not be in a fit state for study: a consistent indulgence in athletic sports has, therefore, always formed part of the training of youth.

Cricket is a sport so inoffensive, that no statutory or legislative enactment has ever been required to regulate or interfere with it in any way. It is free from legal restraint; and, contrary to most other sports, it acknowledges no laws save its own domestic rules; "Bat" remarks, "It is one of the few legacies of our forefathers still free and untaxed."

In a pecuniary point of view it may be enjoyed at the least expense of any game; and though there are ways and means of making it as luxurious and extravagant as the most princely diversion, it may be brought within the measure of the most humble.

Baron Alderson, when addressing the Grand Jury of Huntingdon, a few years ago, thus spoke of cricket and its influences with the people:

"I cannot help expressing the gratification I have this day derived from seeing the noble Lord Lieutenant of the County (the Earl of Sandwich) mixing with his tenantry and his humbler neighbours in one of the most manly sports of England. Such a proceeding is calculated to revive the good old feeling which has subsisted in days gone by, between the nobles of the land and those by whom your lordships and your property are surrounded and occupied. Conduct like this is far more likely to lead to a sound understanding of the best interests of each class, than the demeanour, which I lament to say, is but too general on the part of the highly-born and wealthy towards those who did not possess equal advantages of birth or fortune. The scene of which I have been a delighted observer this morning, is calculated, not simply to win, but to ensure the best feelings and respect of the middle and lower classes of society for those who, by the will of Providence, are placed above them. The respectful feelings of the lower classes for those to whom they have a right to look for support and consideration, will be found to be the very best source of protection to the property of the landlord; while, on the other hand, the parties themselves feel raised, in their own estimation, by the occasional association with their superiors, in one of the common and healthy sports of the country."

The late Baron Platt, in his address to the Grand Jury at Lincoln, during the Summer Assizes of 1850, also made special allusion to the advantages of cricket in country towns, as a means of occupying the minds of the people, and keeping them from ale-houses where crimes and offences against the laws of the land were in general concocted. The learned Baron said:

"Would it not be worthy the consideration of country gentlemen to forward by every means in their power the establishing of the good old English game of cricket—a game which, while it served to amuse, tended also to aid the moral and social condition of the people?"

And it would appear, that merited consideration has been given to these remarks of the judges, delivered as they were from the seats of Justice; and, in the quarters where they were spoken, they have had due weight, and have ever since been respected and remembered.

Among the most essential qualifications of a cricketer are activity of

body, good eyesight, strength, and precision of hand. The first of these, activity of body, is an indispensable quality: a slothful or inactive fellow will never make a good cricketer. A quick and watchful eye, with long sight, is also highly essential: a short-sighted man cannot play properly at the game without spectacles; and, to say nothing of the danger of wearing such artificial contrivances in the cricket-field, they are otherwise so inconvenient, that no short-sighted person should incur the risk of cricketing in spectacles. At every stroke of the arm they are apt to fly off, or shift their position from the bridge of the nose to the upper lip of the wearer, and, after much running or excitement, the heat of the face makes them cloudy and obscure; so that a short-sighted cricketer is never to be depended upon, neither can he always depend on his own skill, though long practised. Such are among the misfortunes of short sight. Nyren, in "The Cricketer's Tutor" (1833), says: "A short-sighted person is unfit to become a cricketer, as one deaf would be to discriminate the most delicate gradations and varieties in tones; added to which, he must be in constant jeopardy of serious injury."

The precision of the eye and the hand, acting conjointly, are of the essence of the art of batting, bowling, and catching. Though strength of arm may sometimes tell very forcibly in batting and bowling; art, without great strength of arm, often displays its superiority. Art is therefore, in some instances, preferable to strength of arm; but the two combined, as in Fuller, Pilch, and a few others, render such cricketers most formidable opponents.

Without doubt there are many old cricketers who remember the glorious matches of the old Hambledon Club; and, in connexion with which, the name of old Nyren, the "Father and General" of the club, as he was called. This club used to hold its meetings on Broad-halfpenny, and afterwards on Windmill-down, near Hambledon, in Hampshire. The most polished cricketers of the day were among the members of this celebrated gathering. Who can forget Thomas Brett? the fastest and straightest bowler of his time. John Nyren (son of the General) says of Brett: "He was neither a thrower nor a jerker, but a legitimate downright bowler, delivering his ball fairly, high, and very quick, quite as strongly as the jerkers, and with the force of a point-blank shot." As a batter Brett was comparatively an inferior player, but a slashing hitter. Another hero of the Hambledon Club was John Small the elder, who shines among the old batters of that club as one of its brightest stars. He was the best short runner of his day, and said to be the first who turned short hits to account. Nyren (the old General) was left-handed, but, notwithstanding, he was a most brilliant and scientific player. As a bowler, his son says of him: "He had a high delivery, always to the length, and his balls were provokingly deceitful." The merits of the two (Nyren and Small) have been sung by the poet-clergyman of Winchester in the following strain:—

"What boasting of Castor and Pollux his brother!—
The one famed for riding, for boxing the other;
Compared with our heroes they'll not shine at all—
What were Castor and Pollux to Nyren and Small."

It is quite clear from historical records, that the Hambledon was in

old times the first distinguished cricket club; and next to Hambledon was Kent, then Surrey, and finally Mary-le-bone. The latter rose rapidly into eminence, and has, during more than half a century, stood pre-eminent, the head-quarters and club of reference in all cases of doubt or dispute.

Cricket now ranks so highly as a scientific game, that to become a thorough proficient a man must have devoted much time and attention to the pursuit, with many years' practical experience. In former days there were no "professionals," but now it would be impossible to do without them; and there is no doubt that a few hours' practice with a professional cricketer does more towards improving a tyro than months of practice among self-taught players. The value of the services of a man who has made cricket his profession, is daily becoming more and more apparent. Most clubs which aspire to distinction engage one or more professional players to assist them throughout the season, and the benefit they derive from such sources is frequently acknowledged and followed by marked improvement, and often ultimate distinction. At the present day there are so many eminent cricketers that it would occupy too much space in our pages to speak of them individually; although, in reviewing the principal matches of the approaching season (as is our intention in subsequent numbers of this periodical), we shall often have occasion to revert to the play of distinguished performers.

The system of throwing the ball instead of bowling it, has very properly been forbidden by a special rule of the Mary-le-bone Club; and, indeed, every cricket club will do well to follow that example. Round-arm bowling is all very well when performed without hurling the ball with a jerk, or delivering it above the elbow. The practice of throwing the ball, though only so recently abolished as during the last season, may be traced as far back as twenty-six years ago. Nyren, who wrote in 1833, protesting against the then modern innovation of *throwing* instead of bowling the ball, adds: "I conceive, then, that all the fine style of hitting, which the reader will find recorded in the latter part of this little work, must in a very material degree cease, if the modern innovation of throwing instead of bowling the ball be not discontinued. It is not the least important objection I have to offer against the system to say that it reduces the strikers too much to an equality, since the indifferent batsman possesses as fair a chance of success as the most refined player; and the reason of this is obvious, because, from the random manner of delivering the ball, it is impossible for the fine batsman to have time for that *finesse* and delicate management which so peculiarly distinguished the elegant manœuvring of the chief players who occupied the field about eight, ten, and more years ago. If the system continue, I freely confess that I cannot even hope again to witness such exquisite finish as distinguished the playing of such men as Old Small, and Aylward, and the two Walkers, and Beldham, and Lord Frederick Beauclerc: the last indeed, I believe it is pretty well understood, retired as soon as the present system was tolerated. I am aware that the defence which has been urged in behalf of throwing is, 'that it tends to shorten the game'—that now a match is commonly decided in one day which heretofore occupied three times the space in its completion. This argument, I grant, is not an irrational one; but if the object in countenancing the innovation (and one be it observed in

direct defiance of a standing law) extend solely to the 'curtailment' of the game, why not multiply the difficulties in another direction? Why not give more room for the display of skill in the batter? Why not have four stumps instead of three, and increase the length of the bails from eight inches to ten?" From the extract given it will be seen there was a strong opposition to round-arm bowling when first introduced. Straight-arm delivery followed the round-arm system, and with immense success to the Kent Club. This latter system required a peculiar knack, which was never so faithfully performed as by the member of the Kent Club who introduced it.

More than a hundred public matches are played in England alone, every season, and this year there are already more in prospective than on any previous season. The patrons of the noble game, as well as all admirers of the sport, may therefore look forward with the happiest prospects on the approaching season.

"And when the game's o'er, and our fate shall draw nigh,
(For the heroes of cricket like others must die),
Our bats we'll resign, neither troubled nor vexed,
And give up our wickets to those that come next."

And now, for the present, let us conclude our dissertation, though not without regret, of this incomparable diversion. Time and space, however, must have their due; so, with the following brief anecdote as to the notion one of the ladies of the French aristocracy had of the game, we say—Farewell!

The Duchess de Berri being present at a cricket match at Dieppe not long since, when the members of two clubs composed of Englishmen, were deciding their struggles, the Duchess, after looking on very attentively and anxiously during a space of nearly three hours, at last turned to one of her friends, and enquired, "Mais quand est ce le jeu va commencer?"

THE STABLE-YARD.

ENGRAVED BY E. HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY R. CORBET.

We confess even now to feeling a kind of shudder pass through us when we hear practical philosophers eloquent on "horse-power." We know well enough that the use of horse-power is intended to mean anything but the actual use of the power of horses. The application of such an argument will be steam-engines, steam-carriages, steam-ploughs, and so on; something that shall make us more than ever independent of the aid of that noble animal the horse, and tend to having him spoken almost disrespectfully of, as an "expensive luxury," "a machine for consuming the food of the people," "a very slow coach," and so forth.

Strange as it may sound, the owner of the two good-looking hacks in our picture is an old offender in this wise. The so-many horse-power steam-engines of the Ransomes of Ipswich are now everywhere famous. Their contracts for certain descriptions of railway-work are as well known; and, in short, if ever anyone endeavoured to put the horse out



The Stable Hand
W. D. Dyer. From an old woodcut.

of fashion, it has been these energetic gentlemen. But most of us have our redeeming points, and Allen Ransome, despite all he has done the other way, carries with him his own correction. Certainly no man ever loved a horse more; few have studied him so fondly, or have prized him so much. As we once heard him tell a party of Suffolk worthies in his own pleasant fashion, after they had been drinking his health as an implement manufacturer, "Much as I love a steam-engine, I love a horse far more." And how they did cheer him! as Englishmen only could cheer, for they only could *feel* with him.

There is no mistake, either, in the earnestness with which he carries out this little "weakness." Both the portraits grouped together in our print came to Ipswich with very high characters. The chesnut white-legged weight-carrier is an Irish mare, Norah Creina, purchased of the well-known Mr. Quartermaine, of Piccadilly. The young ladies' pet, with the side-saddle on her back, called The Fawn, comes from an equally good school, that of Mr. Anderson, also of Piccadilly, where she was long ridden by the ladies of his family. There must be something in such "last places" as these, and either would appear alike worthy of their recommendation: "For action, temper, manners, and education," as their present owner quaintly writes of them, "they approach more nearly to perfection than is often found in horae-flesh. They are in every respect worthy of Corbet's pencil, and certainly his painting is worthy of his subject."

OUR EASTER-WEEK IN "THE WEST COUNTREE."

"Templeman, have you seen the *Times*-this morning? Important news: Parliament to be prorogued on Tuesday, and dissolved on Thursday. Nothing going on, what shall we do."

"Do, friend Tom.? why, take our 'Easter-week,' and go to the country too."

"Agreed; but what about our toggery—what shall we want with us? Hunting outfit?"

"No: all over."

"Coursing?"

"Gone by."

"Shooting?"

"Out of season."

"Landscape painting?"

"Too cold."

"Sea-side?"

"Not ready."

"Racing?"

"No: but for a day."

"Dear, dear! Templeman, what shall we do?"

"Do? why try our hands at fishing in a country stream, far removed from noise and smoke; where the disagreeable whippers of our polluted river cannot reach, or the Richmond punters go."

“So be it then; we will

“‘Away, away, to the country stream
Where the trout are wildly sporting.’”

The morrow arrived; down went Tomson from his rooms to the Inner Temple; found Templeman with his “folks about him,” packing for the country.

“Well,” said Tomson, “this is a start; but, lor! I shan’t take my best wardrobe into the country. But, I say, Tem., we can’t trust to the country flies or minnows.”

Nothing short of the moors and their mountain streams could Templeman agree to. Scotland was suggested. No: too far, too costly. The moors in the West of England were then suggested by Tomson—Dartmoor or Exmoor would do, but especially the latter. Templeman had once read a capital story about Exmoor in the *Sporting Magazine*; its poetry was fresh in his ear, its mountain scenery, its trout streams, its red deer, its ponies, and Exmoor mutton.

Time rolled on, and with it came Easter Monday. The morning express was the adopted train, and down went Templeman and Tomson “into the country,” to spend their “Easter-week.” Westward ho!

The city of Exeter gave them a change of rail, and they then traversed the North Devon line for “Barum” of old. The scenery of this beautiful red-sandstone district more than once attracted their notice. The seat of Wentworth Buller was pointed out, and they were loud in their inquiries as to the owner of Eggesford House, and its noble park. “This property,” said a fellow-traveller, “is the Newton Fellowes estate of olden times, now the residence and property of his son, the present Earl of Portsmouth.”

“Fine fellow that,” rejoined Templeman; “know him well; seen him in the Lords—keeps hounds, breeds race-horses, and does the thing as it should be done.”

“You are quite right, sir,” joined the stranger; “he is a prince of a man.”

“Do you hunt?” inquired Templeman.

This at once brought out the stranger. Conversation grew on upon all matters, “sporting in the North of Devon,” and Tomson whispered aside, “This seems a jolly fellow.”

Cards were exchanged. But Tomson had no relish for the new address—he must be “Mr. Jollyfellow.”

“To be serious,” said Mr. Templeman to Mr. Jollyfellow, “what is *your* mission to the North of Devon? We are out for our ‘Easter-week.’”

“How singular!” rejoined Mr. Jollyfellow: “I am a seafaring captain from this neighbourhood, and have got *my* Easter-week.”

“Well,” replied Tomson, “let us spend this evening together, at any rate.”

Here the future plans were interrupted by “Tickets, gentlemen,” and the borough of Barnstaple, the metropolis of North Devon, was reached.

As quickly was heard the familiar cry, “’Buss! gentlemen!” “Lion Hotel!” “Fortescue! Royal Hotel!” and so forth. The very sound of royalty caught the ear polite, and they proceeded at once to the Royal Hotel.

Templeman thought he should dress for dinner; Tomson did not care about it; and Jollyfellow thought he "should do," and began humming the old ballad—

"So let the world wag as it will,
I shall be free and easy still."

It was now necessary to "chalk out their plans." Dobson the waiter quickly informed the gentlemen that the West of England Exhibition was coming on in June! and that the election was just at hand—five candidates for Barnstaple! and Dobson withdrew. Jollyfellow suggested a tour by way of the picturesque watering-places, Lynton and Lynmouth, and then on to the moors. Accordingly an open carriage was ordered for 8 A.M., and the Captain somewhat reluctantly (?) consented to be of the party. Boots had peremptory orders for hot water at six; and as the clock was striking, Boots was simultaneously knocking at Mr. Templeman's door, when he was heard to exclaim, "Hang that Boots! he has called me to the minute; disgustingly punctual!" Breakfast having been discussed, the party moved on, *en route* for the picturesque scenery recommended by the Captain.

"Where do you drive to?" inquired Tomson of the post-boy.

"Well, sir, we sometimes goes to 'The Valley,' and sometimes to 'The Royal Castle.'"

"Take us to 'The Royal Castle,'" said Mr. Templeman.

They soon found themselves surrounded by wild mountain scenery; not a house, not a field, not a man to be seen for money; this occasionally intersected by small rivulets, provincially called "mountain trout streams." Jollyfellow at length declared that he saw smoke from a chimney, and they quickly reached the North Devon watering-place. Luncheon over, no time was lost in viewing the "valley of rocks," a lovely pile of wondrous forms, a record of nature's marvels, a basin surrounded by varied-shaped cliffs and indescribable scenery. To the westward lies the beautiful bay at Lea Abbey; on the north the broad blue waters of the Bristol Channel, with the South Wales Coast in the background, with many a sail on transit to and from the Bristol emporium of merchandise. To the east lies the town of Lynton, with winding and rugged passes, along the sea cliffs to the picturesque shore at Lynmouth.

In viewing Dame Nature's valley of rocks, the party were much assisted by the old show-man, who has braved many a storm of both "the battle and the breeze." This old veteran expounds the wonders of his neighbourhood, boils the kettle for pic-nics, and so on, to the tune of a rural yet respectable living. During the exposition, the good old man was interrupted more than once by Mr. Templeman, as to the moors, and fishing thereon. In return, the old warrior gave the name of a fellow-stager, who had also braved the sea, but had now turned his hand to the quiet yet interesting pursuit of catching "mountain trout" for the visitors at "The Royal Castle."

"That's the man!" said Templeman. "He is the boy for us; what's his name?"

"His name, sir, be's old Delibridge, the fisherman; you'll hear on him at Lynmouth."

Eager for the moors, no time was lost in searching out old Delibridge, whom they fortunately found just preparing for a trip to his nets. The Captain, at home at this, suggested that they should join the old boy, and have a turn on the water. "It was calm in the extreme, and just the weather for a catch of fish."

To sea they went, and all was calm until the fisherman's work began. Hesitation and confusion became marked with Mr. Templeman and even with Tomson, while the Captain laid on for a pull of fish. The net broke—the boat pitched—the wind increased—the tide was flowing fast, and serious consequences were brewing, in the minds of our London landmen! This was not the fishing they meant! They had no idea of going to sea; no idea of troubled waters; no idea of giving themselves up to the waves; when suddenly and emphatically Tomson roared forth his wonted phrase, "Templeman, oh! Templeman, what shall we do?"

"Do!" said Jollyfellow, "why, sit still—sit still; it will soon be right again."

Here a horrid pause ensued. At length Templeman vehemently exclaimed: "I can swim—I can swim; shall I throw myself overboard?"

"Sit still as long as you can," cried the Captain. "You'll be over soon enough."

"What a wretch!" cried Tomson, who felt the ejaculation even more strongly than Templeman; it was he who had christened him "Jollyfellow."

Intense labour was now going on to right the boat, while Tem. and Tomson sat huddled up in the centre, each holding on to a rope, still muttering to themselves, "This is not the fishing we meant, neither is the stranger the Jollyfellow we took him to be."

The two sailors, up to this time, had really no wish to join in the lamentations of the gentlemen; but as the old boat was being brought into course again, and there was at least a possibility, if not a probability of their reaching good old Lynmouth lighthouse again, they ventured to remonstrate, and declare that they would never again go fishing with such a party. To this the two inseparables bowed their most devoted assent.

On landing "brandy-and-water" was found essential. As the party strolled on, they had to pass the "donkey-stand" at Lynmouth. Here the sweet voices of the itinerants were loud in praise of their steeds, and Mr. Templeman (in a state of exhaustion), in the absence of a better outfit, was induced to enter upon a contract, the conductor agreeing to keep him out of difficulties. "Where be you lodging, sir?" inquired the smiling maid. At this, Templeman, in spite of his fatigue, elevated his aristocratic head, and was about to make an indignant reply, when up rode Tomson and Jollyfellow, who in addition to old Delibridge as conductor, were severally attended by a saucy-looking boy, and a fisherman's wife. Nothing was wanting but pace!

The party dismounted without the slightest accident; the only drawback being that of having ridden the distance upon rather uncomfortable saddles.

"An awful catastrophe has happened!" exclaimed Templeman to "mine host," and was about to tell the tale of their adventures, when

Tomson inquired about dinner, thus reserving the "fishing story" for after-dinner talk.

While the gentlemen were dining, old Delibridge was feasting; at the close of which other visitors were invited to spend the evening; and the "dear old fisherman" gave a sketch of the dilemma they had been in. Suffice to say, they all got "decidedly jolly," and Delibridge had a "retainer" for the morrow.

The third day of the "Easter-week" was ushered in by a programme from the fishing establishment of "old Delibridge," who had been waiting orders for the mountain streams. The London selection of flies, minnows, rods, &c., were now exhibited; but Delibridge (ever on the look-out) could not approve them: "they were not at all suitable to these waters"; he had some "blue uprights"; "red palmers"—in fact, all the palmers; "Delibridge's browns, duns," &c.; and lastly, the "local fly," made by his own hand—killing flies in "these waters"; and he could let out some *shorter* rods to the gentlemen, that had been found best for "these waters"—rods which had conducted many a fine trout to the banks of the East and West Lynn, as also the Badgworthy and Longpool waters.

"There!" rejoined Tomson. "Didn't I say as much, before we purchased our outfit in the Strand?"

However, as they knew nothing about "these waters," they concluded that they had better be guided by Delibridge. The morning was over-cast, the wind north-east, and "anything but what it ought to be, to fish these streams," said Delibridge. Nevertheless, the start was made, and the first fly thrown "up stream," in the waters of the East Lynn. Jollyfellow declined to fish: he would have a talk with Delibridge, who in his own style informed him that the East and West Lynn waters were united into one stream at the picturesque group of sea-side villas and dwellings at Lynmouth, at the foot of the Lynton Hills, and that this united stream, after winding its way through circuitous valleys from "the moors," emptied itself into the Bristol Channel, at a distance of some few hundred yards below its union.

The lofty cliffs surrounding it, the rapid and dashing waters over the rugged stones, the wild and beautiful clothing of Nature's hilly landscape, alike contribute to the beauty of this much-frequented watering-place, between which and Wales, Bristol, Ilfracombe, &c., steamers are plying throughout the season, and one throughout the year. There are also coaches from Bridgwater, Taunton, and Barnstaple—a great convenience, as they run to meet the trains.

As the fishing proceeded, so did the story of good old Delibridge, for the Captain had found in him a fellow-feeling, and they seemed as if they had

"Ploughed half the world o'er together."

The old man's story about Exmoor forest, its red deer, and trout streams, was delightful. Venison and trout came in and went out together; and as there are barren hinds on the moor, so are there barren trout, that are good in winter. "And," said the old fisherman, "the East Lynn is particularly famous for good trout, but not numerous—they increase in numbers, but are less in size, as you approach the moors. The streams get less, and poor of feed; and you see, sir, the

fish go up to the head of the streams to spawn, about the end of October and November. As the season advances, the trout come down from the poor waters into the quick stream, and take their food. *May*, sir, is the great month for our trout: they get strong and lusty, and will then take the 'May-fly' first-rate. I have caught over one hundred in a day, and these of a tolerable size: to be sure, some of them are 'breakfast trout'—master at the 'Royal' has these 'spiced,' and the visitors are always calling out for them; they be's good, indeed, sir." The old boy then went on to tell his story, as to the colour and condition of the trout in these waters. "You see, sir, we that understands these things, observes many things. Now, the trout on the moor are black-looking fellers—poor, you see, sir: no good food for them up there; the trout half way down stream are better, they show their yellow spots; but down here, sir, near to the town, they are much better, in fact the fish improve with the size of the river. We often have salmon up this river, sir; and if they would only take away the 'salmon hatch' the fishing would be a deal better."

The day had now cleared up, and the valley was getting somewhat warm when the hour for luncheon came on, and the catch had to be counted at the Milslade Inn, at the Brendon village—viz., half-a-dozen houses on the side of the Lynn. The event was prefaced by Tomson, who had been unfortunate—the large fish had destroyed his flies! Templeman had also been unlucky in "these waters," his flies had been (in spite of his utmost efforts) caught a time or two on the opposite bank, and although he was prompt in crossing the stream, he had not been able to preserve them; he had lost the "Delibridge duns" especially—they seemed good at catching (?); but he had been, somehow or other, even more unfortunate than Tomson, who he understood had caught two good-sized fish. Delibridge had been watching the baskets for a turn-out, while Jollyfellow had enjoyed the prelude, which he felt would bring forth nothing; and so it proved—they had caught three fish between them!

Richards, the landlord, had just previously suggested that the trout would be beautiful for luncheon. However, when the turn-out came, and afforded three fish for four gentlemen, he bethought himself, and would send the maid for some mutton.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Templeman. "How far have you to send?"

Richards as quaintly replied, "Less than a mile, sir."

"Well," rejoined Tomson and Jollyfellow; "the day is getting warm; let us take our rest awhile, and fish a little later."

"Agreed," said Templeman; "but be quick about the mutton."

This arrangement sounded "decidedly slow" in the ear of old Delibridge, who well knew that the time had just arrived when the fish would take "*his fly*," and accordingly suggested that he should have "a throw," while the gentlemen were feeding. They would give him one hour.

Time rolled on, and, singular to relate, at the very moment the chops were ready, the hour was up, and in stepped the old fisherman, with a splendid catch of trout!

"Disgusting!" exclaimed Templeman. "We have killed an hour

of this day, waiting for the mutton, while this good old man has killed a basket of fish!"

"Well, really, they *are* fine ones," said Jollyfellow; "let us have them for luncheon."

"Agreed," said all. And another suspense occurred, while Delibridge himself surveyed the cooking, for they must be "nicely browned and beautifully crisp," for the gentlemen.

Never did they eat such fish; they were beautiful in the extreme. Delibridge waited for orders, remarking that "If the gentlemen would like a change of sport, and fish again to-morrow, he could manage it exactly. He had seen old James Crocombe, who was good for a 'badger hunt.'"

"A badger hunt—a badger hunt! what ever is that?" exclaimed Templeman.

Jollyfellow said, "Let us see this man Crocombe, and learn all about it."

Crocombe, one of the old school, with a brogue scarcely intelligible, thus addressed the party: "You be's gemman from Lunnon, I s'pose? come hereabouts for spreeing; and you'm got the right old chap with 'ee; he knows all about say-fishing, trout-fishing, and he's good at a badger."

These assertions produced a strong pulse in the frame of Mr. Templeman, who was still haunted with the sea-fishing adventure of the day before. James then informed them that his dogs had marked a badger in Brandon Wood that morning, and he had no doubt he was still there. "A badger hunt," said Mr. Templeman. "Well, now we *are* in the country, let us see the animal, and what they do with him."

The fishing-tackle was quickly at a discount, and the party followed in the wake of old James to Brendon Wood, to see a badger-hunt. After considerable scrambling through the thicket of the cover, by way of saving a few hundred yards of distance, the resort of friend Crocombe's game was reached. James quaintly opened the ball by calling around him his best of terriers, "Myrt," "Doctor," "Wasp," and then proceeded to examine the earths. "Look ye! look ye!" cried James; "Old Myrt marks the top hole." Then came James' office of "smelling" if he were there. "All right," said James; "he's there—I am of that opinion." (James' favorite expression.)

"Well," said Jollyfellow, "what of that? we can't catch him."

"But my dogs can," said James, "and I am of that opinion, that he's there."

Jollyfellow had heard of a great scene, in a ring, which was called "drawing a badger:" was this the same thing? he wondered.

"Not a bit like it!" cried Crocombe, at the same time remarking, "You must kill your hare afore you cats her."

"What has that to do with this badger?"

"Why, sir," replied James, "you see, sir, you must first *bag* your badger in this way afore you can bate him in a ring; this 'ere sport be's twice as good—something nateral about it, you see, sir."

As the terriers still pointed to the top hole, James again repeated, "I am of opinion he is there."

"Yes, he is surely there," quoth Delibridge.

"Just smell this 'ere hole, you genelmen," said Crocombe. This

remark created considerable sensation ; but they agreed, however, to take the old man's word that he could smell the game. The great work now began ; spades, picks, and shovels were resorted to, Crocombe's coat thrown off, and the dogs eager for their prey ; a struggle ensued for the victory. At length James vociferated, "They are up to him ! they are at him ! look out—where are the nippers ?—who's got the bag ?—which dog is in ?—take care of yourselves, gentlemen !" Then proceeded the exciting sport of "drawing the badger" from his native den. No sooner had the warning been given, than all the "bolt-holes" were scrupulously stopped, and the one cleared entrance adopted for the "event." Old Myrtle was now close at him, eager for the conflict, cheered on by James, "Have at him, Myrt ! shake him, Myrt !" The fight was terrific !—howls, barks, and yells were heard again and again ! All hands were rife for the finish, and the gentlemen the more so, as Tem. and the Captain had not even seen a badger ! Old Myrtle returned without success—she was bitten and scarred in every part. Never daunted, Crocombe thought he must "dig a little nearer him, and then try 'old Doctor' ; he was fresh, and a good un at a badger."

As they proceeded with their excavations, "Mr. Badger" became exposed to the eye, and a rush ensued to observe his colour, his size, and so forth. "Give me the nippers !" cried James. "I'll have un." But this was no sooner said, than old Myrtle was "at him again," and out came the badger ! "Look out, gentlemen !" exclaimed old Crocombe. "Take care of yourselves, they be sharp things." This quickly dispersed the gentlemen, who forthwith ran in all directions, as the object of their sport, having got his liberty from old Myrt, each party thought him coming his way. The scene was most ludicrous ; each ran for his life ! and when Jollyfellow found that he, at least, was safe, jocosely ejaculated, "Why run away, Tomson ? it's only a badger !"

At this stage of the hunt, old Doctor was seen to be shaking the badger, and James holding Myrtle, encouraging on the Doctor. However, just as the sporting spectators had again assembled, as they thought for the take, poor old Doctor received a most unceremonious grab of the face, and relinquished his hold. Here ensued another scramble, for the "wild beast" was again at large. Serious to relate, Mr. Templeman was selected by this uncontrollable animal as the object of his revenge. A smart burst ensued, but poor Templeman fell, and although he rolled, he kicked, and shouted, he received a most trying bite in the leg !

The animal being now at large, he was no longer worth their notice. (!) Tomson and Jollyfellow abused Delibridge for naming such a vulgar sport. Crocombe might take his dogs and badger to Vienna ! But Templeman ! what could be done with him ? The party repaired at once to the Royal Castle for the night ; Templeman being conveyed in a farmer's cart, surrounded by well-packed straw.

On reaching the hotel, medical advice was called in, and it was announced that perfect rest was the most essential remedy for the wounded leg. Dinner being announced, the Doctor was invited to partake of their mountain spread. They had ordered trout, Exmoor mutton, and venison. The Doctor had lunched at one, and dined at five, yet could

not withstand the tempting invite, and remained, regretting that Mr. Templeman was not of the party. Never was there such a dinner; the best old vintage aiding to promote conversation, plenty of stories were told, and adventures related. The Doctor was loud in praise of "stag-hunting." He had seen many a gallant run in the days of the late Lord Portescue, and Sir Thomas Acland, as also with Squire Lucas, Sir Arthur Chichester, Mr. Theobald, Captain West, and the present Master of the North Devon and Somerset pack, Captain Fenwick Bisset.

"Well done," said Jollyfellow. "You must have seen a deal of hunting in your time."

"Yes, I have," rejoined the Doctor; "no man more, in my station of life. I was out that day when they drove the old hoop-horned stag to sea. Glorious run, that; he had to be taken by a boat sent off from our beach. Glorious run, that—glorious run! I have his head—magnificent fellow!" And continued the Doctor, "An average deer will give a chase of twenty miles, over the open and rugged country on the moors; but many an old stag has traversed double that distance, and beaten his pursuers into the bargain."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Tomson. "We have nothing like that in our stag-hunting."

Here the Doctor smiled, and replied: "I should guess not; I would not go a yard to see your tame deer uncartered." The Doctor filled his glass, and proceeded: "I can remember the time when Squire Knight purchased the Exmoor property, some forty years ago; those were the good old days for stag-hunting; they had deer in every cover, and on every estate round the moor. But since the passing of that horrible Inclosure Act, green fields have become more common than red deer. In fact, everything is giving way to the plough, and what they please to call 'improved cultivation'; for my part, I see nothing in it—I won't see it—no, I won't. Yet there is still a good number of deer left in the Exmoor, Horner, Cloutsham, Culbone, Haddon, Slowly, and Hankridge country. Mr. Knight, Sir Thomas Acland, and others, are strict preservers of red deer. Captain Bisset's hounds hunt the stags from the middle of August to the middle of October, and a few barren hinds in the spring. They have had a few first-rate days just lately, with a kill or two; capital pack, and the men well mounted. I expect we have to thank them for our venison."

The morrow arrived, and with it came Delibridge; and Crocombe called to inquire after the young gentleman's leg. Hot water was taken up, and "spiced trout" ordered for 8.30, to the minute. The Doctor issued a favorable bulletin: "As well as can be expected, after a temporary suspension from hilarity, caused by the attack of a badger," still privately hinting that Mr. Templeman had better keep quiet for the day, and join the sporting adventures on Friday.

"There!" cried Tomson; "this day of our 'Easter-week' is doomed! No Templeman—no friends—no guides—no nothing! and a desolate trip before us! Captain, what shall we do?"

"Do!" energetically replied the Captain; "why, brave every danger; and let us take Delibridge with us, and away to the moor—Exmoor Forest, and get some fishing."

"If so," said the Doctor, "Mr. Templeman must secure a pony."

He then suggested a pair-horse fly to Simonsbath, the centre of Exmoor. Delibridge could ride outside. Gifford, at the inn, was a good sort of a fellow, well versed in forest sports, and would get them a grant for fishing the Exmoor streams ; and the Squire's forest herds would show them the red deer and ponies.

(To be Continued.)

MY FIRST GUN.

BY AUCEPS.

With what anxious feelings did I, when a mere schoolboy, look forward, as the Christmas holidays drew nigh, to the favourite object of my leisure recreations ! At the tender age of thirteen years I was permitted, by a too-indulgent father, to carry a gun. This piece of missile furniture was made expressly for me, suited to my management, by a gun-maker of some eminence in his day (sixty years ago), of the name of Fisher, who resided in Greek-street, Soho-square. It was, I hardly need say, a single-barrelled fowling-piece, turned out in prime style, and would, in the hands of an expert shot, have turned up a hare thirty-five yards off.

As the patent breech was, at that period, patented by Joseph Manton, of gun-making celebrity, my destructive toy was unfurnished with this striking improvement, so that it might be dated as belonging to the pattern of the old school of gunsmiths, Knubley, Twigg, and Wiggins ; nevertheless, it was a "gun," and I was proud of it, and no less proud was I to accompany my seniors, with it on my person, loaded and primed, as they journeyed through the bogs and brakes in quest of snipe and rabbits. A close-fitting barragon coatee, furnished with unmentionable capacious pockets, such as would have aptly accommodated a more than moderately-contented London sharper for bagging his receipts in, conveniently carried my powder-flask and shot-pouch ; whilst a pair of the well-known Hoby's shooting-boots, and stout tanned leather gaiters, with a few *et cæteras*, made up the suit.

Being the only child at home, I was, for the most part, left to my own ways and will, and, unaccompanied by any person, was in the habit, daily, of extravagating through the fields and commons in the neighbourhood of my paternal residence, in pursuit of such objects as might deserve my attention. Being too young to be armed with a game certificate, I was restrained from taking advantage of a sporting dog, besides which circumstance, the lord of the manor—who bore the character of an old Cerberus, from the name he carried, which was that of Trine-head—kept greyhounds, and was in the practice of coursing over the country, for miles around ; and so jealous was the old usurper of noticing a gunner on the grounds of his manor, that he would not hesitate to mark him down in his black book as a pot-shooter. Besides this, he possessed a park stocked with about two

hundred head of fallow-deer, added to which establishment were two distinct rookeries, and he entertained so great a detestation to guns, on the above accounts, that if the report of such detonating music reached his ears, he would sally forth, accompanied by Ralph the bailiff (whom the villagers nick-named "Sober-sides," as he was the constant inmate of the ale-house), and threaten the popping parties with justiciary penalties if they did not immediately abandon their avocations, not omitting to warn them in the following emphatic tone of utterance—"Know that I am a justice of the peace: look to that." However, my "dad" was a justice of the peace as well as old Cerberus; and as the former had pledged his word to the rookery owner, that I, his boy, should, under no consideration, shoot hare, partridge, moor-hen, or rook, I had full and free permission given me to carry my gun about the grounds without interruption.

There was a wide scope afforded me for following up my amusement. Barnet-common was not, at the above period, enclosed; and during the rigorous winter month of January large flocks of fieldfares, redwings, larks, and other birds, were in the habit of congregating on the above waste, and in the fields around it, in order to pick up a precarious subsistence. The hedgerows abutting on the stubbles, particularly such as were composed of the red-berried holly, sheltered from the inclemency of the season (when the face of the earth was veiled with depths of snow), quantities of blackbirds, thrushes, ring-ousels, and numerous small birds of the *fringilla* and *passer* families, comprising sparrows, yellow-hammers, green and gold finches, chaffinches, buntings, linnets, and others of the same class. The stubbles, too, in frosty weather were occupied by hosts of finches, clustered together, busily engaged in picking up, with a famished appetite, the scanty fragments of the harvest-grain and seeds which they might casually find in such localities. Sometimes, in the sequestered lanes, a polecat, weasel, or stoat would invite my attention to its presence, by the piteous shrieks which were evoked from an imperilled hare, leveret, or rabbit, which had fallen into the clutches of one of the former animals. There were always some enticing objects to be met with, to keep my gun constantly employed; and I felt as inwardly gratified, when I succeeded in pocketing a dozen to a dozen-and-a-half of birds of different feathers, as if I had been presented with a one-pound note. I felt more real charm in the pursuit of my favourite recreation, than any enjoyment I could have possibly derive from gormandizing the tempting delicacies of a pastrycook's enticing establishment. I have, in my early 'teens, anticipated a far greater zest of appetite in dining off a pudding composed of birds of my own shooting, than I ever remember to have experienced in eating up my allotted share of the delicious offering presented on a twelfth-cake night to the mirthful company entertained on such an occasion.

There lived with us a head gardener, about the time I am treating of, who had been an old soldier in the wars. This personage was appointed to accompany me on my shooting excursions. In such instances, he carried an old musket, which was as clumsy a contrivance as could have been well put together. The flints he used were like tinder-box appendages; and the powder was as coarse as hog-peas. The barrel was coated with a case of rust, which resembled brick-dust; and so weighty was the above man-killing missile, that I could

not bring it up to my shoulder; nevertheless, the Fusileer spoke highly of its projectile properties, and asserted that he had killed birds with it, loaded with No. 4 shot, seventy paces off the spot on which he stood, when he fired off this shoulder-piece.

Four miles from our dwelling, was a heath known as Shenley-common (in Hertfordshire), and this wild ground was profusely studded with lofty furze-brake, in which rabbits abounded. The old soldier, whose christian name was George (he having been born on the 25th day of October, in the year 1760, the era of the accession of King George the Third to the throne of Great Britain his mother had him named at his baptism after that which the antepenultimate monarch bore), had a relative who lived near the above waste, and this kinsman of his kept a Scotch terrier dog, which he called "Rags." He was an out-and-out bush-fighter, for his jacket was thoroughly thorn-proof. Rags and his master accompanied us to the furze ground; and never did a boy's heart bound with joy, to a greater extent than did mine, at the anticipated sport I entertained on that memorable occasion. I considered Rags a pre-eminent sort of personage, indispensable to the party in the proceedings; and the coarse animated bit of stuff felt inwardly assured that such was in *reality* the case, occasionally attracting my attention by suddenly stopping on the way and scratching his ear with one of his hind legs, as much as to imply that he should be too much occupied in a very short time to pay any particular regard or respect to the convenience of his person. There was a flight of *peewits* (pied plovers or lapwings) flying over the road, which alighted in a fallow field hard by, and old George crept under the hedge to pull his trigger at them. He went to work as wily as an artful fox after his prey; and, when within gunshot range, he stooped, raised the clumsy contrivance he carried to his shoulder, and let drive a volley of No. 4 into the flock with good effect; for I and he, with Rags, contrived to pick up seven birds. They must have been fifty yards off when he fired—a distance which my short-barrelled projectile would not have reached with killing effect. This feat I augured as a good commencement; and after he had reloaded his rusty tube, we proceeded without further interruption to the rabbit-hold.

No sooner had we neared the spot than Rags took the lead of us. Canterng onward, "he smelt a rat," and his master observed—"Rags is in his glory when he sees a gun. I often miss him from home for a day, for if he sees any one pass by the door of the cottage with a gun in his hand, he is sure to follow him, if he is not driven back. He one day went all the way to Redborne and back, with a shooter (a distance of twenty-five miles), and did such a good day's work with the rabbits around that neighbourhood, that he had two score and five killed to him single-handed. The gentleman offered me a five-pound note for him, but I was loath to take it, as he is such a sharp house-dog, and is a check upon several bad characters hereabout, who, worn't it for him, would soon rid me of all my fowls and ducks." By this time, after the merits of Rags had been duly disclosed by his master, we arrived at the furze cover.

"Young master," exclaimed George, "stand clear of me; and when you see a rabbit bolt out near you, don't shut both your eyes when you pull your trigger. Don't be in a hot hurry, but look at what you are

firing at. Don't cock your gun until you know what you are about, for perhaps you may shoot the dog by mistake, or give me or Ben (his friend's name) the benefit of a smart sprinkling. Be sure and see what you are about to shoot at, before you pull the trigger of your gun."

"All right, George," I replied, "I'll take care of that."

Rags was bustling busily about, when out popped a hare. I, in my hurry, presented my gun at puss, then not fifteen yards from me, and turned her over. What a sensation I experienced at this eventful moment! I had shot a hare for the *first* time in my life, and without a game licence, and against the promise I had so faithfully made to my parent not to meddle with hare, partridge, moor-hen, nor rook. If it should be found out, what can, what shall, what durst I say? "I mistook it for a rabbit?" But then old George told me, not a minute before, to "be sure and see what I was about to shoot at, before I pulled the trigger of my gun." Then, again, if old Cerberus should hear of the fact, he won't allow me to carry a gun any more, and it will cause a painful dissension between him and my father, on my account. Well, I thought, come the worst as it will, I have begun a good day's sport, and Rags and his master may dine off it. With this, I presented it to the latter. Old George wound up the matter by saying, "Ben won't say anything about it, and you may be sure I shan't." With this assertion I felt more satisfied, and resumed my intention of killing the first rabbit that I could see. This I shortly succeeded in doing. An old buck, I suspect, from the rounded shape of his head, came hopping leisurely along, which I brought down in good style. I now thought I had become a crack shot; and old George said he was sure I should make a capital marksman. During a two hours' beating we contrived to lay dead nine rabbits, three of which I killed when we returned homeward laden with the spoil.

This event first introduced me, quite a youth, to the practice of "shooting-running." I next applied my ingenuity to the art of "shooting-flying." I obtained a dozen pigeons, and shot at them, when released from a box. I soon improved in the practice, and began to place confidence in myself in the character of a "fair marksman."

As time rolled on, and years passed away, a change of scene and circumstances presented many and varied opportunities, to me, of exercising my faculties in the pursuit I was so delighted with in my boyhood; and although now fifty years have glided on, and conducted me to the threshold of senectitude, I still retain the same ardour for the sport of shooting as I did during my Christmas holidays, half-a-century ago, when I was as well satisfied with the culinary merits of a sparrow-pudding, as I should now be with a roasted pheasant.

DARTMOOR :

KNAPSACK WANDERINGS, SECOND PART.

BY LINTON.

CHAPTER II.

The beautiful sea-coast towns of Sidmouth, Salterton, Exmouth, Dawlish and Teignmouth, from point to point a distance, by crossing the Warren Sands I have named by the Exmouth Ferry, not exceeding twenty miles, is possibly one of the most beautiful routes in England : land views and sea views, woods and rocks, distant heathered hills, and smiling rural vales, the most luxuriant home scenes, villages and hamlets, combining pictures which no living eye can rest on without pleasure and pride—all, in fact, that the most lively imagination can anticipate or desire.

Sidmouth, built at the base of a circumscribed valley, through which the Syd, a small trout stream, glides, opens wide at its termination on the ever-changing ocean, where dry terrace walks, laved by the ocean-tide, form healthful and refreshing promenades alike in midsummer as in midwinter ; for there the snow-storm rests but for the passing hour, and the glorious sea, if convulsed at Heaven's command—terrible to the mariner whose frail barque may be contending with its horrors—is to the dweller there merely an object of wonder and admiration.

Villas and mansions, nestling amid splendid trees, commanding unrivalled prospects, nevertheless from year to year remain tenantless ; while the visitor walks through the streets to behold endless announcements of lodgings to let. But little of that energy and spirit so conspicuous in the north of England, or even the north of Devon, is observable. In fact, this beautiful little town seems absolutely lulled to sleep by the sound of each curling wave, as it rolls and breaks monotonously against the shingly beach ; a repose, in fact, amid the charms of nature, undisturbed by the stirring events of the busy world so near at hand. Neither does it offer the pleasures of field sports to the winter resident. Shooting there is none, save it be the shooting of sea-gulls or cormorants ; not that the rich neighbouring estates possess no game—far otherwise, but only fire at a rabbit, and he of the velveteen jacket has you in hand in a trice. In other days things were better ; a pack of fox-hounds were kept at Sidbury, within a mile of the town, by the brothers Peel, sons of the Dean of York, and nephews of the late Sir Robert : first-rate, indeed, at times—terrific riders, moreover, true sportsmen. Alas ! I fancy they have both ceased to hunt in this world. The late Lord Rolle also kept a pack of harriers, and when his lordship remained at home, and the huntsmen had uncontrolled command of the pack, a good hare found on Woodbury Down was not easily killed. A gentleman farmer—a strange but generally used title—whose name for the moment I forget, also kept, and I fancy still keeps, a pack of harriers at Ottery St. Mary, not far distant from

Sidmouth, and although somewhat a rough pack to look at, they were rare dogs on a scent, and few hares could live before them, while their master had the good sense always to recollect that harriers were intended to hunt hares, not huntsmen; and thus by allowing them to do their own work, often afforded an admirable day's sport. A fox would also at times turn up, spite of innumerable fox-killing keepers, and on one occasion it was my good fortune to be out when a good fox stood before these rattling blue-mottles for an hour and twenty minutes, during which time I had about seven falls; but the ground of South Devon is soft, and being red, amalgamates well with scarlet, and the country about Sidmouth such, that it would be scarcely possible to get to hounds without horse and rider rolling over a few fences, impractical to jump.

I applied to a resident of many years' standing for some information as regards the place and its inhabitants—a man of no common acquirements, who had visited foreign climes and mixed largely with his fellow-men—expressing my astonishment that a lovely locality within a few hours' travel from the metropolis should apparently be so neglected.

"Neglected, indeed," he replied; "were a bomb-shell to explode in the town, I doubt if it would rouse the population to be up and doing." Some say the climate is too relaxing in summer, too damp in winter, the water bad, and the approach both from the west as from the east, over splendid hills beautiful to look at, but difficult to surmount, with abominable roads and none to mend them; but far worse than all, a party spirit, not arising solely from politics, but having reference to every subject under the sun destructive to society, reigns in this, one of nature's gems; and thus by man it is made desolate. And yet it was the chosen spot selected by the father of our beloved Queen. There he loved to dwell in delightful retirement, and there he died.

Pass over the noble hill which leads the rambler westward, halt on its magnificent summit, and look afar and around you—a panorama more beautiful in variety, and more favoured by all the charms of nature can scarce be conceived. For the most part, as far as the eye can reach, the rich vale lands, the high hills and the luxuriant woodlands, have but one owner; and if reports speak truly, they have fallen but recently into honorable and improving hands; as yet, however, the ploughman still whistles on his way in comparative ignorance, and a considerable amount of Devonshire superstition. The mud-built cottages and even farm-houses stand in all the pride of cob walls, filth and discomfort. The fields are ill-cultivated, the timber neglected, and the roads, the most important question of all, I was about to say are ill mended—but I should have erred, as they appear not to be mended at all, save it be in the imagination of him, whose duty it is to look after them. And thus in this most lovely county of England, in the nineteenth century, traversed by broad rivers, intersected by railways, with a climate of the best, energy and enterprize are at the worst. Yet a kinder and more hospitable people do not exist; and generally speaking the rural population, though apparently doggedly opposed to the advance of civilization, are by no means averse to work.

The little sea-side town, or large village of Salterton, is more sparkling, more lively, and altogether a brighter, if not more beautiful spot than Sidmouth. The inhabitants appear to me to be gathered together with a better spirit, and a more equal and pleasant feeling and footing

as regards tastes and means. They live together, varied by the little squabbles without which no retired place would be perfect, in peace and good-will. But there as elsewhere, the drag of inactivity holds fast the wheel which leads on to fortune.

I called, during my wanderings, to purchase some lithographic views of the charming neighbourhood, at a very cheerful-looking little circulating library, well placed in the centre of the village, and I must remark on the simple courtesy and admirable kindness of the respectable woman who served me; which called forth a similar courtesy on my part, and I should have hoped all the support of the lovers of literature which the limited population could command. Having looked over her store of books—I must confess, by no means of an inferior class—and then been introduced to her reading-room, on the table of which I found the *Times*, *Chronicle*, and *Standard*, I proceeded to ask if there was no sporting paper or sportsmen in the neighbourhood, and if she had any volumes touching more particularly on the history of the beautiful country by which the place itself was surrounded.

“Dear me, Sir,” replied the good woman, apparently half-fancying I was joking; “there may be sporting gentlemen for all I know: they go boating and fishing, and such like. But we should never sell such books as you mention. Strangers come here to bathe, ride donkeys, and eat lobsters, which in the season are here considered super-excellent—not to read. Many, indeed, buy little pictures of the beautiful district, and tell their friends they have seen them all, till they half believe it themselves; whereas the residents read novels, or shilling circulations, of which we sell more than of any other class of books, and thus are satisfied to leave things as they are, or purchase what they require elsewhere.”

Yet as I walked slowly up the sheltered lane, leading towards Exmouth, the words “or purchase things elsewhere,” made an unpleasant impression on my mind, as I hold to the belief that if the residents of a locality stand together in support of those who endeavour to supply their wants, that for which they have to send for at a considerable distance and vast expense would be attainable at their own doors, to the benefit of those who are dependent on them as to their own comfort. And energy and enterprize might exist in so sparkling and retired a spot as Salterton, if monopoly did not stand forth in bold relief on every hedge-row by which the charming village is surrounded.

CHAPTER III.

Before I say a word more, I am compelled to apologize to my sporting readers, inasmuch as I hold, and ever have held, this to be the legitimate and only periodical open to what I may term purely sporting articles. I would be permitted to observe, however, in thus briefly enumerating and touching on these sketches of the peculiarities and beauties of the sea-side retreats of South Devon, I may be of service to many who seek such localities at present little or altogether unknown to them. I shall soon, however, get into a more sporting district, and ere one fairly treads the wilds of Dartmoor, one must necessarily get there.

Exmouth is a combination of Sidmouth and Salterton: it possesses

much of the softness of the former, and on its beautiful Beacon much of the brightness of the latter. Nature, in fact, here as elsewhere in South Devon, has played her part to admiration. Nothing is wanting in beauty to attract the eye of the artist, or the ardent lover of God's own works, calling forth sensations of heart's delight and gratitude no pen can justly describe.

But the population—perhaps I should more truly say inhabitants, I speak of them with no intended discourtesy—sleep as it were undisturbed by the battle of life so fiercely raging beyond the limits of their homes. And here I might be inclined to dwell more largely, but I am hurrying on to Dartmoor, and a railway—already, I believe, commenced—will soon, or I greatly err, create an entire new era, alike, as regards the place as its people. I cannot, however, cross the Exe, without one word in reference to the execrable roads and lanes which even to the borders of Dorsetshire traverse this unrivalled county; while the turnpike charges, I fancy, are somewhat higher than elsewhere, yet are they far inferior to those which intersect the heathered hills of the north.

I had frequently heard it humorously mentioned, ere I visited that pleasant county, that a horse with broken knees bore the Devonshire arms, but I confess my ignorance of the particular allusion till I had ocular demonstration of the roads and lanes. And I strongly recommend to all who may desire to explore the beauties of Devon, to leave their horses and carriages, if they possess them, at home, if they desire to save the springs of the one or the knees of the other; and, moreover, I hold fast to the opinion that go where you may, nine times out of ten, the horses there bred and born are the best for the work they are called on to perform. Take the finest thorough-bred horse in England, accustomed to turf or fine macadamized roads, and ride him without the greatest care up and down the hills of Devon, or even on the flat roads, if such are to be found for two hundred consecutive yards, and down he comes on his knees, and you on your head. No animal is equal in utility and comfort or stamina to a good Exmoor or Dartmoor pony, and somehow or another he can put his foot on a dozen rolling stones without rolling over; but try a pair of London carriage-horses, or a London thorough-bred hack, on which you have exhibited yourself in or about Kensington Gardens—for aught I know to the contrary you may be the best rider in England—what then? it will not save you from a broken head, or your horse returning whence he came, with the Devonshire coat-of-arms.

Dawlish. I speak of it with feelings which no pen could write; and were I to do so would possibly have no weight on those of others—has much of the character of Sidmouth on a smaller scale. The hills which inclose it on the east and west are possibly less grand and beautiful in form, and less wooded. But those on the northern extremity of this charming little town, the outlet to the vale through which the sparkling Dawlish waters flow onwards to the sea, and which protect the pleasant locale from the keen blasts of winter, are well-wooded, while the beautiful park of Wiscombe is a gem of wild luxuriance, reaching to the summit of Little Haldon.

To do the inhabitants only justice, as far as I was enabled to judge, a greater energy and spirit of life seems to exist among them than at many other places on the coast. This in a measure may be attributed

to the easy access afforded to visitors by the railway which glides along the beach after leaving its living cargo, and disappears under a tunnel of rocks. In praising this peaceful Montpelier of England, however, I desire not to disparage its neighbours. Walks and rides, unrivalled in interest and beauty, abound in its immediate neighbourhood, and life is made more easy by society as select as it is generous and frank. The South Devon hounds are frequently within reach, and wild ducks may be shot on the wing.

Teignmouth, larger than Dawlish or Exmouth, far more airy than Sidmouth, perhaps less bright than Salterton, is more frequented, both during summer and winter, than either of them; in fact, it considers itself a sort of ocean city, and many most justly admit that it is a very pleasant southern sea-bathing residence.

It appears to me—I desire not to be uncourteous, certainly not untruthful—to hold its fair head a wee bit above Dawlish and Exmouth, and to sneer alike at Salterton and Sidmouth; in fact, it arrogates a sort of right to rank with Torquay, which but yesterday was but a lovely village, but now the chosen spot for exiled royalty, aristocratic invalids, weary Chancellors of the Exchequer, who take their ease at the inn there (I wish he would concoct a tax on crinolines and the not wearing of bonnets) during such leisure. With all its faults, however, I must admit Teignmouth is a pleasant place for all idle men; and doubtless the active one could find the means of agreeable pastime.

During my brief sojourn there I visited the public rooms, a handsome and commodious edifice, and sundry delightful sea-side walks, conducive to health and recreation; above all the “Den,” commonly so called, an extensive lawn, in accordance to the Danish appellation “Dein,” where fishermen ought to dry their nets—and is to sea-side idlers—pardon me, visitors—a pleasant evening promenade, where good people walk for air and exercise, that is, to look and be looked at. Even from this glorious esplanade, fanned by the most delightful sea-breezes, and commanding an unrivalled sea view, fashion—odious word—is not banished. There is a time and tide for all.

At early morn, that is, ere the bohea has been infused, as our neighbours over the border term it, or the coffee or chicory is prepared, sundry bathers, male and female, issue forth in summer time; the ladies, dear creatures, to be ducked, as ducks are they; the gentlemen, or male species so called, towel in hand, to duck themselves; while their ducks, attired in oil-skin caps, having hung up their broad-brims, crinolines, and divested themselves of their neat ankle-boots—red petticoats are only winter attire—are undergoing the ordeal of being plunged and salted, whether they will or no, for a shilling. For Teignmouth boasts of a female bather, who is said to be a woman, and who wears a blue petticoat, for I see’d the old ’oman a-ducking a young duckling, and no mistake, if woman she be, and that’s all I can say. In all other respects she is just as likely, save from outward appearance, to be a bear; but she does her duty *con amore*, whether the young ladies like it or not, and therefore is worthy of laudation.

A few words more in reference to the Dein. The matutinal bathing over, the nursery-maids assemble with their young charges, and gambol over the green—that is, the children, not the maids; forsooth, they might like to do so also, and why not? A dear old admiral I know is

wont to say, "There is nothing so fresh and lively as a sportive servant-girl save fresh herrings," and he never heard of a stale one in any market in Europe. And old ladies, God bless them! and old maids, God give joy to them! and invalids, God restore them! go round and round, and round again, inhaling sea breezes, and dispensing shillings per hour for the benefit of pony and donkey drivers.

Then comes the meridian sun, when all the world at Teignmouth appear to have retired to their siestas, to make up for seven o'clock, called early rising, or letter-writing, or novel-reading; some read the *Sporting Magazine* for aught I know, and if so, they may learn far more than by novels; and then early dinners take place, fresh whiting, or firm and silvery mackerel—lodging-house cooks happily cannot destroy freshness—followed by greasy mutton-chops or a steak, most of them as tough as a hedge-stake, &c. At five the nursery-maids reappear, and at six behold a sprinkling of *haut-ton*, which means crinolines and flounces, by whomsoever worn. Then comes the band, not the music, followed by the *élite*—such, at least, the late diners consider themselves—and thus is acted the farce of life, for the benefit of the public, on one of nature's most splendid theatres. As if late dining, followed by the nightmare, or appearing at eight in flounces, instead of in tucks at seven, makes one better or wiser; I was about to add richer or poorer, but I should have been in error.

Such, however, as I have described it, is the use made of the beautiful fresh "Dein" in summer-time. In winter it has many charms, though comparatively free from flounces and tom-foolery. *Nota bene!*—It is a rare place for red petticoats and neat ankles, when a strong south-wester blows. I am indebted to the same gallant admiral for this truthful remark, the fact of which I can vouch for, by practical experience.

Teignmouth offers another charm, or rather did, I should imagine a very great one to sportsmen who may be resident there for the sake of those loved ones, whose health obliges them to leave their inland homes during the winter—"a pack of fox-hounds." For Devon—say nay who will—county of myrtles and magnolias, I boldly assert to be a most delightful sporting county in every sense of the word, from east to west, north to south; from Mount Javey to Beerhead; from beautiful Babicombe in the south, to still more beautiful Lynmouth in the north; right across Dartmoor and over Exmoor; fox-hounds and harriers, otter-hounds and beagles; coursing and fly-fishing; sport of all kinds; war to the life, against fish and fowl, is attainable.

Teignmouth then possessed fox-hounds; and yet, having said thus much about fox-hounds, it is no proof that that portion of it hunted by the Teignmouth or South Devon hounds, as they were denominated, and now, I fancy, kept by Lord Poltimore at Poltimore, should be like Northamptonshire; so far from it, I should say that with the exception of a small portion of it to the east of Teignmouth, it is about the worst hunting county in all England. What then? there are occasions when a gallant run repays a true sportsman for many a blank day; in the meantime, to one who loves the beauties of nature, fine air, health and excitement, nothing can surpass the combination of charms which present themselves when riding over the beautiful rough hills in pursuit of a flying fox.

Mount a moorland pony and follow these hounds, and at all events you will agree with me that the inhabitants of Teignmouth in particular, and the resident and neighbouring sportsmen had cause to be thankful they had such hounds, and would have been wise in not allowing them to go elsewhere. However, I am unable to enter into minute details regarding the hounds in question, further than to say that I never beheld a pack in better condition, or more fit to go. The last time I beheld them they were thrown into the coverts of an aged and bed-ridden lady. Moreover, this home preserve, doubtless under the especial charge of one of those inheritors of fox-blood, called keepers, being a sort of Paradise, intersected by lovely terraces and rural walks, well filled with rare and sweet-smelling shrubs, was utterly guiltless of holding a fox; indeed, who ever imagined one was there? certainly not I—still less the keeper; he was sure of the fact, for he had shot every one which had dared to enter so charming a spot.

Nevertheless, it was a beautiful scene to those who stood on the sloping park, to behold the distant ocean, and the dark woods, and the many-coloured hounds, and the velvet lawn before the house, and the hounds rolling in the sun, surrounded by the field, which, although not numerous, were well mounted and eager for the chace; and not unpleasant even to a pedestrian, with a fair girl on his arm, enthusiastic with the hope of seeing a fox found, in which she was doomed to be disappointed; yet difficult to describe to those who have followed a flying pack in what are termed crack counties, indeed, far more like one of those charming pictures of other days, where a stag appears in the foreground with a hound close to his haunches, then a gentleman in a bag-wig, on a crop-eared horse, followed by another in a three-cornered hat blowing a French horn, with the field all galloping through a grassy ride in a beautiful forest, at the termination of which appear the blue hills of a distant landscape—a Sneyders or a Watteau.

But I must now close this long chapter on Teignmouth and its neighbourhood—as we approached the railway, in order to proceed to Newton Abbot, on our way to Dartmoor, there appeared to be an unusual gathering of the good people of Teignmouth, among whom we mixed on ascertaining they awaited the arrival of Prince Joinville, expected on a visit to his mother, the ex-queen of France, then residing at that pleasant town; and as we stood with others awaiting the train, we were not a little amused with the passing remarks around us.

An old dame, more curious, apparently, than the rest, did not cease to make enquiries as to the birth, parentage, and position of the whole of the late royal family of France. “Nemours,” said she “the prince was on the platform; who may he be?” when a rural wit replied:

“Nemours, to be sure.”

“And who is Jinvil they hexpect?”

“Why, Joinville.”

“Queer names, I take it,” added the old dame.

“Just so,” replied the rustic.

“But who be their mither?”

“Why, the hex-queen.”

“Ah! ah! Her who be a lodging at Veale’s Hotel?”

“Precisely so.”

“Ah! by two fathers, I s’pose—Mr. Nemours, and Jinvil?”

Here was a roar of laughter ; when the wit added : “ No ; they be princes and Romans—sons of the Pope ; but first-rate gentlemen.”

“ Romans, be they,” said the old woman, “ and sons of the Pope ? Poor lads—poor young men !”

Another roar.

And the poor old woman hobbled off in high dudgeon, mumbling all the way, “ Romans and princes be they—Pish ! they looks like other people.”

THE YACHTSMAN'S CABIN.

“The security of the kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a sailor.”—CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S *Pirate and Three Cutters*.

England, from her invincible superiority in all naval and maritime affairs, and supremacy of the seas, is watched with jealous eye by the people of every other nation ; and whilst she displays upon the seas, and in every port, her noble specimens of naval architecture, whether in the shape of steam frigates, mercantile vessels, or pleasure yachts, they excite alike the astonishment and wonder of foreign beholders : they are, nevertheless, fearlessly displayed to the eyes of all the world, and their banners are unfurled in every available port throughout the globe. The one class is the dread of every foreign power, and the boast of every British tar ; another is the emblem of our wealth and unbounded resources ; and the other, the envy of princes, and the pride and glory of the noble members of the pleasure squadron of this country.

There is, at the present moment, a great demand for seamen, and considerable encouragement is held out to them to enter the navy. Yachters must, therefore, make up their minds to pay high wages for seafaring hands ; but the object of high prices never deters the liberal body of pleasure-cruisers from indulging, to their hearts' content, in their favourite pastime. The sailor has only to name his price, and if character and reputation prove him to be a useful man aboard ship, the bargain is soon struck. In the highest branch of the diversion the sport belongs almost exclusively to the wealthy, who can afford to compete with her Majesty's naval promoters, and offer even higher bounties and more liberal wages ; thereby securing, for the season, competent hands to man their vessels.

Yachting prospects are, undoubtedly, very propitious for the approaching season, probably more so than they have been during several years past, and, indeed, the fairest hopes are afloat that a highly successful season lies before us. There is, besides, a rumour that another grand Naval Review will come off at Spithead sometime in the month of August, and that it will be upon a more magnificent scale than any previous exhibition of the kind. The arrangements connected with the undertaking, however, must, in a measure, depend on the attitude, at that period, of the present Italian war.

As it is our purpose to review the doings of the clipper fleet as their performances severally take place during the season, it will be necessary here to note a few particulars respecting the new yachts which are destined to make their *entrée* upon the watery stage at the forthcoming regattas. It is expected that a formidable opponent in the shape of another American schooner-yacht, is destined to figure at the approaching sailing matches in the Solent and elsewhere. The yacht alluded to is the *Magnolia*, the property of Sir Henry Becher; she was built at East Boston, Massachusetts, by Messrs. Brown and Lovell, in the year 1858. She was not originally intended for a yacht, but was designed as a fishing vessel, and in that character was known by the name of the "*Flora Temple*." The tonnage of this highly-extolled and anticipated clipper, according to American admeasurement, is 105 tons, but according to English new measurement 139 20-94ths tons. She last year made a highly satisfactory voyage to Quebec with a cargo; since which she has been hauled up in the building yard of Messrs. Spencer and Barnes, at East Cowes, where she has undergone several alterations, and has been coppered and overhauled. She is fitted with a standing bowsprit, and is sparrred and rigged after the same fashion as the celebrated "*America*," the schooner-yacht which eclipsed the whole English pleasure squadron in the Solent in the year 1851. The proprietor and builder of the *Magnolia* are very sanguine as to her powers; and if she be faithfully rigged, and her trim correctly balanced, there is no reason why she should not, under skilful handling, occupy a very prominent position at some of the approaching yacht-races. Her most dreaded rival appears to be the identical yacht "*America*" which eclipsed the world in 1851. In reference to the performances of the latter, *Mr. Punch* made the following significant allusion:

"Yankee Doodle had a craft,
 A rather tidy clipper,
 And he challenged, while they laughed,
 The Britishers to whip her.
 Their whole yacht-squadron she outsped,
 And that on their own water!
 Of all the lot she went a-head,
 And they came nowhere arter.
 CHORUS—Yankee Doodle, &c."

The "*America*" has long been lost sight of, in the sailing matches of late years; and her re-appearance on the Solent, in her original character of a racing craft, will create considerable interest in the yachting circles. It appears that, notwithstanding the high character this vessel once occupied, she was permitted to remain two years on the mud at Portsmouth; and though costly as had been everything connected with her, she was almost entirely neglected. She has recently been hauled up at Northfleet, and is undergoing a thorough repair by Pitcher. It was found that the outer planking was rotten as touchwood; and inside, nearly all the upper timbers, with many of the lower ones, and the keelson, were in the same condition. It was also found that the vessel had been imperfectly bolted, and was in fact held together by diagonal iron braces. So much for American yacht-building! The decayed state of the outer planking may be attributed to the inferior quality of the American oak; though the rotten condition of the timbers inside

the vessel, is easily accounted for by the fact of their being unaired and neglected during the two years she was lying idle on the mud. The rotten wood will all be replaced with teak planking, and the timbers and keelson with English oak. Repairs such as these will, of necessity, render the hull much heavier; and though it is asserted that her form will be most carefully maintained, the result of such extensive alterations may well be looked upon with considerable doubt; but if the lines of the vessel are not disturbed, and her shell be made no thicker, there is no reason why her form should not be just as powerful as ever. But there are many considerations touching the success of such a vessel. Though apparently trivial may be such matters as ballasting, rigging, and fitting, they require the nicest precision and the greatest possible care and attention, and must all be done by those thoroughly competent to perform them, or the yacht, if destined to race on the Solent, will make no conspicuous figure.

Looking at the ingenuity and skill which are now being devoted to these two American schooners, and the indefatigable exertions being made in their behalf, it is highly probable one or other of the two will prove victorious, and thus give fresh cause for Yankee boasting. It is very true that the cutter *Volant* (50 tons) beat *The America* in a time-race in 1851, but a match between vessels so widely disproportioned cannot be looked upon as a very great triumph on either side. *The America* was at least five times larger than the *Volant*; and we have never yet seen such a scale as could test, with honesty, the relative powers of vessels where such great disparagement of tonnage exists. We are no admirers of Yankeeism, but at the same time have yet to learn that an English vessel superior in speed to the celebrated "*America*" is to be found among the whole squadron of English yachts. The movements of the two American schooners, which are this season destined to figure in the English pleasure squadron, will be watched with considerable interest, and there are few English yachtsmen who have sufficient confidence in the powers of their own craft, to look upon these rivals with any other feelings than those of doubtful suspicion.

It appears that there are an unusual number of new yachts this season, some of which are, no doubt, destined to carry off the palm of victory on many a gala day. Among the principal of the new clippers may be mentioned a cutter, built by Ratsey and Son for Colonel Simmons Smith, of the Royal Yacht Squadron. This is decidedly a beautiful vessel, replete with every convenience, and altogether a most promising clipper; she is about 70 tons' admeasurement, and is named the *Brunette*.

The Messrs. Wanhill of Poole have built three new cutters: the *Aura*, 40 tons, for W. H. M. Ellis, Esq.; the *Clio*, 40 tons, for Rev. R. C. Singleton; and the *Queen Mab*, 32 tons, for Sir Percy Shelley, Bart. Mr. Thos. Brassey, junr., has also a new iron schooner yacht of 110 tons: this vessel is being built on the *Mersey*, in the yard of the Canada Iron-works. The Commodore of the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club has also a new schooner being built, estimated at 120 tons: this vessel is also of iron, and was designed by Mr. St. C. J. Byrne; she is also in the yard of the Canada Works.

Mr. Inman, of Lympington, has turned out a new schooner of 116

tons, named the *Leonora*; she is the property of G. P. Houghton, Esq., of the St. George's Yacht Club. Mr. Inman is also building two other schooner yachts, one of 90 tons, to be called the *Kingfisher*, for Cooper Penrose, Esq.; the other, 78 tons, to be named the *Gannet*, for H. G. Hopkins, Esq. Messrs. Ratsey and Sons have launched a new schooner named the *Diana*, 80 tons, for C. Keyser, Esq., of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. The same builders are also constructing a cutter, to be named the *Sibyl*, for Colonel Westenna, of the Royal Yacht Squadron; and they have another schooner in frame for Mr. Gascoigne.

Among the new clippers of the smaller class may be mentioned a 12-ton cutter named the *Rowena*, built by Payne for Mr. Penny. Hatcher of Southampton is also building a 12-ton cutter for Colonel Armytage. The same builder has also turned out an 8-ton cutter, to be named the *Haidee*.

The matches of the Royal London Yacht Club for the approaching season, are to be open to vessels of any rig, and of any Royal Yacht Club. Some of the sailing events of this club of late years having been very thinly attended, the new arrangement of throwing open their prizes to a more extended competition, it is expected, will bring about highly favourable results, and induce members to enter their yachts. The first match of this club is fixed for the 9th instant, and the last night of entry is the 6th instant.

We are happy to observe that the committee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club have altered their rules in reference to the method of awarding prizes when two classes of vessels sail in the same match, and a vessel of an inferior class goes over the same course, and comes in ahead of her rivals of the first class. By a new rule, the arrangement is, that in the event of a vessel of an inferior class coming in first, she is to receive the first-class prize, and the winning yacht of the superior class is to have the second-class prize, provided she is the next at the winning goal to the first of the inferior class. In other words, it is simply an exchange of prizes between yachts of first and second class, in case a vessel of the second class outsails the leader of the first class. And the doubt which formerly existed, and last year was the cause of an unpleasant dispute, as to a first-class yacht coming in astern of *two* of the second class, and yet claiming one of the prizes, is at once removed, and very properly so; such a claim is not to be countenanced, a first-class yacht under such circumstances having no right whatever to either prize.

We observe that an amateur yacht club is about being formed in the county of Norfolk, for the purpose of promoting boat-sailing and aquatic sports in that county. The project is an excellent one, and will probably prove entirely successful; though, from the nature of the locality, the yachts forming the fleet of this embryo club are necessarily of small size, being chiefly those belonging respectively to the rivers Brere, Waveney, and Yare. The rig of the little vessels in the neighbourhood of these streams is peculiar, and such as is not very often met with in English waters; it is what is termed the "lateen rig." An amusing description of which, with much useful information upon the subject, and a very pretty illustration, may be seen in a little work, "*Falkard's Sailing-Boat.*" The Norfolk

yachts, in addition to the lateen-sail, carry a lug-sail-mizen; and thus the rig is admirably adapted to narrow rivers, like these alluded to, where short tacking is unavoidable. These yachts are, therefore, necessarily short and wide, and are particularly stiff and handy in turning to windward; the largest of them are 26 feet in length from stem to stern, and 10 feet in breadth; the smaller class are 16 feet in length, and 8 feet 6 inches in breadth. Some of these yachts require a yard 50 feet in length for the purpose of spreading the lateen-sail, and when gracefully set, it is an exceedingly pretty and useful form of rig for boats employed in smooth water.

These rivers are also connected with the famous Norfolk Broads, so justly celebrated as highly-favoured resorts of wild-fowl. It is on some of these Broads that the regattas of the Norfolk Yacht Club are destined to come off; and by a very judicious arrangement, these interesting affairs will not always be confined to the same locality, the nature of the district giving them the command of several watery race-courses. It is therefore proposed to distribute the performances of the Norfolk Yacht Club over different parts of the county, thus holding three regattas in the season: one on the Oulton Broad, another on the Wroxham Broad, and a third between Surlingham and Cantley. The prospects of the whole scheme are exceedingly fair and promising, and if its promoters meet with that encouragement due to so praiseworthy an undertaking, and so popular and healthful a recreation, this bantling yacht club will very speedily stand upon a firm and lasting basis, for there is no lack of "stuff" in the county, or of spirited and energetic admirers of aquatic sports.

The Prince of Wales Yacht Club, as usual, has been the first to commence the season. This distinguished and highly popular club held its first sailing-match on the 12th ult., offering prizes well worthy of a spirited competition by the little fleet which were assembled to compete for them. The first prize was a silver claret jug of the value of £20; the second a silver cup, value £5 (presented by Mr. Earl, a member). These were for competition by the classes of yachts which measured above 6 tons, and not exceeding 8 tons. A silver cup, of the value of £10 was also submitted to competition by yachts not exceeding 6 tons. The following are the names of the vessels and proprietors: -

Julia	8 tons	Mr. P. Turner.
Valentine	7 "	Mr. J. Fradgley.
Emily	6 "	Mr. R. Hewett.
Spray	6 "	Mr. T. Britten.
Anglesey	3 "	Mr. W. Reed.
Petrel	6 "	Mr. W. Charnock.

Most of these little vessels are well-known on the Thames; the Julia, Emily, and Valentine, particularly, as the victors of many a hard struggle on the murky waters of the river. The Spray was built by Mr. Searle, the celebrated builder of rowing boats; but this, we believe, is his first attempt at a sailing craft. The Spray was originally constructed as a centre-board vessel, in which form she first appeared last season, but not giving satisfaction to the builder, she has since undergone alterations: the centre-board is removed, and a fixed keel is substituted. Though it will be seen that the Spray

was victorious on the the present occasion, in winning the prize in her class, we think from appearances and previous performances, there is room for further improvement ere this vessel will become a favourite.

The course was from Erith to the Chapman Head and back, for the larger vessels ; and for the smaller, round the west buoy of the Blyth Sand and back. The morning dawned with a strong east wind, which continued during the greater part of the day ; consequently, on the outward course there was much tacking, the wind being dead against them in several of the reaches ; but on the homeward tack the wind was free ; and, aided by the smiling rays of a bright sun, the affair was highly promising, and a most exciting contest was the result.

The hour for starting having arrived, everybody was in anxious expectation of a signal in the shape of a deafening report from the mouth of the "big gun," when, suddenly a "little puff" was heard by those standing near this mighty piece of artillery, followed by a whiff of smoke ; and, in an instant, up went the sails of the lesser class ; those of the larger looking on, a moment or two, in amazement, for they had heard no gun, and smelt no powder. However, it was too irresistible a move to be disregarded, and the larger craft soon followed the example of the others.

It was suggested, that the artilleryman was afraid of his gun : if so, for heaven's sake ! let us have a man who is less timid. English sailors glory in gunpowder and roaring cannon, and would rather be deprived of their "backey" than their banging. This branch of the duty, however, is generally performed in a very discreditable manner at the sailing matches on the Thames. Let it not be said in future that an artillery man is afraid of his gun, or does not like the smell of powder.

Even the young ladies (bless their hearts) who come to witness these sailing matches, delight in a good "bang !" and though they sometimes startle and fly into the arms of the nearest bystander on a loud report, the instant the shock is over they say of the banging as they do of smoking, "they like it *exceedingly*."

But to proceed with the yachts, the Emily, which had the weather-most station, at first took the lead ; though, from being insufficiently ballasted, and otherwise quite out of racing trim, lay on her side in a most helpless condition, exposing by far too much of her bottom to give her any chance of success with two such steady-going craft as Julia and Valentine.

The Julia soon passed Emily and took the lead to Long-reach down which they all laid-along in pretty style. The Valentine, however, had come up with the leading yacht, and ultimately passed her.

The Spray, meanwhile, had taken the third position, the Emily, still staggering under the dangerous pressure of canvas put upon her, was close upon the Spray. On arriving at Gravesend-reach, the little fleet encountered a heavy sea, as there generally is in that reach, with the wind at east or north-east.

Off Gravesend, the Julia again showed in front of the fleet, and seemed to be marching off in a manner which aroused the feelings of

those aboard the *Valentine*, who sent up a jib-headed topsail for the purpose of increasing her speed; this sail however did her no good, the after-leach quivered like an aspen-leaf. In *Lower Hope* the *Julia* had a very prominent position at one time; but through very ill-judged handling, and notwithstanding the "potent assistance" of Dr. Bain, her constructor, she twice nearly lost the advantage gained: the *Valentine* continued to keep to windward, whilst the *Julia* was permitted to drag along the *Essex* shore, and was obliged to make a tack, which the other, under more judicious handling, avoided. In *Sea-reach* the little fleet again encountered a nasty short sea, which tumbled them about right merrily; causing them to pitch and plunge, and dash the spray from their bows in a truly interesting manner. Though the *Julia* appeared to be rather more over-done than the *Valentine*, she managed to gain upon the other considerably, and at one time was nearly a mile a-head; a favourable slant of wind, however, combined with the superior seamanship of Mr. Poppleton, enabled the *Valentine* to redeem a considerable portion of the space she had lost; and on rounding the steamer abreast of *Hole Haven** there was barely two minutes' difference between them.

Immediately after rounding the steamer, *Julia* set her largest gaff-topsail, and *Valentine* did likewise; they then set square-sails; and thus, crowded with canvas, the beautiful little clippers skimmed along over the surface—

" Like Fairies from the land of Queens,
Whose grace and beauty's only known in dreams."

The *Julia*, with an affection for the *Essex* shore which led her into error, steered a long way out of her direct course in the *Lower Hope*, and gave the *Valentine* another advantage, which her skilful helmsman took care to profit by. The *Spray* was, here, overtaken on her passage up, being the leader of her class, and having rounded the *Blyth's* buoy a little in advance of her rivals. Soon afterwards, on jibing round the *Oven's* buoy, "Stand clear!" was the signal uttered by the helmsman of the *Julia*, as the boom swayed across the deck to the other side, sweeping everything which chanced to be six inches above the bulwarks. "Stand clear!" however, was totally disregarded by such a man as *Edward Eager*; consequently *Edward Eager* was knocked overboard; and when overboard, and apparently struggling for his life, "Go on! go on!" shouted *Eager*, "don't 'e stop to look arter I! the cup is o' more walee than I is; bee' an as how I cou'nt a keep a footen aboard the baarkee." The *Julia* disregarded the unfortunate man's shouts, put her helm down, and made an effort to pick up *Edward Eager*, who was evidently a good swimmer. The *Spray* passing at full speed tossed him a life-buoy cushion; but owing to the speed at which these vessels were going, the time lost in putting about, and the sweep they take in coming round, the man was picked up and safely taken aboard a barge's boat ere the services of either of the yachts were called into requisition.

* The course was terminated here, instead of at the *Chapman-head*; the tide having nearly ceased ebbing, and other circumstances rendering it prudent to exercise the power to that effect, which is reserved to the Commodore and Sailing Committee.

This unfortunate mishap very nearly lost the *Julia* the race. *Valentine*, meanwhile, had come up with her, and taken a position abreast of her powerful rival; and, considering the allowance of one minute, which the *Valentine* could claim for disparity of tonnage, the *Julia's* chance, which before the mishap seemed all but certain, was now extremely doubtful. As a last resort the *Julia* set her square-sail, but her rival stuck to her like a leech, and the wind falling lighter, the *Valentine* seemed destined to win. The excitement became intense: the smallest error, or slightest mistake on the part of either crew, must have cost them the race; and, under the perfect handling of Mr. Poppleton, the *Valentine* was, at this juncture, the decided favourite. Again and again did the *Julia* dart a short distance ahead, and, as frequently, did the *Valentine* again and again come up with her. Eventually, however, the *Julia* shot ahead considerably, and the race was then her own; but—in accordance with the wild and injudicious manner in which she was steered throughout the match—her admirers trembled at the reckless manner in which she crossed the tide and came to the winning buoy; the time of arrival at which was as under:

	H.	M.	S.
<i>Julia</i>	6	10	10
<i>Valentine</i>	6	11	25
<i>Spray</i>	6	15	40

The others were too far astern to render it necessary to note their time. The *Julia* was thus the winner of the £20 prize by 15 secs. only! and the *Valentine* claimed the £5 prize. The *Spray* won the prize of her class, value £10. And this terminated the first sailing match of the season; and it may truly be said to have been as exciting and interesting a race as any we have seen under similar disadvantages and short entries.

The matches of the Royal Thames Yacht Club commenced this year with yachts of the third and fourth classes, the small yachts being generally afloat earlier in the season than the larger ones. The prizes offered on the occasion of the attractive event, which came off on the 26th ult. were, for the third class, a handsome silver tea and coffee service by Benson, valued at 40 guineas; and for the first yacht in the fourth class, a richly-chased silver claret-jug by Messrs. Garrard, valued at £30; and for the second yacht in this class, a silver cup of the value of £10.

The entries in the third class comprised three yachts, two of which are new, and the other was only built last year. All three hail from southern ports.

In the fourth class, the entries comprised five famous little clippers, all more or less renowned as winners of prizes: they are, in fact, the very cream of the lesser racing fleet of Thames yachts.

The following are the names, with particulars as to the station chosen by lottery, tonnage, port they hail from, and names of proprietors:

THIRD CLASS—EXCEEDING 12 AND NOT EXCEEDING 20 TONS.

Station.	Yacht.	Tons (o. m.)	Port.	Owner.
3	<i>Chimera</i>	19	Teignmouth	E. Sanderson
5	<i>Firecloud</i>	16	Teignmouth	J. B. Mansfield
7	<i>Swallow</i>	16	Poole	Capt. F. H. Sykes

FOURTH CLASS—7 AND NOT EXCEEDING 12 TONS.

Station.	Yacht.	Club		Owner.
		Measurement.	Port.	
1	Julia	8	London	P. Turner
2	Emily	8	London	R. Hewett
4	Quiver	12	Southampton	Capt. D. T. Chamberlayne
6	Violet	9	Harwich	Rt. Hon. Lord de Ros
8	Romp	9(o.m.)	London	J. Field, jun.

Of the three named in the Third Class, "Firecloud" did not start.

The appointed course was from Erith to the Chapman Head and back ; a time race, half-a-minute per ton being allowed for disparity of tonnage : but, owing to the head-wind and flood-tide, the course was shortened to the Lower Bligh Buoy, instead of the Chapman Head.

Some little regret was expressed that the celebrated yacht Vampire was not entered in the third class, the Chimera having been built expressly with a view to wrench the laurels from that hitherto-invincible clipper. The Chimera has been lengthened since last year, and, according to appearances, ought to have done better on this occasion than to have been beaten by a 12-ton yacht. The Swallow is new this year, by Wanhill ; and, judging from her performances on this occasion, it is not very probable she will win many races during the present season.

The two classes were started both together, and, favoured by a delightful breeze, the scene at once became one of great animation ; and the wind being dead against them in their course down river, tack by tack and inch by inch the course was vigorously contested. After sundry changes of places, and some exquisite manœuvring, the little Quiver shot ahead of the whole fleet, and was never once overtaken throughout the race. The Swallow took the second position, and the Chimera the third, Violet being fourth, and Emily fifth ; and in this order they continued over the greater part of the course : and, after a highly satisfactory race, performed under the favourable auspices of a beautiful breeze and lovely day, the leaders of the little fleet arrived at the winning-goal in the following order and time :

	H.	M.	S.
Quiver	5	0	21
Swallow	5	12	33
Chimera	5	16	40
Violet	5	43	3

It will thus be seen that the Quiver—a vessel of only 12 tons—beat both the yachts in the superior class, though nearly double her size—the first by nearly 12 minutes, and the second by nearly 16 minutes. The Quiver was, therefore, awarded the third-class prize ; and the two fourth-class prizes fell to the lots of the Swallow and Violet. The Quiver was built last year at Southampton, and is altogether a most promising little vessel : she has the identical appearance of an out-and-out racer, and will probably add more laurels to her fame during the season.

T H E H O R S E :

ITS ORIGIN, HISTORY, AND HABITS.

The reduction of the horse to a domesticated state is the greatest acquisition from the animal world ever made by the art and industry of man. The history of this noble quadruped, as regards his origin or natural locality and the period of his first subjugation, is involved in obscurity. We learn from the Sacred Writings that he is of Eastern origin; and they render the inference very probable that the Egyptians were the first who reduced him to servitude.

The earliest notice of the horse occurs about 650 years after the Deluge, when the Egyptians "brought their cattle to Joseph, who gave them bread in exchange for horses and for the flocks," &c. Very soon after, we read, the venerable patriarch Jacob, when dying in Egypt, addressing his sons, said: "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward;" and it is remarkable that this early allusion to the horse refers to him as being ridden, and not as drawing a chariot. When the body of Jacob was removed by his son Joseph from Egypt to Canaan, for burial, we are told that "there went up with him both chariots and horsemen." As it appears, then, from this notice, as well as from the employment of numerous chariots by Pharaoh in pursuit of the Israelites, and from the testimony of the earliest profane writers, that the Egyptians first reduced the horse to obedience, it is to their country, or, at least to those parts of Africa which were in close connexion with it, that we may reasonably look for his primitive habitat. The long-admitted superiority of the horses of Arabia is no evidence that they were originally placed in that arid country; and there is much reason to conclude that it was not until a comparatively late period that the Arabs used horses. At the time when Solomon was receiving various treasures from Arabia, it was from Egypt only that he obtained his immense number of horses. Herodotus expressly states that Xerxes obtained a portion of his cavalry from Ethiopia, and that he was joined by a body of native Indians, some on horseback and others in war-chariots.

The primitive habits, contour, and colour of the horse, in a purely natural condition, cannot be said to be known with certainty; for it is highly probable that he has long ceased to exist in such a state. As the wild horses which are now found in various parts of the world appear to have sprung from a domesticated stock, they afford no clue to the elucidation of the points in question. The numerous herds of wild horses existing on the plains of Tartary do not appear to have been indigenous to that country, and the still greater numbers which inhabit South America are very clearly traced to the horses which the Spaniards introduced into that part of our continent from Europe; and old writers tell us that, when the American Indians first saw a man on

horseback, they thought the man and the horse to be one and the same individual, a kind of Centaur, growing

“—————unto his seat,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast.”

To describe the horse as we find him at present, it may be said that he is distinguished from all other solid-hoofed animals of his order by the possession of callous, wartlike protuberances on the hind as well as on the fore-legs, and of a flowing tail, and by the absence of a dark stripe along the back; although it is stated, on the authority of Macdonald, in a paper read before the Royal Society of England, in 1839, that in Scotland there is a race of horses called the “eel-back dun,” and that many of this breed have the back and legs marked like those of the zebra. Walker, however, in his “History of the Hebrides,” merely says that the horses of the Scottish Highlands and of Norway have a mark resembling an eel, extending from the shoulder along the right of the back to the rump. Everybody knows that horses vary greatly, not only in size and colour, but in shape; the principal breeds even exhibiting sensible differences in the form of the head, and their bodies and limbs being variously proportioned, in adaptation for the uses to which each breed is more especially applied.

Most singular physical modifications take place in the horse, from change of food, climate, and exposure. If allowed to lie out in the open air, during the winter of a cold climate, he acquires a long shaggy coat; but, if kept in a warm stable, and particularly if clothed, he retains his usual short and sleek summer coat. Sensible differences are also observable from the effects of castration. On the authority of a veterinary surgeon of the British army, who practised ten years in India, it appears that the hair of the horse, when emasculated in cold weather, ever after is rough, and changes from a stiff, uniform calibre to one that is irregular and fine. It also increases in numbers as well as in length. The hoofs afterwards, he says, become more solid and firm.

The horse breathes through his nostrils only, and not through the mouth; for, in the severest exercises, the mouth is never seen open, unless the lower jaw be violently pulled down by force of the bit. This accounts for the great dilatation of the nostrils during and after running. When feeding on natural herbage, he grasps the blades with his lips, by which they are conducted between the incisor or front teeth. These he employs for the double purpose of holding and detaching the grass, the latter action being assisted by a twitch of the head. The ox, on the contrary, uses the tongue to collect his food; that organ being so directed as to encircle a small tuft of grass, which is placed by it between the incisors and an elastic pad opposite to them in the upper jaw; between these the herbage is pressed and partly cut, its complete severance being effected by tearing. The sheep gathers its food in a similar manner as the horse, and is enabled to bring its cutting teeth much nearer to the roots of the plants, in consequence of the upper lip being partially cleft, which is susceptible of considerable mobility; while that of the ox is thick, hairless, and of very limited action.

When prostrate on the ground, in getting up the horse rises first

on his fore-legs, and completes the operation by elevating his hinder parts. The ox, on the other hand, rises first on his hind-legs, then remains a short time upon his knees, until his hind-legs are straightened, immediately after acquiring a standing position.

In the wild state the horse has no intermediate pace between the walk and the gallop. It is a common but erroneous notion, that the domesticated horse, when walking or running, lifts simultaneously the right fore-leg and the left hind one, or *vice versá*; and hence, in some equestrian statues, we see two diametrically opposite legs suspended from the pedestal. It is a difficult thing, however, to keep the eye upon four legs at once; but, nevertheless, if a horse be long and carefully observed, when he is going at a slow pace, it will be seen that, if one foot is raised from the ground, the other three are on the ground, though all are preparing to leave it in their turn; and it will be evident that this process is adopted in his quicker ordinary motions. In some movements the two fore-legs are raised together, while the two hind ones are on the ground, and the latter are raised together when the former are put down, and so on successively; and, in "cantering," both pair of legs are often raised from the ground at each strike the animal give to the surface.

The horse's movements are not confined entirely to the earth. He takes to the water naturally, and can swim far and in graceful style, even in the sea,

"And eke the courser, whereupon he rad,
Could swim like to a fish whiles he his back bestrad."

Horses differ in intelligence, disposition, and temper. Those who profess to know anything about them pay much attention to the size, position, and motion of the ears. Horses with rather small than large ears, placed not too far apart, erect and quick in motion, indicate both breeding and spirit; and if a horse is in the frequent habit of carrying one ear forward and the other backward, especially if he does so on a journey, he will generally possess both spirit and endurance. The stretching of the ears in contrary directions shows that he is attentive to everything that is passing around him; and, while he is doing this, he cannot be much fatigued, nor likely soon to become so. It has been remarked that few horses sleep without pointing one ear forward and the other backward, in order that they may receive notice of the approach of objects in any direction. Dr. Arnott says that, "when horses or mules march in company at night, those in front direct their ears forward; those in the rear direct them backward; and those in the centre turn them laterally, or across; the whole troop being actuated by one feeling, which watches the general safety." The temper is more surely indicated by a motion of the ear than of the eye; and an experienced observer of horses can tell by the motion of their ears all that they think and mean. When the horse lays his ears back flat upon his neck, and keeps them so, he is most assuredly meditating mischief, and the bystander should beware of his heels or his teeth. In play the ears will likewise be laid back, but not so decidedly, nor so long; a quick change in their position, together with the expression of the eye at the time, will distinguish between playfulness and vice. The hearing of the horse is remarkably acute; a thousand vibrations of the

air, too slight to make any impression on the human ear, are readily perceived by him. It is well known to sportsmen that a cry of hounds will be recognized by the horse, and his ears will be erect, and he will be all spirit and impatience a considerable time before the rider is conscious of the least sound. The eye of the horse is also a pretty accurate index of his temper; and experience has shown that, if much of the white of the eye is seen, he is a dangerous one, ever slyly watching for opportunities to do mischief; and the frequent backward direction of the eye, when the white is most perceptible, is only to give sure effect to the blow which he is about to aim.

Like the dog, the horse often becomes indissolubly attached to the habits and manners to which he has long been accustomed. He delights in the noise and tumults of arms, and faces the enemy with alacrity and resolution. Equally intrepid as his master, he encounters danger and death with ardour and magnanimity. But it is not in perils and conflicts alone that he willingly co-operates with his rider; he likewise participates in human pleasures. He excels in the tournament and in the chase; his eyes sparkle with emulation in the race-course. But, though bold and intrepid, he suffers himself not to be carried off by a furious ardour; he represses his movements, and knows how to govern and how to check the natural vivacity and fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of his rider. Uniformly obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies or stops, and regulates his motions entirely by his master's will. In a measure, he renounces his very existence to the pleasures of man. He delivers up his whole powers; he reserves nothing, and often dies rather than disobey.

These are features in the character of the horse, the natural qualities of which have been perfected by art, and trained with care to the service of man. His education commences with the loss of liberty, and is completed by restraint. When employed in labour, he is always confined within the harness; and, even during the time destined for repose, he is not always delivered from his bonds. If permitted sometimes to roam in the pasture, he still bears the marks of servitude, and often the external impressions of labour and pain. His mouth is deformed by the constant friction of the bit; his sides are galled with wounds or furrowed with scars, and his hoofs are pierced with nails. The natural gestures of his body are often constrained by the habitual pressure of fetters from which it would be in vain to deliver him; for he would not be more at liberty.

With this servile picture let us compare those wild horses which have multiplied so prodigiously in South America, and live in perfect freedom. Their motions are neither constrained nor measured. Proud of their independence, they fly from the presence of man, and disdain all proffered care. They search for and procure the food which is most salutary and agreeable. They wander and frisk about the immense prairies, and crop the fresh productions of a perpetual Spring. Without any fixed habitation, or other shelter than an open sky, they breathe a purer air than those animals confined in musty vaults, when subject to the dominion of man. Hence, wild horses are stronger, more nimble and nervous than most of those which are in a domesticated state. They possess force and dignity, which are the gifts of Nature; they are by no means ferocious in temper, but are only fiery and wild. Though

of strength superior to most animals, they never make an attack; but when assaulted, they either disdain the enemy, bound out of his way, or perhaps strike him dead with their heels. They associate in troops, acquiring a mutual attachment for each other, from no other motives than the pleasure of being together; for they have no fear. As vegetables constitute their food, and as they are not carnivorous, they neither make war with other animals nor among themselves. They dispute not about the common right of food, and never have occasion to snatch from each other any prey—the general source of quarrels and combats among the rapacious tribes; hence they live in perpetual peace. All these features are apparent in young horses bred together in troops. Their manners are gentle and their temper social; their force and ardour being generally rendered conspicuous by marks of emulation. They anxiously press to be foremost in the course to brave danger, in traversing a river, or in leaping a precipice or ditch; and it has been remarked that those which are most adventurous and expert in these natural exercises are the most generous, mild, and tractable when reduced to a domesticated state. They appear to be under the command of a leader, the strongest and boldest of the herd, and which they implicitly obey. A secret instinct teaches them that their safety consists in union and subordination. When attacked by a tiger, at some signal intelligible to them all, they either close into a dense mass, and trample their enemy to death, or place the mares and foals in the centre, forming themselves into a circle, and welcome him without with their heels. In the attack, their leader is the first to brave the danger, and, when prudence demands a retreat, they follow his rapid flight.

ARDEN HORSES.

There formerly existed, in the region of the Ardennes of Belgium and France, a race of horses much vaunted for their solid qualities and power of endurance; but, from neglect, careless breeding, and incessant drafts for military purposes in the revolution of 1789, it has become so far degenerated, that it is no longer to be found in its original type; though it is still believed that, under the beneficent influence of soil, climate, nourishment, and a rational course of breeding and treatment, this race could be restored to its primitive character, full of enduring qualities and utility—properties so much desired for the general work of the farm, as well as for the present wants of the army of France.

The Arden horse, from its deep-spreading muscular breast, large, straight shoulders, and rounded, compact form—qualities requisite for strength and endurance—is not regarded as a handsome animal; but these properties are amply compensated for by its gentle disposition, robust habit, and power to resist great fatigue, as well as to withstand hard labour and indifferent fare. In fact, there is combined in this breed a little of everything to be found in the light cavalry horse down to one which is exclusively adapted to a comparatively slow draught.

D. J. B.

THE ANGLER IN WALES.

BY RAMROD.

“What fly is on the water?” “How did they rise to-day?” are interrogations now put to the sportsman, in the place of “How did the scent lie?” “Are the coveys large?” and such like questions as were asked him some few months since. Such being the case, it is reasonable to devote these few pages to the subject of the rod—not of subjection, but the rod of the angler, who will be in the zenith of his glory so soon as

* * * * “The first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swelled by the vernal rains, is ebb'd away.”

And who leads a happier life than the angler? as, with his

* * * * “Pliant rod athwart
The pebbled brook,”

he wanders amid lovely scenery clad in nature's gayest hues, enjoying that recreation which, in the words of him whose disciple he is, “is without offence to God or injury to man.”

In a former article I expressed my belief that in no part is there such good angling to be obtained as in South Wales, and the upper parts of those English counties bordering thereon. The fish, it is true, in the Welsh streams do not reach a large size, but their numbers and quality make up for this, added to which the lovely wild scenery through which the rivers run is an attraction to the angler.

It is my intention in these pages to give a list of such places and streams as will repay the angler if he visits them, and thus save him both time and money; and having myself fished in almost every stream in South Wales, I believe I may say I am pretty well qualified to give such information.

As a commencement, I will advise the sportsman not to lay in a stock of flies preparatory to reaching the locality he may be going to fish, for at every fishing station may be found *native talent*, whose flies will surpass, in the execution they do, the neatest-dressed hook that can be met with in London. From a constant acquaintance with the streams, such persons are enabled to copy, with the greatest accuracy, the different flies, which vary in colour on almost every river. It is an undeniable fact that neatness is of little consequence, the great desideratum being *colour*, which, if not correct, renders *null and void* all the good intentions of the gentleman at the end of the rod, who may flog the stream “from morn till night” without making his pannier one ounce heavier; and if his supper is dependent upon his exertions, heaven help him!

Some years ago I was in the habit of occasionally meeting an old gentleman, who came every season from London to fish in the river Lug. According to the custom of sportsmen, we usually “hoped each

other had been successful" when we met, but the shake of the head from my friend always told the same tale. At length I ventured to ask him if he would allow me to look at his flies, and upon examination I found they were about of as much service for the stream we were standing by as would have been a humble bee. Neater things I never saw; but the make and colour both were wrong, the body being, as is the case with most shop-dressed flies, much too thin and scanty. I was now able to account for the bad luck of my friend, which I had before been unable to do, for he really threw the line remarkably well, and in a manner that would have been no disgrace to the first artist, and which deserved better success. Making a polite speech, I ventured to offer him one of my roughly-dressed hooks, and which he was pleased to accept; and as I was hastening home, I met him returning, with delight pictured on his countenance, and his basket heavy with fish. Never, from that day, has he used a London-made fly, and not a more successful angler frequents the river.

Though the fisherman must abjure metropolitan *March browns*, *blue duns*, etc., not so London gut, of which he should lay in a large stock before going to the wilds, for in the country it is rarely to be procured good; when so, it is round, clear, and in long lengths. Nothing can be more provoking, or more trying to the temper of the sportsman, than to find he has inferior gut, especially if the fact is proved by a fine fish, which he has had hold of, wishing him "a very good morning!"

Useless is it, then, gentlemen sportsmen, to swear and rave, and stamp upon your gossamer; nay, mend your tackle, and reserve your wrath for the man from whom you bought the gut. Throw again; "you may be happy yet;" and be assured, in every sort of angling there is nothing like keeping up your spirits, with the hope of "a good time coming," if you "wait a little longer."

Shakespeare says, "The pleasantest angling is to see the fish cut, with her golden oars, the silver streams;" but, in my humble opinion, it is far pleasanter to see a two-pounder safe in your basket, especially if your friend has been pulling them out for the last half-hour, whilst you have not taken one.

Again he says, "Bait the hook well; the fish will bite;" but this is not always the case—in a north-east wind to wit, when the deuce a nibble you will get, and a bad cold is most likely all you "take by your motion." I could produce many more examples to show that poets are not always right any more than sportsmen in general, or the huntsman when he makes a wrong cast; but, as I should be getting rather wide if I did so, I think I had better mind my own business, and "stick to the last" like the cobbler; talking of whom, by the way, reminds me that the best angler in the river Lug, some years ago, was a cobbler; he could take fish when no one else could, and the rod he used was nothing but two hazel sticks cut from the hedge, and spliced together; with this, however, he threw the fly in first-rate style, and rarely, I fancy, did he return with an empty basket; nay, I am wrong, for he did not carry a basket, his jacket pockets being the receptacles for such fish as he took, and which were not a few, if I may judge from the manner the said pockets used to bulge out.

It is a very true saying, I believe, that bad fishermen take a great deal of tackle and very few fish.

I must now return to the proper object of this article, and in describing the various places, shall aim at brevity as much as possible, the principal end being to point out the route to be observed by the angling tourist.

Anyone entering Wales for the first time will be greatly charmed by the beauty of the scenery, which will alike strike him with awe and admiration. North Wales, of which I shall not now treat, is the most truly Welsh, and it was formerly the superior country, South Wales being tributary to it; but, at the present age, the latter is the most eligible country, its commerce being considerable, and its agriculture superior. As a people, the Welsh are to be admired, inasmuch as they hold together; but they are mostly obstinate and self-willed, looking upon any improvement as an innovation upon their rights. The expense of living in South Wales is moderate, provisions being for the most part cheaper than in England, except in the immediate neighbourhood of places of public resort, or in those parts of the country which feel the influence of the large towns; and even in such a fashionable place as Aberystwith, in the height of the season there are some things very much cheaper than we get them in England; for an example, I will mention that I have bought good fowls there at one shilling and sixpence per couple. The prices in many parts are as follows:—Fowls from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings per couple; a good goose, with the giblets, two shillings and sixpence; a turkey from three shillings to five shillings; eggs twenty-four and thirty (according to the season), for a shilling; butter from ninepence to a shilling; meat ranges from fourpence to sevenpence; the mutton is, as we all know, the best in the world. The charges at the principal inns are much the same as in England; but if the angler stops, as he most likely will sometimes have to do, at small inns, he will find the charges very moderate indeed; if he can put up with bacon and eggs or a fowl, for at many such places butchers' meat is not to be obtained, he can live very reasonably. But an angler in Wales will rarely be at a loss for a dinner if the weather is propitious to his sport. Sixpence there will go as far as a shilling in London, as the gratuities to servants, etc., need not be so large.

The mode of travelling adopted by the tourist must of course depend upon his own taste and convenience, but all the principal roads have well-appointed coaches upon them, and from these he can diverge right or left, as suits his inclination, sending his luggage on to meet him at certain points. The old soldier would not approve of this plan, his maxim being "never lose sight of your luggage." I remember once, when I was in Ireland, going from Dublin to visit a friend in Meath, and the mail not being able, on account of having a heavy load, to take my two portmanteaus, I left them to follow me the next morning by the same conveyance; but the deuce a bit did they come. I wrote to Dublin, blew up the bookkeeper, and inquired here, and there, and everywhere, but without obtaining any tidings of them; and as they contained all my clothes and some valuable papers, "of no use," as the advertisements have it, "to anyone but the owner," the loss was a serious one to me. However, "it is an ill wind that blows no one good," for the village tailor and the draper gained by my loss. What was death to me was fun to them, for I was obliged to trust to their

tender mercies for a "rig out," the only clothes I had being those I stood up in; and had it not been for *native talent*, my state would soon have been very like the man in the song, who says—

"And if my father should try to discover me,
Sure it wout be by describing my clothes."

Some months after, and just as I was on the point of leaving Ireland, I recovered my "traps" in rather a remarkable manner. I was on my way to Dublin, and having stopped at Slane, the first change after I got upon the coach, I went into the office to pay my fare; and upon giving my name the bookkeeper exclaimed, "By the powers! if you are not the gentleman the *portmantels* belong to, and which have been here for such a length of time!" It appeared, upon inquiry, that the address had been rubbed off, and that the mail had carried them up and down from Dublin to Derry and from Derry to Dublin some half-dozen times, without anyone claiming them, till the patience of the guard becoming exhausted, he put them down at the office at Slane, and swore he would carry them no further.

With many apologies for the digression, I return to the subject I was upon when Paddy-land entered my mind.

Those who are fond of riding may make the tour of Wales pleasantly on horseback; and such should invest capital in a Welsh pony, which may be purchased for six guineas and upwards. It is perfectly extraordinary how sure-footed these animals are; and they will endure great fatigue, and are capable of carrying very heavy loads. Many of them are exceedingly handsome, and if brought up to London or any large town, they fetch high prices. These ponies are much better formed than those of Shetland; they have a small head, high withers, deep round body, and excellent feet.

Many persons prefer walking, and this is certainly the best method for those who have health and strength, are accustomed to exercise, and have an unlimited amount of time. In this mode every stream or view worth seeing can be visited, and a thorough acquaintance with the country obtained. A traveller on foot has this advantage, that he is quite independent, and can visit spots that are altogether inaccessible to persons either in carriages or on horseback, and this is a strong argument in favour of walking. The pedestrian should provide himself with a knapsack made of brown dressed calf-skin, which should be about twelve inches long and seven wide, lined with canvass; it should fit between the shoulders, and should be attached to them by list braces. If two persons travel together, they can carry it alternately, and thus relieve each other.

Wales has been famous from time immemorial for its ale, here called "cwrw," but I can assure the traveller if he expects to get anything that he can drink at the public houses, he will find he is greatly mistaken; for, with the exception of the Llangollen ale, the beer brewed in Wales is villanous stuff. At the larger inns they mostly keep porter, and which being Irish is very good.

I shall now proceed to lay down the route to be pursued by the angling tourist, and to those about to visit Wales for the first time I hope to be of assistance, as I shall mark out for them the course

which is most interesting, and at the same time shall keep in view the object which leads them to Wales, namely—sport.

I would advise the angler to proceed first to Presteign, the capital town of Radnorshire. Good accommodation may be had at the Radnorshire Arms Hotel, and their charges will be found pretty moderate. Presteign is situated on the river Lug, and within a short distance of the Hendwell, both streams celebrated for their trout, and the former for its grayling. Within reach is Leintwardine, situated on the Team, and immortalized by Sir Humphrey Davy in his "Salmonia." Here a ticket must be obtained before you are permitted to fish, and I believe the landlord of the inn has the privilege of furnishing his guests with tickets; but it is against the rules of the club to fish with anything but the fly or minnow.

Six miles from Presteign is Mortimer's Cross; here the Kingsland club have staked well the water, and have a good preserve of fish. The angler will find the inn at Mortimer's Cross very comfortable, and the place is rendered interesting from the fact that the last battle between the houses of York and Lancaster was fought there. A pedestal has been erected on the spot, and the ploughmen have at different times turned up some interesting relics, amongst which was a spur of antique make, and which I had shown to me soon after it was found.

If the angler is fond of trolling, he will get excellent sport early in the season if he follows the Lug above Presteign, and the higher he proceeds the better he will find the fish "run;" and in a small stream called Cascob Brook, which falls into the Lug a few miles from Presteign, I have enjoyed most splendid sport before the spring floods had quite subsided, for to have success in this stream the water should be somewhat discoloured. In summer, when the weather has been fine for any length of time, Cascob Brook becomes almost dry, and such fish as have not gone into the Lug are very soon taken by the poachers. Their mode of doing so is by *tickling*, which, for the benefit of the uninitiated I will explain, is groping with the hands into the hollows of banks, between roots and stones, till a fish is felt, when the finger is introduced into the gill, and the capture is effected. When the water runs low in small brooks, thousands of fish are taken in this manner, which is nothing new, as we learn from Shakspeare, who makes *Maria* to say in "Twelfth Night"—

"Here comes the trout that must be caught by tickling."

The angler will have no difficulty in getting minnows at Presteign, as the little boys of the town will catch any quantity for him at the small charge of one penny per score; but I should advise him never to be without a couple of Flynn's of Worcester* India-rubber minnows, which are an excellent substitute for the natural fish. From the fact of their being soft, they have an advantage over every other artificial minnow, and in consequence of which a fish will "run" repeatedly at them, which they will not do if they find the object they

* Since the above was written I have learnt that Mr. Flynn has removed from Worcester to London: his address is 12, Wilton-terrace, New North-road, Islington; where the minnows may be procured.

are in pursuit of is hard. The India-rubber minnow has likewise this advantage, that it spins well, which is the great point to be looked to in trolling, and for this reason is it that the "kill-devil" succeeds so well: with it excellent sport may be had in the small brooks of Wales when the water is clearing after a flood, and before it is sufficiently fine for the minnow. In choosing a natural minnow, be careful to select such as are white underneath; the red ones the trout are not very partial to, and prefer one of a moderate size to a very large one, which will never be found to spin so well. The plan for trolling tackle which I have described in a former article, entitled "The Science of the Rod," will be found the best that can be laid down, as well as the mode of baiting the hook; and here we may well apply Shakspeare's words:

"Bait well the hook, the fish will bite;"

for if that is properly done, it is very seldom the trout will refuse the minnow, of which so fond are they, that not only will they seize it once, but will follow and take it a second and a third time, even though they may have been hooked. Another advantage to be derived from this sort of angling is, that none but large fish are taken (at least, very rarely; for I have occasionally taken them no larger than the minnow itself), and it frequently tempts from their strongholds such as do not condescend to rise at such an insignificant thing as a fly. Some time ago I killed a trout whilst angling in this manner, which weighed upwards of three pounds; and I lost one some little time after, which I should imagine, from its appearance, must have been much heavier. The latter was in a water-course running out of a river, and which emptied itself into a small brook, and in such places it is that the fine fish are mostly found, especially early in the year.

Leave to angle may readily be obtained from the landowners in the neighbourhood of Presteign, and most excellent sport may be had for many miles round that place; but the best time to fish the Lug is when the May-fly is on the water, and I should recommend the angler to defer his visit to that water till the period I have named.

In a small river called the Arrow, which flows near to Kington, in Herefordshire, are some of the best-flavoured trout I ever tasted; but as the river runs down very early in the year, such facility in consequence is afforded to the poacher for the destruction of the fish, that it will hardly repay the angler for the visit; but still, should he have plenty of time, he might give it a trial, Kington not being more than six miles from Presteign. But there are no public conveyances between the places; however, as good post-horses and flies may be had, such is not of much importance to the tourist. There is a man named Weaver at Prestoign, who makes most excellent flies.

When the sportsman has thoroughly fished the locality I have had under my notice, I should advise him to proceed to Pen-y-bont; here there is a very good hotel, much resorted to by visitors going to Aberystwith, who choose to break the journey by sleeping there; and it was to meet these views that Mrs. Severn, the proprietor of the house, made it such as it is now. Pen-y-bont is situated upon the Ithon, over which is erected a handsome suspension bridge, which

gives a very pretty appearance to the place. The river contains an abundance of trout, and some coarse fish, such as chub, dace, &c., as well as eels. Within four miles is Llandrindod, so justly celebrated for its mineral waters, where a few days may be very pleasantly passed in the season, which commences in May and ends in October. Many cures have been effected by a visit to these springs, of which there are three, viz., the chalybeate, saline, and sulphur. There are two inns, which are also boarding-houses—the Rock House and the Pump House, the latter being most fashionable. At Llandrindod the angler is within reach of the rivers Wye and Ithon, both of which afford excellent sport. Occasionally the hounds draw these waters in pursuit of the *otter*, which amphibious animal abounds in all the Welsh rivers—a fact much to be regretted, though, in my opinion the *two-legged otters* do much greater injury to the sportsman.

From Pen-y-bont or Llandrindod, at whichever place the sportsman may happen to be located, I should advise him to proceed to Builth, distant from the former places respectively ten and seven miles, along a road which passes through lovely scenery. As a fishing-station, perhaps Builth is unequalled, and in consequence it is much resorted to by disciples of the rod, who find accommodation not to be surpassed at the principal inn—The Lion, I think, is the sign. The house stands close to a handsome stone bridge, over the river Wye, which is well stocked with salmon, trout, and grayling. The neighbourhood is likewise celebrated on account of the great quantity of game with which the neighbouring hills and woods abound, and in a good season numbers of woodcocks are killed, as well as snipes and other sorts of wild-fowl.

About three miles from Builth is a pretty stream, running into the Wye, named the “Edw,” in which are numbers of trout. With the minnow I have here had excellent sport, and I would certainly advise any one visiting Builth to try his luck in this little river. If he is an artist, and fond of the picturesque, a sight of the water-mill at Aberedw will quite repay him for the walk of three miles.

In the neighbourhood of the town are many respectable families, who have been induced by the salubrity of the air and the splendour of the surrounding scenery to fix their residence in its vicinity, and those who have fishing-water will readily grant leave. Builth has a claim to great antiquity, being the same that Ptolemy calls the *Ballæum Silurum* of the Romans. In the neighbourhood are several entrenchments, the most remarkable of which is on the road towards Brecon, and which is well worth inspection.

Rhayader, situated on the Wye, at the foot of the mountains between North and South Wales, is the next place to be visited by the angling tourist; it is fourteen miles distant from Builth, and the road between these towns passes most of the way by the side of the river, which, as it dashes over huge fragments of rock, presents a most magnificent appearance to the traveller. The name of Rhayader is derived from a cataract which the water formerly made here. The town is by far the most miserable place I ever saw, and I really believe it has not made one step towards improvement, as has been the case with most Welsh towns, but rather it has gone backwards. Notwithstanding, most excellent accommodation may be obtained at the

“Red Lion”—which, by the way, is the prevailing sign in South Wales—and the representation of the animal in question is, in my opinion, more calculated to drive customers from the house than to tempt them to it.

I know no place where better fishing is to be obtained than at Rhayader, both as regards trout and salmon; but I regret to say the latter fish is destroyed by the people whilst out of season. When they ascend the river for the purpose of spawning, they are speared, and numbers are thus annually taken when they are perfectly unwholesome. It is much to be regretted that the gentlemen of the neighbourhood do not unite to put a stop to such nefarious practices, which are alike in the end injurious to the poor as well as the rich. I have seen salmon hawked about in South Wales for the low price of fourpence per pound, the fish being perfectly out of season, and as “black as my hat,” as the saying goes; then, if not disposed of, are salted! What say you to this, ye lovers of salted salmon? True it is, I assure you; and we can only hope that the salt neutralizes the bad quality of the fish, and thus renders it less injurious. If allowed to do so, and were they not prevented either by the weirs erected upon the rivers, or stopped by the merciless hand of the destroyer, salmon would be equally as numerous in streams which now are without them, as they are either in the rivers of Scotland, or elsewhere in such parts where they abound; for they will ascend, if not opposed, a river three or four hundred miles, to cast their spawn, which they secure in banks of sand till the young be hatched. Weirs of a moderate height, and other obstacles, they surmount; to do which they bend their tails round to the mouth, and make a sudden spring. If in going back they meet with such impediments that they cannot get to the sea, they become sick, pine away, and die.

It has been said that these fish have been known to grow ten pounds in a year. This I should very much doubt; and think they must have been what are termed “fishermen’s pounds” by which they were weighed. But though such reports are exaggerated, certain it is that the salmon grows rapidly, and that if they had only a fair chance they would afford a sufficient article of food for the community in general: as it is, we can only look upon them as a luxury for the rich. So plentiful was salmon in past years, that it was a condition between masters and apprentices that the latter should not have salmon more than three days in the week.

Since I committed to paper my sentiments regarding the poaching of this fish, a friend has pointed out to me, in Dr. Malkin’s “South Wales,” the following account of salmon spearing, and which, being corroborative of my statement, I shall take the liberty to copy. He says:

“The custom of killing salmon by spearing, in this country, is as curious as that of fishing in coracles. When the fish come up the river to spawn, they are watched by the country people, as they turn up the sand and gravel in the shallow places with their snouts. When they are thus known to have taken their station in any particular part, the fishermen come with torches in the night to the water’s edge. The light at once allures the salmon to the surface, and directs the aim of the spearer. This is, however, a practice which very much injures the fishery, and gives little to the fisherman besides the sport (?); for the fish are lean, and of little value, at the time of spawning. It is very

entertaining to a stranger to accompany one of these nocturnal parties. The effect of the torch-light in scenes so well disposed to favour imagination, is interesting : the whisper of expectancy and the shout of success sound with increased impressions, as they interrupt the accustomed silence of the night."

The trout in the Wye, at Rhayader, are small, but of excellent quality and very numerous. I have on good days killed as many as forty or fifty brace with the blue and the red fly, which for this matter should be made small ; indeed, the rule applies to most of the rivers in Wales, the exceptions being the very large streams, such as the Towy and the Tivey.

A coachman, who formerly drove the Cheltenham and Aberystwith mail from Hereford to Rhayader, once told me that he frequently killed, in the evening, after he arrived at the latter place, a couple of large baskets full of trout. He was a good hand with the rod, and at the time he informed me this, he had with him a large quantity of trout which he had taken the evening before.

Not far from Rhayader, and within an easy distance, are some lakes which abound with a species of charr, and where on windy days excellent sport is to be obtained with the blue and red fly, made very small, and as follows: The blue with a body of squirrel's fur, mixed with a little yellow mohair, wings of the feather of the starling's wing, and a fine blue cock's hackle wrapped over the body, in imitation of the legs, or the same with the addition of a little silver twist. The red is made as follows : The wings of a red cock's hackle, with a black list up the middle ; the body with a peacock's herl: sometimes gold twist is added.

I am acquainted with two gentlemen who killed upwards of fifty pounds of these fish in a very few hours, and had them potted down : they proved very good done in this manner ; and I advise the angler, if he ever kills more trout than he has occasion for, to follow this example.

I have taken very fine salmon in the Wye, at Rhayader ; but success in this fishing depends upon the season ; for if it should prove very dry, the water becomes so low that no fish of any size can ascend. At these times such salmon as are up soon fall a prey to the spears, and I have known as many as four or five killed in the day.

To those fond of fine scenery, Rhayader holds out great attractions ; for although the neighbourhood is not so particularly distinguished for the grandeur of its scenery, there is still much to admire in the lofty mountains, wild rocks, and rapid torrents, with which the surrounding country is diversified ; whilst to the antiquary it affords a large store of pleasure ; for in this, as well as many other parts of Wales, there are many ruins of colesistical and castellated architecture.

About seven miles north-east of Rhayader is Abbey Cwm Hir, which was founded for Cistercian monks in 1143. But very little of it now remains.

Cwm Ellan, which belongs to Sir Loftus Otway, is likewise well worth a visit. It stands about five miles from the town, close to a beautiful torrent called the Ellan, and from which the mansion takes its name ; Cwm Ellan meaning The valley of the Ellan. These beautiful grounds, consisting of 10,000 acres, were formerly an uncultivated waste, and were converted into the present noble domain by Mr. Thomas Grove. Since his time the property has passed into many hands, and amongst the number the late Duke of Newcastle.

Within eighteen miles of Rhayader is the justly-celebrated Devil's Bridge—or rather the Monk's Bridge, for such is its proper name. It is a single arch, thrown over another arch which crosses a tremendous chasm. According to tradition the lower arch was thrown over by the monks of Strater Florida Abbey about the year 1087; but the country people thinking it a work of supernatural ability, ascribe it to the personage whose name it bears. The height of the various falls is as follows:—

First fall	18 feet.
Second fall	60
Third fall	20
Fourth (grand) fall	110
	<hr/>
	208
Height from the bridge to the water	114
	<hr/>
	322

There is an excellent inn close to the bridge, called the Hafod Arms, where a guide may be obtained to visit the falls.

Within four miles of this place is Hafod—a lovely spot. It is a place pre-eminently beautiful, and well deserves a visit from the tourist. The Duke of Newcastle purchased it from the Johnes family for £62,000. The estate was formerly a barren waste; and when Mr. Johnes first bought it, there was not a tree to be seen. Between October, 1795, and April, 1801, it is said he planted upwards of 2,065,000 trees, and sowed many acres of acorns. Afterwards, he continued to plant larches, birches, mountain ashes, beeches, elms, and oaks, of which there are now acres and acres. The size of the woods may be imagined when it is stated that the walks through them extend altogether a distance of eight or ten miles. I do not know to whom it now belongs.

Aberystwith was formerly an excellent station for the angler, but not so now; for since the lead mines have been in full work they pour their waste-waters into the rivers, and the poison from the lead has destroyed all the fish. Notwithstanding, I strongly recommend a visit being paid to Aberystwith; for it certainly is one of the nicest watering places I know; and a sportsman, whether he is going right or left, to North or South Wales, can very well take it in his way, with little or extra expense, and there are lakes in the neighbourhood where fishing may be had. Living is cheap there, the air healthful, and the people very obliging and civil. The country around is lovely; and there are many walks and drives, well worth taking, in the neighbourhood. It has good hotels, libraries, billiard and assembly rooms, baths, schools, and an excellent market well supplied with butchers' meat and poultry. The bathing is well conducted; and the beach being of pebbles, the water is always clear. Various pebbles, amongst which are cornelians, agates, jaspers, moccas, &c., are found on the beach, and which are cut and polished by the lapidaries of the town.

Having brought my readers to the border of North Wales, I shall reserve a description of its rivers for a future number.

THE ALPENSTOCK;
OR, GLACIAL TOILS AND SUNNY RAMBLES.

BY CAPTAIN J. W. OLAYTON,

Author of "Ubique," "Personal Memoirs of Charles II.," &c.

[COMMUNICATED TO, AND EDITED BY, LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.]

CHAPTER XVI.

Mantua, founded 300 years before Rome, by Oenus the son of Manto, was the ancient Etruscan capital, and over it the verses of Virgil will ever hymn pæans of native love. By the sweetness of that verse the poet obtained a command over the heart of Augustus, and redress for the tyrannical confiscation of property endured by the inhabitants, and himself amongst them, when the town, together with Cremona, was delivered to the soldiers of Octavius. Again, in the Sixteenth Century this city came under the ducal sway of the Gonzagas,* and then soon was it one of the most flourishing and renowned of Italian cities: superb in all the magnificence of art, and brilliant in literature, was then "Mantova la Gloriosa."

In 1630, Duke Charles of Nevers (the head of a branch of the Gonzaga family) sustained, with an intrepidity worthy of his noble race, a siege of three months against the Emperor Ferdinand II., who had laid claim to Mantua as a lawful fief. Reduced to the last stage of desperation by famine, pestilence, the treachery of the Venetians, and the almost total neglect of the French, the little garrison yielded to the Imperialists, and the city was given up to plunder and devastation in the last century. The Gonzagas, who had regained possession of the Dukedom by humiliation to the Emperor Ferdinand, were for ever chased from their dominions by Joseph I. In 1796, the Austrians capitulated to the victorious banner of Napoleon; eventually, however, they once again, after a struggle, obtained possession of the town, rendering it stronger and impregnable as to its fortifications.

The morning after we arrived at Mantua, we strolled through the dull and swampy streets and odours vile, passing on our way many a dilapidated and suppressed church, turned into warehouses or barns, till we arrived at one of the lions of which the town boasts, or rather which is a matter of pride to the mists and sappy marshes surrounding it, viz., the *Palazzo del Té*; and an old ugly and desolate—dwelling? abode? habitation? no—*place* (ah! yes, a *place*!) it is. The reason why it is standing there, or what it is meant for, or why the descendants of the Gonzaga family (if there be any left) do not pull down such a disgraceful memorial of their ancestor Federigo's bad taste, is not at all clear; nor why it is thus named *Té*——? excepting that it cannot by any effort of the most verdant of imaginations be tortured into the spectre of a resemblance to the letter of that name, in the same manner that a certain British cheese is named after really one of the very few towns of the realm whose inhabitants have never heard of it in their lives.†

* First created Lords of Mantua in 1328.

† Stilton.

We were led at length through a long series of curiously empty rooms, rotting away with time and damp, by a decrepit moving creature, which after a little attention being given to the subject, we guessed was a woman, and who seemed to be the natural inhabitant of the Palazzo chosen by nature, as is the spontaneous insect of the forenamed cheese. Amidst the dreary silence, from wall and ceiling leered down upon our astonished eyes the most wonderful if not awful collection of paintings, of hobgoblins, *loup-garous*, giants, fiends, drunken gods, amorous goddesses, devils, and uncouth night-mares, that could possibly have entered the brain of all the lying-on-back under-done-pork-chop-eating dreamers that ever started the idea of Madame Tussaud's Room of Horrors, or struggled with their digestions. Faces and carcasses were alike cracked, worn away, and partly demolished; so that this most grotesque collection of arms, legs, trunks, heads, clenched-hands, toes, and starting eye-balls of huge naked monsters, was in as complete a state of dissection as would make to water the mouths of all the hon. members of a college of surgeons. Surely Giulio Romano must have fed largely on pork!

In Mantua there is also to be seen the rambling wide-spread Ducal Palace raised by Buonacolsi, third Lord of Mantua; in it are 500 rooms, embellished by tapestry from the Hampton Court Raphael cartoons, and the genius of Giulio Romano and other masters of lesser note. We found our way to the Duomo, as naturally as hounds on the scent, with its fine old Lombard campanile, and richly carved Gothic pinnacles and arches. We were escorted all over the building by another sickly-looking old rag of a lady, who with the one remaining tusk sticking out of her jaw, like a dilapidated mile-stone, created sad havoc to the "liquid luxury of the Italian" tongue: what she said no pronouncing dictionary could show. The only object of interest in the church that the beldam seemed particularly hot upon, was a picture which she took us to see, representing apparently the patriarch Abraham, in a straw-hat and enormous black whiskers, with Lazarus (a most unwholesome-looking personage) comfortably strapped on to his chest, though this process seemingly was very inconvenient to the patriarch's respiration, which, as he was quite black in the face, probably was the very natural idea that the artist had intended to convey. The two figures were seen flying over hell, which was full of grinning and grilling sinners; and as these were totally divested of all garments, as if enjoying a bath, the figure of Dives was not individualized. Devoutly kneeling before this very delectable production, was a young and most decently-dressed young lady. Then a gentleman correspondingly youthful entered: he was apparently most captivating and easy in his manners, and had painted a black mark on his upper lip, which, as there was no hair thereon, must have been intended to show off his teeth. He approached the fair with a light and springy gait, as if he had been walking on hot bricks, and grinned politely right across his head, which made his countenance singularly resemble one of the miserable sinners in the picture. Having accomplished this part of his performance to his satisfaction, he then knelt down with a pious air by the lady's side, who seemed to welcome him sincerely. A long and ardent conversation was then commenced, and kept up smartly, till their knees becoming cramped with their pious conversation, they arose, bowing devoutly to Abraham, Lazarus, and the sin-

ners, yet without interrupting their conversation in the least, and then glided gracefully out of the church.*

The little yellow old woman, all this time, had been keeping up an incessant flow of some unknown tongue, following us to the door of our hotel, till it became so annoying, that to talk her down by main force seemed the only chance of avoiding the nuisance; but it was nearly as difficult a job as endeavouring to stop an express train by blowing on it, and it was not until my fellow-traveller and myself had repeated both at once, at the top of our voices, twice over, the poems of "Lord Lovell," and the "Burial of Sir John More," that she at last was fairly winded, and gave in. The confusion and strange effect produced upon the countenances of the passers-by, on hearing so loud a discussion taking place in mid-street, and in such several separate and collective dialects and subjects, all spoken at the same moment, were most startling, and by eventually sending every one away from us, left nothing to be desired.

Having then dined luxuriously on one of the great continental standing dishes, viz., "Cock and salad," notwithstanding the former ingredient of the said dish *looked*, if not tasted particularly, as if it had departed this life quietly, and of some very natural disease, instead of the *sharper* method used generally for the annihilation of fowls; we were then packed tightly up, like figs in a drum, into a small coupé of a diligence, inasmuch as to move at all was a matter of great difficulty: even to wink an eye was an effort, and to blow a nose would have been most miraculous; and so to travel for fifteen hours to Bologna seemed (if anything at all) a most limited idea of life. Bologna was reached the next afternoon, having traversed all the way over the greatest variety *possible* of plain after plain of universal flat, and the ugliest country perhaps known, barring Cambridgeshire. Bologna is celebrated, as all know, firstly, for its sausages, not one of which can possibly be procured in the whole town at any price; also for the coldness of its air, the richness of its soil, the badness of its wine, the magnificence of its convents, for having been the school of the Lombard painters, for its leaning towers, and enormous cemetery. Bologna reposes with the life in it half stagnant, as most other Italian towns; sombre and mysterious in its arcades and quaint old streets and ponderous buildings; grave, heavy, and magnificent in its palaces, churches, and colleges; and gloomy hangs its atmosphere, even under the eternal and brilliant sky. As we were discussing our dinner to our utmost inconvenience in the *salle a manger*—the repast consisting, as usual, of the national soup, of dirty warm water, with things like worms in it, and stirred round with a tallow-candle to give it a flavour, and followed of course by the spectre cock and salad, which for ever and for ever as long as life has woes stalks in the path of the traveller—a lanky gentleman entered the room, with his hair looking as if it had been combed with a garden-rake, and his clothes heaped on to his back with a pitchfork, in whom we had little difficulty in recognizing our natural bore, the gentleman from New York, whom we had met before in railways and on steamers, in cafés, catacombs, theatres, chapels, shops, palaces, and Alpine snows, and whom we have no doubt we should meet again, if we went down in a diving-bell, or up in the moon, if we could

* A fact.

get there ; a Frankenstein, and the twin spectre of the "cock and salad." Our present individual's chief idea of life seemed to consist in a pair of card-board shirt-collars, built up like a wall all around his head, the shirt itself being purely figurative and problematical. Little opportunity was, unfortunately, allowed for the study of this gentleman's countenance, as it was entirely eclipsed by these astounding collars ; his feet had been thrust, apparently with great force, a long way through his continuations into his boots : the manufacturer of the latter article must have had a strong taste for ship-building, as they reminded me amazingly of Thames punts. The waistcoat and aforesaid continuations, unhappily, did not seem to agree well with one another, for they remained widely apart, while through the hiatus between them might have been noticed by a curious observer some substance of an opaque nature, a rather neutral tint, perhaps a flannel-waistcoat, 'perhaps skin : whatever it was, a greasy comforter of varied and fading colours bisected it, wending its way like some horrid reptile to the depths below. We, of course, *fauts de mieux*, delivered ourselves up to immediate recognition. There were several other people in the room at the time, and the irresistible desire to talk down and at and over the heads of everybody else rushed upon and took possession of him in a moment ; so in *medias res* he dived, while we remained helpless, hopeless, and passive, from one subject to the other he flew, in a manner amazingly *apropos de bottes*. The first statement with which he favoured us was certainly instructive, inasmuch as it tended to show the specious method employed by the pedagogues of New York in bringing up young men who were intended for the army. The principal purpose, as it would seem, is to inure them to the sight of blood ; two or three days therefore before there was to be pork for dinner, the worthy master entered the school-room seriously, with great dignity, and thus having duly impressed the juvenile minds around of having something of great importance to communicate, then he said in a slow and horrid tone, "Now all yew critturs as calculate going into the a-a-rmy, just come and see the pig killed, and be d——d to you." A very methodical person was also this pedagogue; for example, that he made a system of flogging the pupils all round every morning, whether they deserved it or not, "because he guessed it was sartain that the critters *would* require the birch before the day was out ; and he being a person of most regular habits, liked to take his exercise and get business over early in the morning." This curious anecdote was followed by another a great deal more so. "A cousin of his, in whom the passion for foxhunting was more than usually developed, and having unfortunately lost both his arms and legs in action, he notwithstanding screwed himself into an ingenious machine something in shape to a common egg cup, which was again fixed on to the horse's back, and so went across country, holding the reins in his teeth; and when they became all extracted by the hard pulling of the animal, he then fixed the reins tightly to a ring in his nose." This gentleman, besides, favoured the company with occasional remarks relative to the female sex; one of which we, however, could with little difficulty have divined—namely, that our friend never from the beginning obtained any signal success with the fair; firstly, because he had neither brass nor gold, which are the chief requisites for the attainment of any grand result amongst those, especially with the last of the two ; for there is a Chinese proverb which says that "the smiles of

a pretty woman are the tears of the purse"—the latter must be drained to ensure the continuance of the former: and secondly, by some unfortunate decree of fate, ladies invariably caught him looking at them when they were yawning; and it was natural they should be enraged, as that process generally produces watery eyes and red noses, which may be striking, but scarcely becoming; besides there being a danger of exciting the cachinnatory desires of observers. This Yankee gentleman was often quite refreshing in his conversation (and, like a bad shot, kept the game alive); but his manners could not be considered so much so at the dinner table, where, although they were remarkably easy and unsophisticated, were the theme of all beholders. For instance, if he by chance saw a better potato in his neighbour's plate than he had in his own, he simply, and not ungracefully, without hesitation, plunged his fork into it, and began quietly to masticate the plundered vegetable. By the bye, before we close with this gentleman, we may as well mention that on our return home one night from a café, where we had seen him indulge in red-hot potatoes of cognac, raki, and what not, we observed an individual apparently in a careful state of inebriety (as he was groping and fumbling at the door of a lodging-house with a latch-key), and several *gens d'armes* demanding, frantically and ineffectually, what he was about; for the dialect in which the intoxicated gentleman, with the key in his hand, and making shots at the keyhole, was endeavouring to set at ease the minds of the guardians of the night, was particularly unsteady and Transatlantic. The answer, however, being interpreted, meant—"I guess as how I have been tarnation near it two or three times. Cuss me, Je-e-hosophat, if I don't hit it plumb centre when the darned keyhole comes round again!"

L I T E R A T U R E.

NEWTON DOGVANE: A STORY OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE. By Francis Francis. *Hurst and Blackett, Great Marlborough-street.*

When first we saw in the advertising pages of the "Review" the announcement of a new sporting novel under the name of "Newton Dogvane," we own we had some misgivings as to whether the work would come up to its title, for we had not yet dismissed from our mind an impression left upon it, when reading, in the most universally popular serial of the day, an account of a chase in which the hounds were called dogs, and the fox's brush—tail. With a considerable distrust, then, we opened the first volume of Mr. Francis's work, when the illustration pleased us so much, that we "screwed up our courage to the sticking point," and commenced reading the opening pages. At once our attention was riveted: we proceeded; and when we came to the scene at the "Slate and Pickaxe," we mentally exclaimed "Capital!" Once inoculated with the fun and humour of the story, we found it difficult to lay aside the volumes, and preferring a snug fire at home to a cutting cold easterly wind abroad, we ensconced ourselves in a comfortable arm-chair, and with the exception of a few hours devoted to meals and rest, never put away this graphic account of country life until we reached the parting words "all is still." "The end." To describe the various

scenes and divers characters that the hero meets with, in his eventful career, required the pen of a Howitt, to depict rural pursuits; of a Dickens, to pourtray the company at the public-house; of a Byng Hall, to give a faithful account of trout-fishing; of a Christopher Idle, to delineate shooting; of a Whyte Melville, to describe the war in the Crimea; and of a William Lennox, to paint the miseries of yachting. In all the above scenes, Mr. Francis has been eminently successful: the result is the production of a work which will not alone rank with the best books of fiction of the day, but will furnish amusement to all classes of readers. The sportsman will delight in the chapters devoted to racing, hunting, and shooting; the soldiers will revel in the account of Balaclava and Kars; the student will find no centre of gravity in this great philosopher Newton's work; the "fast young fellow about town" will pronounce the "low life" to be "stunning," and the hero a "regular brick;" and every lady novel-reader may with impunity send for the volumes, for she will find they contain natural and tender love scenes to interest her, and an entire absence of that vulgarity and slang which too often disfigure sporting productions.

A LADY'S TOUR ROUND MONTE ROSA. *Longman and Co.*

We ventured to predict last month that "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers," would find favour with the public; and we were not mistaken, for, in addition to its having been added to most libraries, it is to be seen on the table of every lady's boudoir. Another Alpine work has just appeared. As the fair authoress writes *sub rosa*, we do not feel at liberty to disclose her name; but we have no doubt as to the source from whence "The Lady's Tour" proceeds. It is written in an unpretending style, but the interest is kept up; and the description of the scenery, as well as of the little adventures the party encounter, is given with great clearness, and with the enthusiasm for which the fair sex are justly celebrated. The book is very prettily illustrated, and will make a good *pendant* to Mr. King's popular work on the "Italian Valleys."

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

"I belong to the unpopular family of Telltruths, and would not flatter Apollo for his lyre."—*Rob Roy*.

During the past month, under the auspices of that not very agreeable companion a north-east wind, outdoor amusements have not been in much request. Accordingly the several theatres and other indoor places of public resort may well endure the old saying of "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

The musical world has no lack of supply, whatever the demand may be. Foremost there is *the Opera*, with its old favourites and new candidates for public honours. Mr. Gye is not the manager to rest quietly in this age of progress, merely because he has fulfilled the promises held out in his programme. An instance of this has

recently been afforded. Poor Madame Bosio's lamented death illustrates our proposition. With such a loss so irreparable to THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, its spirited director, immediately on the distressing news being confirmed, set about seeking some one to supply, if possible, the void. He was not long before he succeeded in engaging Madame Penco, who, if not likely to equal the impression made by her gifted predecessor, still shows many claims to the important position to which she has been elevated. Her voice is a pleasing soprano; her powers are essentially dramatic; her acting being that of a thorough artist, who has evidently studied hard. The success which has attended her performance of the "Traviata," at Covent Garden, has been fully confirmed by the favourable opinion accorded her at the CRYSTAL PALACE, where her singing at the Italian Opera Concert has been the theme of universal praise. Not only is the advent of this fresh member of Mr. Gye's *troupe* to be commemorated, but equally so the re-appearance of those old favourites Madame Grisi and Signor Mario.

At the house over the way there have been additions every day to the company (singers and not audience), until at last it has become a serious question whether the stage of DRURY LANE is of sufficient dimensions to hold the vast influx of foreign singers. Of course where there are so many, it is natural enough to form the conjecture that there must be an amalgamation of good, bad, and indifferent. In this instance the surmise is not without foundation. But of the first it must in fairness be remarked there is a sorry show, it being something like the allowance of bread to Falstaff's sack. Such, though few they be, are Madame Titiens, Madame Gardiucci, and Signor Giuglini. The reputation Madame Titiens and Signor Giuglini gained last season in the Haymarket has been even strengthened by their performances this year. While of Mde. Gardiucci we have to record a really genuine success. She has a rich mezzo-soprano voice, which is most skilfully used. Of the second and third batch a very different story is to be told. The new tenor Signor Mongini has a powerful organ there is no doubt. Beyond this nothing can be said—save that his knowledge of the art of singing appears to be exceedingly limited. With Mdles. Sarolto, Brambilla, and Weiser there is not even so much in extenuation to be urged; the first with great study may eventually be heard without the listener being so continually reminded that a sweet voice is altogether lost unless its owner be a musician. But all these pale before the alarming symptoms nightly shown by the band and chorus. If they will persist in inflicting such an immense amount of suffering upon the patient public, there is no predicting what the consequences may be on the approach of the dog days.

In the dramatic world, the event that has created the most sensation has been the Ball at St. James's Hall for the benefit of the Dramatic College. So great was the desire to see the members of the mimic world away from the foot lights, that an unusually strong muster was the consequence, and polkas, waltzes, and quadrilles were gone through with the greatest severity. So satisfactory was the result, that it has since been made known that the Ball is to be kept up annually. Next to this lively affair has been another in which Mr. Tom Taylor has been the chief mover:

At the ADELPHI the first genuine success of the new theatre has been reaped by the production of "The House, or the Home?" a two-act drama, from the French. The success of the piece is to be attributed to the pointed and brilliant dialogue, rather than to the construction of plot. Indeed, it is not until the second act that there is any action at all. Now, this of itself would be fatal to many a production; but, in this instance, such is the exceeding polish of the writing, that a triumphant issue is arrived at. This satisfactory award is not gained by author alone, as the actors are undoubtedly entitled to their just meed. Mrs. Wigan is seldom seen to such advantage; she never for a moment makes that fatal mistake of playing to the audience, but thoroughly identifies herself with the part, and is throughout the woman of the world. Mr. Wigan, too, although not suited with a character of any great importance, plays with that admirable ease for which he is so celebrated. On the other hand, Miss Simms, who in "Tartuffe," and "Masks and Faces," succeeded in creating a very favourable impression, is sadly deficient in lady-like quietude. If this young actress for once has made a mistake, it may be observed that a young actor has made a step forward. Mr. Billington is seen to much greater advantage in this than in any other piece in which he has hitherto appeared. His young man of fashion of the present day is not only dressed well, but is acted well. The well-merited success which has attended "The House, or the Home?" cannot be accorded the farces of "The Talking Fish" and "Ici on parle Français," the latter being also from the French. The Fish on the first night was so completely out of water, that he has since returned to his native element—and this, too, despite his former floundering as "Catching a Mermaid." There really does not appear throughout this lugubrious affair the slightest semblance of reason for robbing our lively neighbours of this exceedingly dull piece of business. The sooner Mr. Webster takes down from his door the announcement of "Ici on parle Français," the better for the visitors to the Adelphi.

A farce from the same source has been produced at the OLYMPIC. "Retained for the Defence," is completely a character piece for Mr. Robson. At the other houses there has been hardly any alteration in the bills. The HAYMARKET will in a day or two in turn exchange Miss Sedgwick for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. The STRAND will bring out a new farce. The ST. JAMES'S will run from French plays into English opera and Spanish ballet. ASTLEY'S, at Whitsuntide, intends to add several novelties to its ring. The ALHAMBRA PALACE is now under the direction of Mr. McCollum, who shows considerable tact, by varying the entertainments of the arena.

The "last weeks" of the POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION are announced. The directors, intending to give up their responsibility, have entrusted the auctioneers with the necessary credentials for disposing of this long-established property; the present, therefore, is the hour to take the "last long look."

With a pleasant change from gloom to sunshine, the prospects of amusements *al fresco* begin to brighten. The CRYSTAL PALACE holds out a long list of attractions, independently of the Handel Commemoration, which is likely to succeed in securing the attendance of town and country.

As the Surrey Gardens remain closed, CREMORNE has the field to itself, with all the attractions of balloons, polkas, marionettes, claret cups, and coblers.

Of the other exhibitions there is hardly one more talked about than "The Talking Fish," which is really no fish at all, but a most extraordinary seal. As the showman might hold forth—This is an amphibious animal, measuring from snout to tail over eleven feet, weighing not less than seven hundredweight, her carnivorous propensities inclining to fish, of which she devours forty pounds a-day. Naturally ferocious, this peculiar animal has become perfectly docile, and, as you will behold, obeys its keeper in every respect. When told to kiss him, and to shake hands with him, there is not the slightest hesitation on the part of this extraordinary creature to comply with such requests. To all these accomplishments is to be added that of talking; so walk up and judge for yourselves. To this it need only be observed, that the conversation held by this wonder is by no means of a general nature; on the contrary, its vocabulary is extremely limited.

STATE OF THE ODDS, &c.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.

The Knight of St. George has been sold to the American Government for 1,200 gs.; Mr. Parr has sold Stockham, to go to China; and Mr. Formby, Mimosa, to go to Ireland. Mr. Saville has bought Peter Flat of the Duke of Beaufort, and Lord Strathmore is now the owner of Worcester. Mr. William Day has taken in a lot all the yearlings bred by Mr. Simpson, of Diss. The following were knocked down at the Corner early in the month:—Corrievrechan, 4 yrs., by Alarm, out of Dear Me, by Bay Middleton, 24 gs.; Problem, by Mathematician, out of Kitten, by Bay Middleton, 20 gs.; Benefit, by Bowstring, dam by Cain, &c., 15½ gs.; Bay filly, 3 yrs., by Flatcatcher, or Ptolemy, out of Pauline, &c., 10½ gs. On Monday 23rd, the property of Mr. E. B. Clark—Griselda, by Touchstone out of Blameless, 4 yrs., 25 gs.; Bay colt, by Bay Middleton out of Columbine, 3 yrs., 12½ gs.: Emily was bought in for 1,100 gs. The Rose of Castile, at Salisbury, for 7 gs.; and Snap, at Newmarket, for 25 gs. The following yearlings, bred by Mr. Mather, were sold at the Harpenden Meeting:—Brown filly, by The Prime Minister, out of Candlewick (Mr. Cocking), 56 gs.; Bay colt, by The Prime Minister, out of The Happy Queen (Mr. Woolcot), 41 gs.; Bay colt, by The Prime Minister, out of The Maid of Lincoln (Mr. Cocking), 30 gs.; Bay colt, by The Prime Minister, out of Voucher (Mr. Nightingall), 26 gs.

DEATHS OF STALLIONS DURING THE PAST MONTH.—Melbourne, destroyed; Bryan O'Lynn, sire of Good Friday and other winners, at the Curragh; and Peep-o'-Day-Boy, at Moscow. Precious Stone is also dead.

The Spring Edition of "Ruff's Guide to the Turf" is just out. It gives the Racing and Steeple-chasing up to the middle of April, a list

of horses in work, Jockeys and Trainers, in addition to a complete Calendar of the sport of last year, and the promise yet to come in this.

More in the way of reference than anything else, we complete our table of the Derby betting for the year. Of course it is liable to continual changes as we write, although the list of really good favourites is hourly more and more circumscribed. Without the influence of an appearance to account for this, a feeling has set in against Electric, Marionette, Cavendish, Volcano, and Ticket of Leave. Gamester has long been at a merely nominal price, while the performances of Highwayman and Cynricus have of course sent them right out of the market. On the other hand, Glenbuck and the Glenluce colt look far more "rosy;" and both Balnamoon and Phantom promise to rally. The interest of the Derby, however, is at present centred in the three first favourites. The Promised Land has had a capital time of it, and Trumpeter's second charge has done far more for him even than the first. Musjid has had a very trying week, although now better. The Field never read so weak, and the race certainly sounds like a certainty.

The Oaks would also seem to be over, although Ariadne may show in better form for it than she did at Newmarket.

THE DERBY. (Run June 1.)	Newmarket.				
	May 7.	May 10.	May 16.	May 23.	May 27.
The Promised Land	9 to 2	3 to 1	5 to 2	9 to 4	2 to 1
Trumpeter	—	—	25 .. 1	20 .. 1	6 .. 1
Musjid	5 .. 1	5 .. 1	4 .. 1	9 .. 2	4 .. 1
Electric	—	—	100 .. 8	20 .. 1	25 .. 1
Gamester	—	—	—	25 .. 1	25 .. 1
Glenbuck	—	—	30 .. 1	—	30 .. 1
Balnamoon	—	—	50 .. 1	—	30 .. 1
Marionette	10 .. 1	10 .. 1	13 .. 1	33 .. 1	30 .. 1
Cavendish	—	—	22 .. 1	—	40 .. 1
Schuloff	—	—	40 .. 1	—	—
Reynard	—	—	—	—	40 .. 1
Defender	—	—	—	—	1000 .. 30
Glenluce colt	—	1000 .. 15	—	—	50 .. 1
Actson	—	—	—	—	50 .. 1
Highwayman	—	—	—	35 .. 1	—
Volcano	—	—	—	50 .. 1	1000 .. 15
Ticket of Leave	25 .. 1	—	21 .. 1	20 .. 1	50 .. 1
Phantom	30 .. 1	100 .. 1	—	50 .. 1	—
Bankrupt	—	—	—	1000 .. 15	—
Orleans	—	—	1000 .. 5	—	—
Enfield	—	—	1000 .. 30	33 .. 1	1000 .. 15
Cynricus	—	1000 .. 15	—	—	100 .. 1
King of Algiers	—	—	—	1000 .. 5	—
Red Eagle	—	—	—	—	1000 .. 5
THE OAKS. (Run June 3.)					
Mayonaise	—	—	5 .. 4	5 .. 4	5 .. 4
Ariadne	—	—	6 .. 1	—	—
Summerside	—	—	—	10 .. 1	—
Lady Kingston	—	—	—	—	—
Rosabel	—	—	10 .. 1	7 .. 1	—

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